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## TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

### THE PEACE-VISION OF THE VATICAN

**P**OPES HAVE DRIVEN peace-preferring emperors into crusades and compelled war-mad kings to lay down their arms, but if the fifteenth Benedict hopes to end the present war upon any such terms as he made public last week, his hopes are vain, in the opinion of the best-informed and most representative writers of the American press. Not only do strong supporters of the war dismiss the "Pope's Peace" as a German peace, while they urge strenuous waging of war till Germany is made either "powerless or free," but pacifists, Socialists, and German-Americans agree in predicting the failure of the new papal efforts at mediation. True, Mr. Hearst's New York *American* feels a profound assurance that peace is very near at hand, since "the Pope, who alone, on account of his unique position, could speak the word that would inaugurate peace-negotiations, has spoken that word, and has spoken it in such fashion as to give to it a weight and a momentum against which we believe not one of the Governments will be able long to make successful resistance." But the German-American *New-Yorker Herald* fears that the Pope's move will have no practical results, while the *Staats-Zeitung* thinks it "unlikely that a serious movement toward peace can now develop." The *St. Louis Times*, published by a German-American house, is "frankly of the opinion that the Pope will not make much headway at this time." *The Times*, it should be added, while greatly desiring the end of the slaughter, would "prefer to have it end with the complete downfall of the Prussian reigning dynasty." The Socialist New York *Call* deems it "doubtful whether the Vatican's proposal will have any considerable influence in hastening peace." Victor Berger, of the Milwaukee *Leader*, at once a Socialist and a German-American, concludes that "nothing short of a Socialist revolution in the European countries, including Germany and France, can stop this war; the Pope can not."

Reasons for their belief in the futility of the Pope's effort are stated briefly by several editors. The *St. Louis Republic* puts it this way: "The fact that Germany is still in the hands of the Army and the Junkers, while the Allies remain confident of their ability ultimately to impose peace-terms upon Germany, makes it improbable that the Pope's peace-proposals will be found to be acceptable to either side." In Canada it seems to the *Montreal Star* that "if Europe went to war to settle ques-

tions inherent in the *status quo* and expended rivers of blood and mountains of treasure on the task, it would be the climax of futility to stop the war before these questions were settled one way or the other." Peace at the Pope's suggestion is now held impossible by a large portion of our press, because, in the emphatic words of the New York *World*—

"There can be no peace until Prussianism is destroyed. Whether it is destroyed from without or from within rests mainly with the German people themselves, but destroyed it must be if there is to be peace in the world. That is now the beginning and the end of the war-aims of the Allies, and unless achieved, autocracy has triumphed and German militarism is master of civilization."

Yet the tremendous power of Pope Benedict's appeal is not underestimated at the Allied capitals, Mr. David Lawrence would remind readers of the New York *Evening Post*. He writes from Washington that the Pope "has started something that will not soon vanish." "Unlike anything in the way of peace-intervention that has happened since the war began," the feeling is said to be that, "while the Pope's offer does not present a basis for peace in its present form, the expressions from the Entente and the Central Powers may conceivably lead to peace some time this year." Mr. Arthur S. Draper, in a London dispatch to the New York *Tribune*, declares that to say the Pontiff's proposals will lead to nothing is absurd, "for every mention of the word peace brings the belligerents closer together. The peace-forces are daily making greater progress in every belligerent country." While *The Tribune's* Washington correspondent expects the eventual rejection by the Allies of the Pope's offer, it will, he affirms, be treated most seriously and respectfully as "coming from the head of a great Church with millions of communicants in all the warring nations." This writer says further:

"Whether the Vatican acted at the solicitation of Austria or not, the proposals serve the ends of Germany diplomatically. . . . The proposals are timed to answer the peace-movement in Germany, to reply to whatever negotiations have been going on to detach weary Austria from the central *bund*, to raise the hope in distracted Russia that she at last may be free to turn her attention to her pressing internal problems. It is timed to coincide with the hours when our own drafted armies are leaving their homes. It is timed also to make the most of the Socialist

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movement in France and England for a peace on a 'no-annexation' basis.

"Meanwhile, inevitably, this move for peace encourages the belief that Germany needs peace badly, much worse than she did when the last proposals were made. That consideration and its psychological effect upon the warring peoples may be taken into account by the Allied diplomats as they frame their replies."

That the Pope has at least made necessary a public restatement of Allied aims and peace-terms is the conclusion of this writer and many others. In thus forcing a clearer definition of the issues of the conflict, the peace-plea will be of great value, in the opinion of the *Boston Advertiser* and the *Syracuse Herald*. The Allied reply, says the like-minded *New York Evening Post*,

"Should make it clear to all the world, and, particularly, to the German people, that the Allies are fighting for the freeing of Belgium, for reparation of the cruel wrongs wrought in the war, for such a disarmament and a leaguering of the nations as will make another war like this impossible, for democracy everywhere, and for the free intercourse of the peoples when the war is ended. . . . Purely as a war-measure, it would seem to be sagacious strategy to endeavor to undeceive the German people, and to help them struggle to their feet as masters in their own house."

When we turn to the Pope's letter to the belligerents, as cabled in translation from London by the Associated Press, we find, after an eloquent and moving description of the horrors of the war, certain definite suggestions "which seem to be the basis of a just and durable peace." His Holiness asks for a simultaneous and reciprocal agreement for the diminution of armaments, a court of arbitration with power to enforce its decisions, and "the true liberty of the seas." As to the damages to be repaired at the close of this war, Pope Benedict can see "no other means of solving the question than by submitting as a general principle complete and reciprocal condonation, which would be justified, moreover, by the immense benefit to be derived from disarmament, so much so that no one will understand the continuation of a similar carnage, solely for reasons of an economic order." Certain cases, it is admitted, require special consideration. "They would be deliberated upon with justice and equity, but these pacific agreements with the immense advantages to be derived from them are not possible without a reciprocal restitution of the territory at present occupied." Consequently,

"on the part of Germany there should be the complete evacuation of Belgium with the guaranty of her full political, military, and economic independence toward any Power whatever; the evacuation also of French territory; and on the part of other belligerent parties similar restitution of the German colonies.

"As regards the territorial questions, as, for example, those which have arisen between Italy and Austria and between Ger-

many and France, there is reason to hope that in consideration of the immense advantages of a durable peace with disarmament, the parties in conflict would wish to examine them with a conciliatory disposition. . . . .

"The same spirit of equity and justice ought to be followed in the examination of other territorial and political questions, notably those relative to Armenia and the Balkan States, and the territories making a part of the ancient kingdom of Poland, whose noble and historical traditions and sufferings, which it has endured, especially during the present war, ought to conciliate the sympathies of nations."

In concluding, the Pope appeals to the belligerent Governments for an early termination "of the terrible struggle, which more and more appears a useless massacre," and remarks that "the whole world recognizes that the honor of the armies of both sides is safe."

These terms are declared by American Socialists to be practically the same as the "no annexations, no indemnities" program of their party, and the *Milwaukee Leader* adds that "they are also in accordance with the doctrine preached by President Wilson as late as last January." The Hearst newspapers, says one of them, "could not do else than to applaud the terms of peace which the Pope has suggested, because these terms are identical with the terms which we have repeatedly suggested as fair terms, rightful terms, and the only terms upon which peace could be negotiated." Even such a foe of Prussianism as the *New York Evening Post* holds that these are Allied rather than pro-German terms. If they should be agreed to by the German



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UNCLE SAMSON AND DELILAH.

—McCutcheon in the *Chicago Tribune*.

Government "they would be tantamount to a surrender of nine-tenths of what the Junkers and the Pan-Germans and the military autocracy have contended would be indispensable." The *Dallas News* notes that the Pope's terms come much nearer to the demands of the Allies than any which have hitherto come directly out of Berlin. It continues:

"If Germany has in reality come to the point of being ready to submit the future of Alsace-Lorraine to diplomatic negotiation and Austria to the point of being ready to concede some of the demands of Italy, then the Central Empires are in a state of mind which would seem to make peace-negotiations in the very near future a practicable undertaking.

"A peace which penalizes the innocence of Belgium and mocks its sufferings could not be a just peace, nor is it likely that it could be made an acceptable peace to France and Great Britain, while assuredly it ought not be an acceptable peace to the United States."

The *New Orleans Times-Picayune* hopes that Benedict XV. speaks with the sanction of Vienna and Berlin, for in that case "the Central Empires may soon offer a peace which the Entente Allies, and especially America, could afford to accept—a peace which would be more than a breathing-spell in preparation for a second world-war." The *San Francisco Chronicle*



finds these terms valuable as a new basis for peace-discussion and inclines to believe that "Germany gives mankind a new hope" for peace in thus seeking papal cooperation in its desire for a cessation of hostilities.

But editorial suspicion and denunciation are far more widespread than trustfulness or hope. The Pope's proposal is simply one to "Condone, Disarm, and Live in Peace," as stated in a New York *Tribune* head-line. The Providence *Journal*, which, like most of the rest of the American press, acknowledges the Pope's sincerity, high motive, and praiseworthy purpose, declares that nevertheless every phrase of his program is written across the water-mark, "Made in Germany"—

"Both in the language used and in the measures submitted the communication from Rome smacks of the persistent Teutonic propaganda which has so far failed to ensnare the real foes of Prussianism, but which enlists copperheads, sentimentalists, and dreamers alike among enemies and neutrals, and which has now scored its first important success by enlisting the Supreme Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church in the propagation of its deadly humbug."

Peace on the Pope's terms, the Chicago *Herald* clearly sees, "would be a truce, not a peace." Therefore, says the Pittsburg *Leader*, "these are not the terms on which peace must ultimately be made." For, "to restore the status quo, to put Germany back where she was before the war began, and to leave the German idea of world-dominance free to sprout and grow again would scarcely be more than to insure another world-war, as soon as the German autocracy considered itself strong enough for the trial." The Chicago *Tribune* fears that the Pope's action "may be used as an aid to weaken the Allied operations or to further an inconsequential peace, which would be perhaps of all misfortunes the worst." A peace arranged now, declares the Ottawa *Citizen* in the Canadian capital, "would be the most short-sighted peace ever arranged in the world's history; it would place a premium on international rape and barbarity, and substitute the ethics of Attila for the principles of Grotius." "The thing we have arisen to destroy because it is actively and potently inimical to civilization, to freedom, and to humanity, would," the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* observes, "remain unscathed and in effect triumphant." America, in particular, the Milwaukee *Journal* warns us, "will have to be on guard against a false peace, against the kind of peace that would enable Germany with all her force and fury to turn upon America alone."

To impose no indemnities would, as the Adrian *Telegram* sees it, "permit Germany, after committing the most atrocious crime in the history of the universe, to escape all penalties

simply because she also had suffered somewhat from the effects of her own infamy." A fatal defect in the Pope's peace-proposal, in the opinion of the Minneapolis *Tribune*, is the absence of a specific provision for full restitution to Belgium so far as money can accomplish that result. With this the New York *Tribune* emphatically agrees, saying: "If Belgium is to be forsaken by the civilized world now, then the civilized world will deserve that fate which it will ultimately meet at Germany's hand."

Anything like a general acceptance of the Pope's terms, the Boston *Herald* concludes, would set all the various nations of the Allied group at one another's throats, metaphorically speaking:

"Suppose Great Britain, for example, were to say in some official way that she liked the Pope's program. What would Italy think of such an 'abandonment' of her aims in the Trentino? The Peninsula would cry, 'Perfidious Albion!' at the suggestion that after all Italy's sacrifices of men and treasure she would get nothing out of it beyond what is implied in the Pope's proposal. The same would be true of the British colonies which have conquered German possessions with great valor and determination. And so you can go on down through the list. . . .

"Meanwhile, see what would happen to Germany: She has welded together in a mid-European alliance an extraordinarily powerful group of nations, and she would emerge from the war to-day with a control over the heterogeneous population-groups of the Dual Monarchy, and through Bulgaria a hold on the Balkans, and with Turkey a route to the Bosphorus which would make her great war of 1914-1917 well worth fighting, from the point of view of her own statesmen, provided she suffered no losses elsewhere."

"Germany must be beaten and know she is beaten before the peace of the world is secure," is the way the Louisville *Post* sums up the whole

peace-question. Real peace-proposals, insists another Southern daily, the Atlanta *Journal*, "must come not from prince or prelate but from the German people themselves after they have cast out the brutal satraps who have dishonored the German name and made of their country's plighted word a thing to be rejected and despised."

From the far Northwest the Spokane *Spokesman Review* maintains that "until the German people have overthrown the Hohenzollerns and their warrior caste, and adopted a generally democratic form of government, there can be no safety for free government or small nations and no effective disarmament." The Portland *Oregonian* agrees that "to make peace before the Central Empires become democracies or before their rulers are made powerless for harm, would be to waste all the blood and treasure which had been expended." It characterizes the Allies' war as "an effort to bring the criminal rulers of four monarchies to justice; and agents of the law do not parley with criminals."



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THREE YEARS.

—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

## WHY WE ARE NOT DOWNHEARTED

IN THE FINAL MONTHS of our Civil War, when the downfall of the Confederacy was close at hand, the North had its "copperheads, traitors, and fainthearts" who argued that victory was impossible or not worth the price in blood. Pacifists and pessimists of to-day who express similar views about the Allies' ability to defeat Germany have had their attention called to the parallel by editors both North and South, who can find no justification for any downheartedness and are highly suspicious of the motives of the propagandists of gloom. The *Memphis Commercial Appeal* remembers how little hope there was in Confederacy after July, 1863, in spite of its bold front and desperate fighting. Bluntly and emphatically the *San Francisco Chronicle* declares:

"Any one striking the note that Germany is invincible and can endure a state of war forever is either a fool or its familiar alternative. . . . ."

"The fiction, the superstition rather, that Germany can endure a war of indefinite duration is a piece of German bureaucratic bluff, manufactured expressly for home consumption, but available for export if it can find a foreign market. It has been imported by one or two persons as a political side-line and is being boosted, but even those who read it do not swallow it."

Mr. Frank H. Simonds, of the *New York Tribune*, whose reasons for predicting Germany's decisive defeat in 1918 are hereinafter presented, believes that Germany can escape such defeat "only if there is no campaign of 1918," and warns every American to be "on his guard against the battle that is being waged in this country to prevent that campaign," and asks: "Is it not significant that every German influence in the United States is working to prevail upon this country to make such a peace-proposal as will save Germany and leave her with power for harm undestroyed?" In the *New York Evening Sun*, Mr. Don Marquis likewise earnestly contends that German knowledge that American troops will make her decisive defeat certain is responsible for "the attempt to create in American minds the idea of an unconquerable Germany, with whom it would be better to come to terms at once, as she can never be defeated in battle." And Mr. Marquis adds:

"No more cowardly, subtle, and treacherous blow was ever struck at the back of a nation at war than the current propaganda on the part of the Poison Press of America."

But not all pessimists are traitors or even fainthearts. Some, it is said, are merely trying to wake up Americans to more earnest effort by confronting them with the specter of defeat. Hudson Maxim, in a statement sent out by the American Defense Society, declares that "the war is going against us" and presents these "disquieting facts":

"The war can not be won against Germany on land. It requires five times the number of men and five times the quantity of munitions to capture a modern entrenched position as it does to hold such a position, and there can be no such preponderance on the Western front. . . . ."

"It is but a matter of months, not of years, when the U-boats will be able to starve out Great Britain, France, and Italy, unless something is done, and done quickly, to stop the U-boat menace. . . . ."

"We must realize the stern truth that if our Allies are beaten, the American Republic will be knocked down by the mailed fist, like a house of cards."

Germany's fair prospects, particularly in the East, are thus presented by the *Nashville Banner*:

"In the Southeast sectors the German armies are pushing steadily forward, and they are under command of the redoubtable von Mackensen. They are driving the recently routed Russian Army out of Galicia and Bukowina on to Russian territory, and they are pressing back the combined Russian and Roumanian Army in Moldavia, the northern half of Roumania."

"If the German armies in these sectors unite they may push through the Russian province of Bessarabia and take the important city of Odessa. That would give them control of the Black Sea and supplies of food and petroleum."

"There is surely a prospect that the Germans may make this achievement in the East. It would mean not only possession of Odessa, but the complete conquest of Roumania and Bessarabia, and that would insure them against starvation."

"While the German armies in the West can not conquer France and are clearly outmatched in the forces opposing them there, it appears to be almost as difficult an undertaking for the Allies to penetrate Germany, or even to force the German armies beyond the French and Belgian borders."

"In other words, there is small prospect of a speedy military triumph by either side in the war. The best prospect of reducing the Central Powers to submission is the exhaustion of their resources, but if they make the progress in the Southern sectors they now appear to be aiming at, this pressure will necessarily be in a large measure removed."

Other pessimistic utterances were founded on a newspaper statement that returned United States observers had reported that the German line on the Western front was virtually impregnable, at least against the present Allied forces, and that Germany still has enormous reserves of men and is not facing disaster either from food-shortage or internal dissension.

But the tales of gloom from Washington have been repudiated by both War and State Departments. Secretary Baker asserts that officers reporting to him have been most optimistic and believe that the German lines can be not only bent, but broken. The success of Field-Marshal Haig's drives in Flanders convinces observers on both sides of the water that the British forces have a definite superiority over the enemy they face. Victory, says the editor of the *London Post*, is certain, because "scientific preparation, wonderful staff-work, great artillery predominance, and an incomparable infantry enable us to contemplate without fear the undertaking of any enterprise." Sir William Robertson, Chief of the British General Staff, reminded a *New York Times* interviewer recently of the difference between 1914 and 1917. Instead of being on the defensive within a few miles of Paris, the Allies, now millions where before they were thousands, have been driving the Germans before them. As he said: "We have taken positions that they regarded as matters of life and death, and our guns are hammering them now as they have never been hammered before." As General Maurice, the spokesman for the British War Office, has put it—

"Germany, whose whole military gospel was to prosecute a vigorous offensive, is reduced to a pitiful state of military helplessness in which she is barely able to hang on, in the hope that her submarines will force the people of the Entente Powers to demand peace at a time when Germany has the 'big pawns' with which to make a bargain."

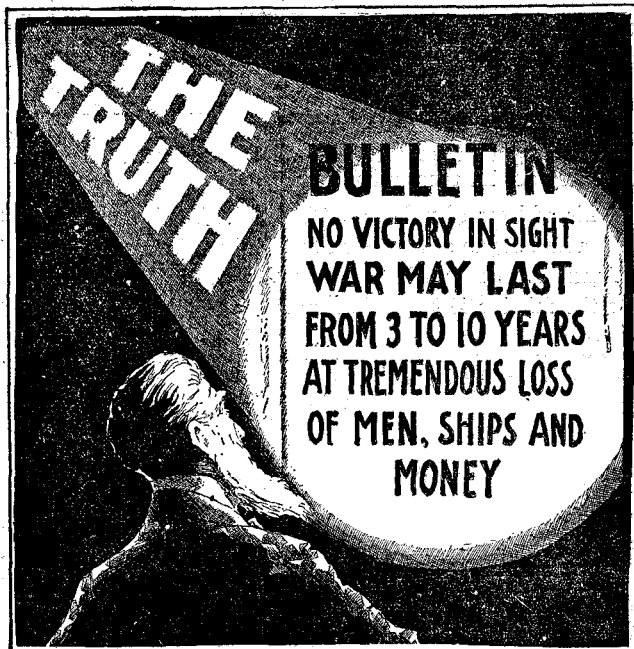
Most important of all reassuring statements is that made by André Tardieu, French High Commissioner to the United States,



THE SILENT PARTNER.

—Marcus in the *New York Times*.

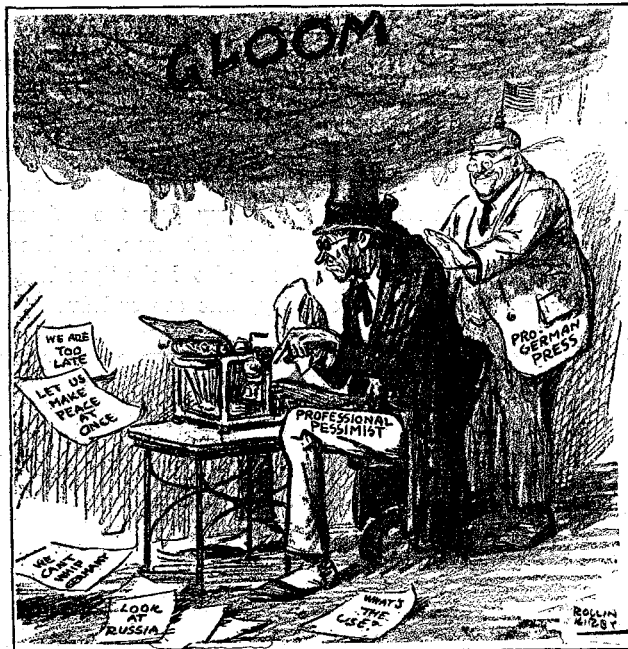




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THE WHOLE TRUTH!

—McCay in the New York American.



DOING HIS BIT.

—Kirby in the New York World.

## TWO EXPLANATIONS OF WAR-PESSIMISM.

denying that France, as so frequently reported, has been "bled white." In a published letter to Secretary Baker, the French Commissioner says that France has 3,000,000 men at the front, an increase of a million since the war began, that reserve resources are sufficient to enable her "to maintain that number up to its present level for a long time to come," and that the percentage of casualties is constantly decreasing. French troops, we learn, hold 383 miles on the Western front to 92 held by the British and 27 by the Belgians. At the beginning of the war France had 300 heavy guns; it now has 6,000. The munitions output in August, 1914, was arranged for 13,000 shots of "75's" per day; "it is now arranged for 250,000 shots of 75's and 100,000 shots of heavy guns." Besides thus providing for her own forces, France, according to Mr. Tardieu, "completely reequipped and rearmed the Belgian, Servian, and Greek armies," and gave more than 800 heavy guns to her Allies. All this required the making over of old and the creating of new industries and the expenditure of more than \$16,500,000,000 in three years. While American soldiers will help to strike the last blow at the adversary, they will find in France "a country which to-day, as well as during the last three years, bears the principal exertion of our foe; a country which maintains to the maximum of her power, without hesitation and without weakness, her strength, her means, and her will. . . . Severe was the ordeal; stronger is the national energy."

This assures the New York Times' expert military writer that "France is not yet exhausted, or anything like it." He observes that "the number of men holding the French front in the West is almost as great as is the entire German force on that front." The size of the British force at the front has not been given out, but it is generally understood that Britain has under arms, including reserves, some 5,000,000 men.

Recent figures given out in Washington show that our regular Army has been recruited up to its full war-strength of 300,000 men, and the 400,000 men of the National Guard regiments are being mobilized. As the Brooklyn Citizen notes:

"Here we have 700,000 soldiers, exclusive of the 687,000 called to the colors by the first draft. Of these 1,500,000 men fully 250,000 will be in training in France before the winter sets in. By next spring America will have an army of 500,000 men on the Western front. In addition there will be ready thousands of trained aviators. . . .

"If the Germans will wait before throwing themselves on the

mercy of the Allies until next spring, they will have ocular evidence of 'America as a military factor.'"

And the New York Morning Telegraph's Washington correspondent cheerfully reports that it is officially ascertained "that there would be no trouble whatever in shipping our soldiers to France as quickly as they are trained and that this can be accomplished at the rate of more than 100,000 a month."

Mr. Simonds, whose prophecy that 1918 will be "a victory year for the Allies" has been already cited, gives in the New York Tribune his reasons for believing that Germany can not last until November, 1918. First of all "is the magnitude of her losses." German casualty-lists show a total in killed, wounded, and captured of 4,500,000, and Mr. Simonds estimates the total permanent loss to be 2,800,000. This means, he says, that Germany can not bring up enough reserves, even with Russia out of the war, to equal the Allied forces on the West front. Therefore, he believes that "before next July the Germans will have to choose between a wide retreat in the West and a great disaster." For "Germany has not the reserves for another great offensive. She has not the reserves to last another year of such pounding as the last, and her Western foes, with the help of the United States, have the men." As to guns, the Germans' own official reports have conceded that they have been outgunned in the West for more than a year. This means greater casualties and "the gradual breakdown of morale." Then—

"On the material side it is exceedingly unlikely that Germany can be starved out, but another year will bring greater hardships, greater suffering, and a failure of crops would mean ruin. Germany has suffered for two years more than Britain or France is yet suffering, or will suffer for a year, and the moral effect is increasing all the time. . . .

"Looking to the commercial side, the fact is this: Every month the war goes on Germany loses more of her commercial establishment."

By the time of the fourth anniversary of the war, Germany will have given up all hope of escaping defeat, Mr. Simonds believes, and he adds:

"We have all of us come, insensibly, to play the German game a little and to believe far too much in the infallibility of German generals and the invincibility of German armies. Yet from the Marne to the present hour every German offensive in the West has failed, and the steady deterioration of German armies has been revealed by the marked increase in prisoners, guns, ground gained by successive attacks."



## RUSSIA AND OURSELVES

THE HALF-DISEMBLED GLEE with which some radical antiwar or anti-British journals dilate upon what they call the "failure" of the American mission to Russia may conceivably be dashed by Elihu Root, who said at the New York reception to the mission that "there are some newspapers published in this city every day the editors of which deserve conviction and execution for treason. And sooner or later they will get it." Mr. Root also lasht "pro-German traitors who are selling our country, who are endeavoring by

the press and public men and to establish a structure of treason. Here, as there, we find weak sentimentalists who lend themselves to the most terrible enemy of peace and justice and humanity since the fall of Genghis Khan. Here, and there, too, we see men who proclaim their patriotism and sell their country.

"But here, as in Russia, the long-suffering forces of democracy are gathering to take the power into their own hands. And when they act let these men beware."

In his address of welcome, Charles E. Hughes said that the mission had begun as a mission to Russia and ended as a mission to America. Some editorial observers recall that about the time the mission left Russia a new offensive was begun on the

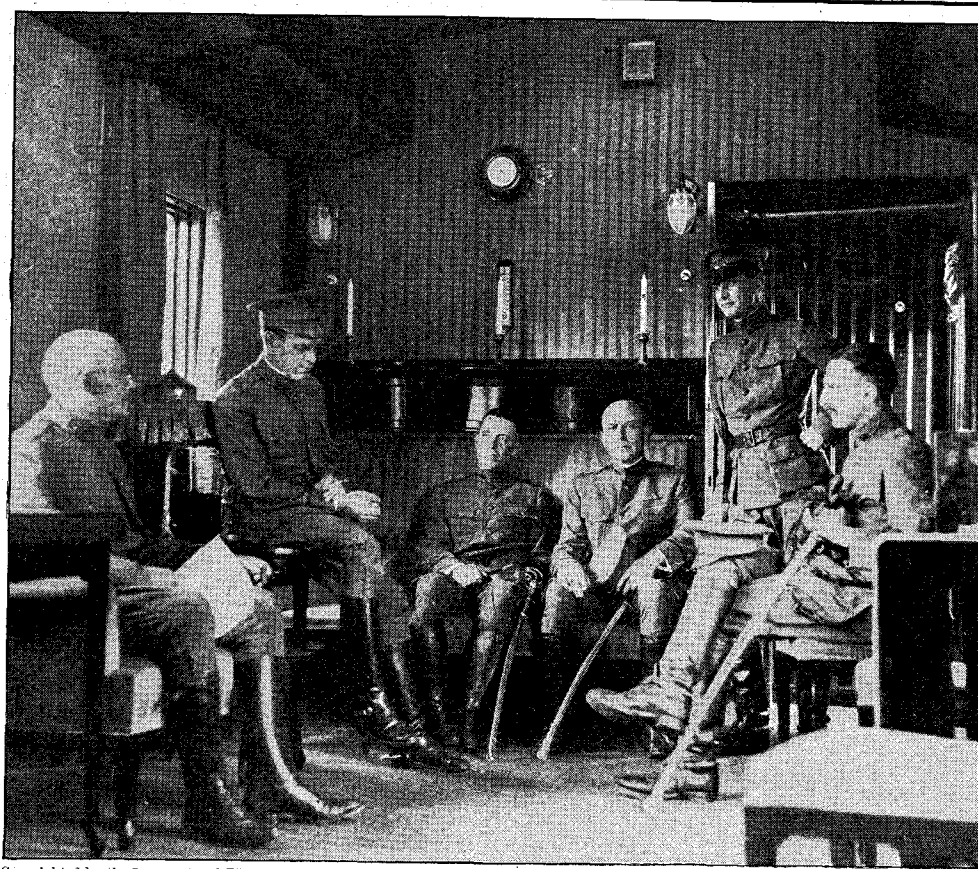
East front with great expectations on the part of the Allies. For a while, the *Tacoma Ledger* reminds us, it gave bright promise of success, but there followed suddenly disorganization of the Army and a retreat, with the resultant breaking up of the Kerensky cabinet. Now, journals like the *Newark News* see in the new rally to Premier Kerensky of elements whose support should help to bring order out of chaos a confirmation of Mr. Root's faith in the "eventual winning by Russia of democratic self-mastery," and the *San Francisco Chronicle* says that if the new Government is as solid as represented by the commission, it can be only a matter of time when it will have the "anarchist and pro-German propagandists and disrupters well under control." *The Chronicle* reminds us further that Russia deserves the "undying gratitude of her Allies for what she has already done, and she will survive to enjoy that gratitude if she merely does enough to keep a sufficiency of Germans busy on the East front."

Highly impressive to the *Oakland Tribune* is the speech Mr. Root made at a luncheon given

to the commission in "a Pacific port" on their return, and the *Seattle Times* considers the utterances of Mr. Root and other members of the commission of "tremendous significance to the people of this Republic." As quoted in press dispatches, Mr. Root stated that the mission brought back from Russia "the greatest sympathy and the greatest admiration for that young democracy, now struggling to solve problems within a few months that this country has been struggling to solve for one hundred and forty years—and has not solved," and he proceeds:

"In Russia, almost within sound of the guns, I think we got a little nearer to the truth in this great war upon which our country is embarked; a deeper realization than the people of the United States appreciate. We see now why all the world is at war. We see that for centuries we have been building up a structure for civilization. We have fondly believed that the world was growing more humane, more just. We have believed that the old, dark days of tyranny and cruelty were passed away, and that the nations of the earth had entered into a solemn covenant to keep alive those divine principles under which we propose to live.

"We see now, more clearly than ever, a great military Power, a great autocracy, proceeding upon the principles of the dark and cruel past, throwing down the gauntlet to the liberty of



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## IN THE CZAR'S CAR.

These United States Army officers, attached to the Root Commission, are taking their ease in what was formerly the Czar's private railway-car. The table at the left, on which an officer is sitting, served a momentous historic purpose when Nicholas signed on it his abdication.

opposition and obstruction in Congress and out of Congress to make what America does in preparing for the war so ineffective that when our young men go to the firing-line they will meet defeat." He added that if the people all understood why it is that we are going into this war "they would rise and crush these traitors down to earth." On the same occasion the "disloyal American that disgraces the Congress of the United States" was bitterly denounced by Charles Edward Russell, the Socialist member of the mission, who was expelled from the party for accepting the appointment. He declared that when a resolution is introduced in the Senate demanding that the Allies state their terms, within three weeks the words of the resolution are repeated by agents of Germany in Russia, and he said further that every word uttered in the Senate "in behalf of peace, or in behalf of treason, every one of them, is a poison-dagger plunged into the heart of your country." Mr. Root also said that—

"Little by little the Russian Government is gaining in power. We took to Russia a message of faith in democracy. We return to repeat it. Here, as there, German propaganda is seeking to sap the strength of democracy. Here, as in Russia, German money is seeping through the country seeking to undermine





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#### THE AMERICAN MISSION AT THE RUSSIAN FRONT.

In the front row, from the reader's left to right, are Mr. Terestchenko, Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs; General Brussiloff, former Russian Commander-in-Chief; Elihu Root, and Major-General Hugh L. Scott.

our day. We see Germany repudiate the rule of morality among nations—the binding faith of treaties—without which the society of nations can not endure; we see these principles cast aside with cynical indifference. The principles of liberty and slavery, of good and evil, have locked horns in mortal struggle. We see that the principles of our fathers must go down before the German Moloch unless the triumphant manhood of our Republic gives support.”

Another expression of confidence in the Russian people and their new Government was made in Chicago by Mr. Root, when he said to a New York *Sun* correspondent in that city that “there is not as much disturbance in all of Russia as there is in the United States. If all of the telegraphic reports of riots and strikes and other disturbances in the United States were concentrated and sent over to Russia, the people there would get an alarming view of the situation here.”

Not a few dailies, including the Washington *Herald*, emphasize the fact that the optimism of Mr. Root about Russia has carrying force merely because it is his, and in chime with this opinion is the observation of the Philadelphia *Press* that Mr. Root, “on whose head have fallen the sobering snows of seventy-one winters and who never was a careless and hot-headed man even when he was younger, will find the country anchoring to him with a sense of relief amid distracting and contradictory reports from Russia.” Among other journals that reflect the Root commission’s hopeful frame of mind are the Chicago *Tribune*, the Chicago *Herald*, the Minneapolis *Tribune*, the New Haven *Journal-Courier*, the Washington *Star*, the Rochester *Herald*, the Buffalo *News*, the Scranton *Republican*, the Anaconda *Standard*, and the Pittsburg *Leader*, which says the news brought by the commission “takes us back to the time when the Colonies of America were blindly stumbling forward toward their goal of freedom, and when, had it not been for the timely aid and succor of friendly nations, both morally and financially, the richness and greatness of this nation might never have been. It is democracy’s duty and obligation to see Russia through.”

Next to confidence in the durability of the new order in Russia comes the question of how we may best serve her as

one of her allies. On this point dispute arises as to whether we should send her soldiers or not, and we learn from the press that Mr. Charles Edward Russell, former Socialist leader, is said to be the only member of the mission who is favorable to the plan, tho it is hinted that he is not disposed to urge it in the face of all but unanimous dissent among his associates. *The Christian Science Monitor* tells us that according to the views which the commission is willing that the press shall give forth, it is their belief that Russia does not want American soldiers, nor could she make use of them if they were offered. This conclusion finds additional support in the statements that Russian public opinion has been greatly upset by propaganda carried on by Russian immigrants to the United States, *The Monitor* proceeds, who returned home when the Republic was established and have been systematically engaged in abusing America and everything American. The ingratitude of this ilk who got back to Russia after having enjoyed the hospitality of the United States for years is despicable, according to the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, “yet the greater shame is that they are supported in their diatribes not against autocracy but against free America by their coworkers among us, in the land that gave and still gives them asylum.”

The Socialist New York *Call* gives as the gist of the composite statements of the six members “that Russia is all right, that the people are working out their destiny wonderfully, that if they are left alone they will build up the greatest republic on earth,” and *The Call* proceeds:

“The commission saw a great people threshing out their destinies. They saw a people given the awful responsibility of working out a new system and fighting a terrible war at the same time. They saw that the immediate and terrible need of the people was not to engage in a war, but to rebuild their institutions.

“The capitalist press has seen only one thing: the conduct of the war. They are not interested in Russia’s problems, but only in the success of the quest of the capitalist nations for plunder and loot. And when the capitalists of all nations saw the Russians were pursuing the path of internal organization at the cost of the war, then the savage attack began.”



## TRIUMPH OF RESERVE-OFFICERS' CAMPS

SUCCESS FAR SURPASSING EXPECTATION, according to Army authorities, is the achievement of the first reserve-officers' training-camps established in various States. Plattsburg, New York, the original camp, counted on one out of every four men to qualify for commissions after three months' intensive training, we read in a dispatch to the *New York Times*, but on August 15 three out of every four men were placed on active duty. The second officers' reserve-camps, opening on August 27, will be the last, for, following their duration of three months, officers will be chosen by promotion from the ranks in the National Army. "I would rather command a regiment officered by these new young officers," Lieutenant-Colonel Wolf, the commanding officer at Plattsburg, says in *The Times*, "than an organization with officers from the regular Army as it is constituted at present." He does not mean to cry down West Point, "which, after all, is the greatest military school in the world," and adds:

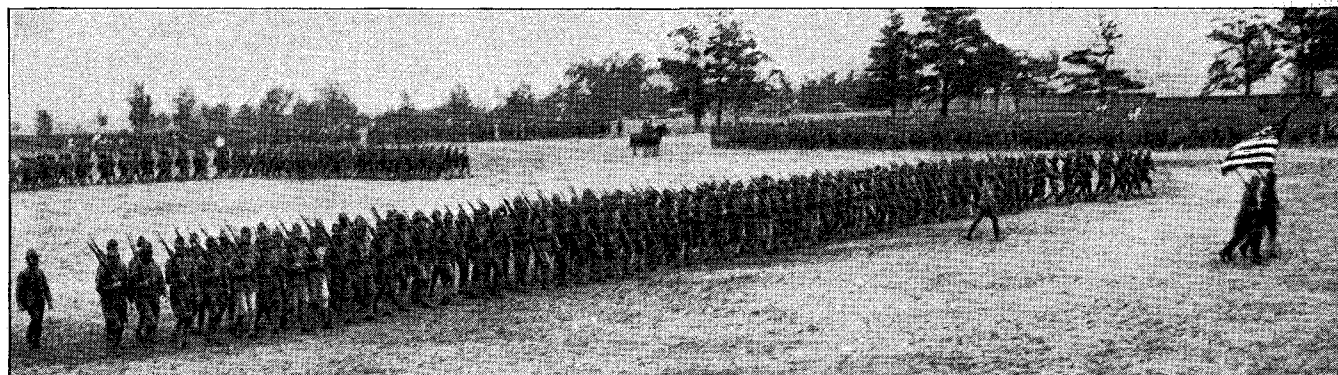
"These youngsters who have just been commissioned are practically all college men. They are at the pliable age when they are willing to learn from the more experienced regulars. They have received proper instruction as to how to instruct other men, and they have nothing to unlearn. Furthermore, they have been accustomed to working at least ten hours a day. They must remember, however, that their test is coming when they begin their work in the National Army."

In a Washington dispatch to the *New York Evening Post* we read that instead of the 10,000 officers originally expected to be graduated from the camps, approximately 30,000 men have been turned out fit to train recruits of the National Army, and only 8,000 men failed to get something out of their three months of

hard work. One of the proud boasts of the camps is that favoritism cuts no figure, for "not only did the sons of members of Congress fail to land commissions on merit, but a nephew of President Wilson was numbered among the missing when commissions were handed out." Editorially *The Evening Post* expresses the deepest satisfaction with the camps, which it is the more happy to record because of its "unchanged belief as to the unwisdom of conscripting Americans for military service." It is already possible to say that no war in our history has been initiated along such excellent military lines, and while this journal would not assert that the graduates of the camps are completely educated officers, and while there is going to be a most alarming dearth of competent non-commissioned officers, the backbone of any army, "comparing conditions with those that obtained in the Civil and Spanish wars, we have made wonderful progress." The *San Antonio Light* thinks "it is extremely fitting in this democracy of ours that from the rank and file of our citizenship, from the homes of the humble as well as the rich, we should select and educate the young men who, as officers, will take command of those other young men who have been called by the draft law also from the homes of rich and poor alike," and "thus our Army that goes to France will be of the very essence of our democracy." The press inform us that more than 2,000 of these officers have been assigned to go to France.

In a statement given out by Secretary of War Baker we read:

"The War Department feels no small pride in the commissioning during these days of thousands of young officers who have passed through a period of training as thorough and intensive as it could be made by men of the regular forces, loyal and capable, whose lives have been spent in preparation for such an emergency."



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NEW OFFICERS IN THE MAKING. AT THE PLATTSBURG CAMP.

## TOPICS IN BRIEF

"STOCKHOLM!" cry the Socialists. "Stick home," their Governments all reply.—*New York Sun*.

PRETTY soon there will be nobody left in the Socialist party but Victor Berger and the Kaiser.—*Chicago Daily News*.

ONE consolation: Being a slacker is a far greater disgrace than being in prison.—*Leavenworth (Federal Prison) New Era*.

WHY are we proving all over again that Germany started the war? Had somebody said it was Siam?—*Kansas City Star*.

PRESIDENT WILSON's embargo has Sweden worrying over how she and Germany are going to eat next winter.—*New York World*.

RUSSIA is sound at the core, reassures Mr. Root. But if the Russians don't check the Teuts there "won't be no core."—*Chicago Tribune*.

GERMANY is learning rapidly that it doesn't pay to assume that mankind is divided into classes—Germans and fools.—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

AN intelligent commentator on German affairs remarks that Germany could fight a defensive war for fifty years—if the people would furnish the soldiers.—*Chicago Daily News*.

THE Kaiser told Ambassador Gerard that he would remember the United States after the close of the war, and there is every reason to believe he will keep his word.—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

STATED otherwise, the purport of Deputy Loringhoven's speech to the Reichstag is that the German troops gloriously tipped over the cart, but the Allies feloniously prevented their taking the apples.—*New York World*.

THE time to discuss peace will date from the day the enemy asks for terms, instead of offering them.—*Chicago Tribune*.

MR. ROOT says Russia's riots do not amount to much. He's seen a few Republican National Conventions.—*New York World*.

THE American public labors six days and on the seventh wears itself out riding around in automobiles.—*New York Evening Sun*.

MAYBE the real reason of the Russian disorders is that Russians have to call one another such terrible names.—*New York Morning Telegraph*.

CAMOUFLAGE is an ancient art. We used to achieve it with a big geography when we wanted to read "Peck's Bad Boy" in school.—*Kansas City Star*.

PERHAPS in time the people of the United States will be officially exhorted to exercise in eating the same common sense nine-tenths of them have always exercised.—*New York World*.

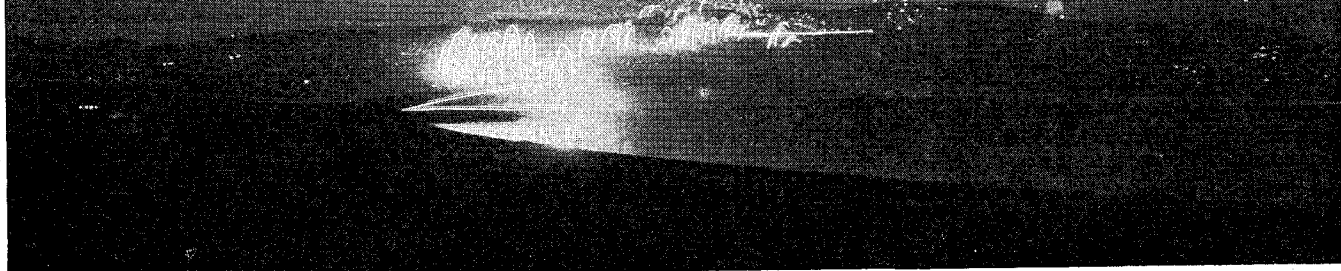
AMERICA only entered the war to deprive Germany of victory.—*Frankfurter Zeitung*. It is a delight to quote from a German newspaper an exact statement of fact.—*Syracuse Post-Standard*.

THE Louisville chap who, when drafted, threw out his chest and cried to the crowd: "God help the Germans; they have drawn ME!" gave the best key-note to the country.—*Memphis Commercial Appeal*.

SINCE at the very outset the Premier of France has shown Michaelis to be a liar and a Russian minister shows he is a falsifier, it becomes evident that Michaelis is the sort of chancellor the Kaiser and the Crown Prince have been looking for all these years.—*Kansas City Star*.



# FOREIGN - COMMENT



WHERE SOME OF THE CRUCIAL BATTLES OF THE WAR MAY COME.

Lake Dorian, on the Balkan front, where British and Bulgar meet. British shells are bursting on the right, while the intense white lights are from the Bulgar barrage against an Allied infantry-attack at night.

## HOW TO SAVE IRELAND

**D**EEP, DARK MYSTERY is to surround the Irish Convention until its work is done and it adjourns either with a Constitution for the whole of Ireland or with nothing. Just why the whole proceedings are to be enshrouded in secrecy is difficult to see, but the fact remains that by a regulation made under "Dora"—as the Defense of the Realm Act is popularly known in the United Kingdom—it is an offense for any one to divulge what transpires in the sessions at Dublin. According to the *London Times* the text of the regulation runs:

"It shall not be lawful for any person in any newspaper, periodical, circular, or other printed publication or in any public speech to publish any report or statement of, or to purport to describe or to refer to, any proceedings of the Convention assembled on the invitation of his Majesty's Government for the purpose of preparing a Constitution for the future government of Ireland, or of any committee of that Convention except such report or statement thereof as may be officially authorized by the Chairman of the Convention.

"If any person contravenes any provision of this regulation, he shall be guilty of an offense against these regulations."

While reporting is forbidden, speculation is permitted, and there is much about. Writing in the *London English Review*, Major D. Stuart-Stephens, himself an Irishman, tells us exactly how to "save Ireland." This is his "American ideal" panacea:

"A Federal scheme of government tempered by the conservative safeguards of one of the greatest of Columbia's statesmen, time-honored Hamilton. Ireland would be composed of States, not counties, each having its Governor, and each sending Congressmen to a Central Congress at College Green, the county and city of Dublin being, as Washington, erected to a territorial entity similar to that of Washington, D. C. A President, who might suitably be Prince Arthur of Connaught, would be elected for a term of five years—a period which would possibly be sufficient to allow the new order of things to shake down, so to speak. A second, and after-Presidential, election would be for the purpose of electing the chief magistrate for three years.

"The question of Ireland's foreign relations would, as with the Boers until the retrocession of their Republic, be left in possession of Downing Street. But the control of the customs, inland revenue, the various city police forces, and that superb semi-military body, the Royal Irish Constabulary, would be at the disposal of the new Irish Congress, or Parliament. Such a Constitution for the 'distressful country' would be a bold, indeed an audacious, experiment in statesmanship; but it would be worth the trial, as events have since proved that master-stroke of Sir

Henry Campbell-Bannerman's when dealing with our once valiant enemies and now equally valiant fellow subjects, the Dutch-Africans. The materialization of the scheme thus outlined would, I am heart and soul convinced, indeed save Ireland. And call the country a Republic if the majority of its people so desire. What would it matter?"

That brilliant Irish writer and wit, the Rev. Canon Hannay, of Dublin—better known as George A. Birmingham, the novelist—tells us that the Convention has landed two of the Irish parties on the horns of two different dilemmas. Writing in the *London Daily Mail*, he remarks:

"We are going to try to settle our own affairs instead of abusing Englishmen for not settling them for us. That is a clear gain.

"It is quite possible that the Convention will hammer out some kind of constitution. If it does, that will be another step in advance. But the greatest difficulty will still be before us.

"Can Ireland, all Ireland, be induced to accept the Constitution which the Convention devises? That Constitution will be like the old Ypres salient. Its defenders, entrenching themselves against the enemy in front, the natural difficulties of the thing itself, will be liable to bombardment from Ulster on their right and machine-gun fire from Sinn Fein on their left, their position doubly enfladed."

The Canon then states the dilemmas confronting Ulster and Sinn Fein. He says:

"Ulster has hitherto demanded to be left out of a self-governing Ireland whatever the form of government may be. Unless Ulster changes her mind the labors of the Convention will be vain. Will Ulster consider what her demand really means for herself? If she is left out of Ireland she becomes part of England for all purposes of government. There is no alternative. But this just at present is not a very attractive prospect. . . . If they become English they must accept the burdens which Englishmen bear. If Ulster appeals to the Union, to the Union she ought to go; but it must be a union complete, logical, just, with all un-English privileges swept away.

"Sinn Fein, on the other hand, refuses to take part in the Convention and asks that Ireland's future shall be decided by the European Peace Congress when it meets. This is an odd demand from a party whose watchword is 'Ourselves, ourselves alone.' It is an appeal from the decision of a body of Irishmen to that of a mixed assembly of Englishmen, Frenchmen, Italians, Russians, Americans, Japanese, Servians, Montenegrins, Portuguese, Roumanians, Germans, Austrians, Turks, Bulgarians, and perhaps others. Is this what Sinn Fein really wants? It is difficult to think so. . . . Sinn Fein ought surely to consider



whether it is wise to let Ireland's future depend on a game played by astute foreigners. Our Convention, even if its constitution is not the best possible, will at least consist of Irishmen."

The Nationalists are not alarmed by the recent Sinn-Fein victories at South Longford, East Clare, or Kilkenny, and the Redmondite *Dublin Evening Telegraph* is optimistic but not blind to the difficulties:

"All that is sane and patriotic in Ireland to-day looks to the delegates from North and South to face the facts, to recognize realities, to appreciate the dangers that are imminent, and to frame a constitution which will guarantee freedom to all, unity to the nation, fair play to every section, and the opening of a new era under conditions which will render impotent the efforts of the incendiaries, who do not conceal their purpose of plunging Ireland into the vortex of another futile and tragic insurrection. The delegates can save Ireland from outward enemies and internal foes if in a spirit of self-sacrificing patriotism they rise to the heights of a great occasion. We agree with Sir Horace Plunkett that as far as the Convention is concerned 'all that matters is the report.'"

An example of the ultrapessimistic view is that of the "die-hard" Ulster and Unionist London *Saturday Review*, which indulges in this hardly cheerful prophecy of what will follow the Convention:

"A general election in Ireland will follow, and the result will be the return of an overwhelming Sinn-Fein majority. And the result of that will be the repeal of the Act by the Imperial Parliament and the proclamation of military law. All the party leaders and all the editors and all the priests and all the agitators know that this is the only possible outcome of the Convention, and yet they one and all join in treating the Convention seriously or, like Sir Horace Plunkett, cheerfully. The Government must not expect thinking men to take the Convention seriously until the Government takes the protection of life and property and the suppression of treason seriously. As soon as the Government gives up treating Sinn-Feinism as a joke and trying to conciliate rebels by feeble leniency, then, and not till then, will it be possible to speak of the prospects of the Convention as cheerful."

**"FOREIGN FRIENDS OF GERMANY"**—From the Berlin *Vossische Zeitung* we learn that a final effort to influence the English-speaking world is to be made by the publication in Berlin of a new journal in English known as *The Bridge*. The *Westminster Gazette* makes merry over the project:

"It is touching to find the Germans still under the impression that they can influence English opinion by producing a newspaper in the English language at Berlin. The reception of their *Continental Times* should have taught them better; but it seems that it has not, and that they are going to try again. *The Bridge* is the title of the new venture. It is stated to have been 'founded by foreign friends of Germany.' The contributors include Dr. George Brandes, Professor Ernst Haeckel, Houston Chamberlain, and William Bayard Hale. There are skeptics, however, as to the utility of the enterprise. 'Will Englishmen,' asks the *Vossische Zeitung*, which gives the news, 'recognize as intellectually neutral a publication to which Houston Chamberlain contributes?' It is possible that they may not."

## CANADIAN HIERARCHY FIGHTING CONSCRIPTION

**T**HE VEILED OPPOSITION of the Catholic clergy in the province of Quebec to the Canadian Conscription Law has passed, in the view of Government circles, into a phase of active hostility. The signal for this change is held to be the interview with Cardinal Begin, Archbishop of Quebec, published in his own official organ, the *Quebec Action Catholique*.

The Cardinal's hostility to the draft seems to be based upon the fact that a handful of young men in the Catholic seminaries of the province are not exempted from the operation of the law. The Cardinal, who is the leading churchman in the Dominion, says:

"This conscription law is a menace which causes the Canadian clergy the worst possible apprehensions.

"This military service . . . is not only a serious blow to the rights of the Church of Christ, independent in its domain, and whose laws and practise exempt the clergy and that class of the society which that name designates from the service under arms, but also it (the conscription law) constitutes a fatal obstacle to the recruiting of ministers of God, shepherds of souls, as well as to that of the staff of clerical teachers, and through this very fact it creates, in our society, an evil much worse than that which it is alleged to attempt to remedy."

The Archbishop thinks that the "evil" might be mitigated if the exemption boards were composed entirely of "Catholics, enlightened and good-willed":

"The clause as it is written might lose some of its ill if it were interpreted in the spirit of the Church. But what guarantees have we that the members of the special tribunals will be all Catholics, enlightened and good-willed, capable of pronouncing with sincerity and knowledge on a question of its importance?

"I like to believe . . . that no one will dare, on a matter so important and delicate, hurt the sentiments of the whole Catholic population of the Dominion and imprudently sow, on this side of the Atlantic, the seed of the fatal religious discords that have divided the Old World."

In the neighboring province of Ontario the Cardinal's utterance is frankly characterized as "reasonable," and the London (Ont.) *Advertiser* indulges in some very plain speaking. It says:

"Holding that the conscription law constitutes a fatal obstacle to recruiting for the priesthood, and for the staff of clerical teachers, Cardinal Begin declares it thus creates an evil 'much worse than that which it is alleged to attempt to remedy.'

"The evil which it is hoped the law will remedy (without dealing with the 'alleged' part of the phrase) is the lack of men to take the place of the fallen and wounded and to fight the cause of humanity against the cursed Prussianism of Wilhelm and his militarist parasites. What greater evil than this Prussianism can the conscription law cause?

"Presumably the Cardinal's main objection to the law is that divinity students are not to be exempted because of their calling. Why they should want to be excluded from the operations of the bill, if they possess red blood, is hard to see."

The *Advertiser*, somewhat unkindly contrasts the position



THE JUDGMENT OF SOLOMON, 1917.

KING SOLOMON LLOYD GEORGE (to rival Irish claimants)—"Look you! I am sick of the whole business, inteet, I a-am!! Take the little old ba-by aw-ay and do whateffer you like with hi-m!!"

—Bystander (London).



of Cardinal Begin with that of another member of the Sacred College, Cardinal Mercier, of Malines:

"If Germany wins, the liberty which the Cardinal prizes so highly will vanish. If he doubts that, he has only to look at Belgium and France. Let him ask Cardinal Mercier. Have the Belgian Roman Catholics any liberty of speech or action? Is there any ground for supposing better treatment would be afforded the Canadian? If there were, it would not be to the Canadians' credit."

The Cardinal is assured that the law will be administered not by "Catholics, enlightened and good-willed," but with entire impartiality. *The Advertiser* remarks:

"If the conscription law is carried out without fear or favor, and without religious discrimination, but simply with a view to taking those best fitted for service and least necessary at home for national work, there can be no more injustice to the Roman Catholic than there is to the Protestant. If there are more young men in Quebec unmarried and fit to fight than in other provinces, more will be taken; if there are fewer, fewer will be taken."

Meanwhile the Quebec clericals have found a scapegoat upon which to fasten the opprobrium for the conscription law. The Montreal *La Croix*, which circulates largely among the clergy of Quebec, quite gravely writes that the Masonic order is responsible for it all:

"No one ignores the brutal principle at the base of the conscription bill which an English majority wishes to introduce in our laws in order to be able to send French-Canadians to the European butchery, and to any other butchery which may happen in the future. Sir Robert Borden, who received the word of command from London and from the Grand Lodge of England, of which he is a member, and whose reunions he must have attended during his last trip to Europe, will not listen to the language of reason and good sense."

*La Croix* further remarks:

"We hope that the elections will show so clearly and so firmly that the great majority of the people is opposed to conscription so that no Government will in the future even think of supporting such a measure."

The anti-Masonic sentiments of *La Croix* raise the ire of one of the leading weeklies of Canada, the Toronto *Saturday Night*, which caustically remarks:

"Imagine such fool stuff being handed out for consumption, and moreover believed to be true by a lot of people ignorant of every principle of Masonry. Masonry is not confined by sect, creed, or nationality. Nor does it interest itself in political issues. No doubt it suits the book of such journals as *La Croix*, well knowing the ignorant superstition which exists against Masonry in the Province of Quebec, to couple conscription with it. It is of such trash that anticonscription arguments are made."

## ITALY'S WAR-AIMS

SOME UNEASINESS is being manifested, we learn, in Governmental circles in Rome as to the amount of support that the Allies will give to Italy when she comes to collect her share of the spoils of war. Just what she expects is clearly stated for the first time by that frequently inspired organ, the Rome *Giornale d'Italia*. It says:

"In the first place, Italy believes that her claims to Trent and Trieste are universally recognized by the Allies and correspond to the French claims to Alsace-Lorraine. In the second place, the Adriatic question was already settled by the Pact of London in a manner satisfactory to all parties. As Serbia can not seriously pretend to refuse Italy those strategic and economic positions in the Adriatic which are hers by inherent right, and by the right of her sacrifices in the war, neither has Italy any intention to deny the right of Serbia to those Adriatic positions corresponding to her economic needs, and has no reason to withdraw from Serbia the benevolence she has always manifested toward her. Thus every dispute between Italians and the Jugo-Slavs is the work of irresponsible people and is inspired by the common enemies of Italy and Serbia."

"Italy desires the independence of Albania, and not its division between the Balkan peoples, nor that it be devoured by Austria, but on her part Italy has no territorial aspirations in Albania, only demanding a strategic base at Avlona. Italy asks that independent Albania shall have as its southern limit Cape Stylos (according to the London and Paris agreements), in order that Greece may not transform the Corfu Canal into a strategic base such as would diminish the value of Avlona. Italy wishes Greece to enjoy the fruits of the second Balkan war, but that Greece should respect Albanian independence, and the strategic interests of Italy."

"Regarding the eastern Mediterranean, if the peace-decisions are inspired by the principle of territorial renunciation, Italy will never violate this condition. But should the Allies, for one reason or

another, wish to take possession of Asiatic Turkey, the imperialism of others can not be met by an Italian renunciation, and this not from imperialistic motives, but from the just desire that the equilibrium of power should not be disturbed to Italy's harm."

The Milan *Corriere della Sera* discusses the same subject with special consideration for Franco-Italian relations, and remarks:

"Whoever and whatever tends to separate Italy from France compels one and the other to base its future on a separate *entente* with Germany. We are bound in France and Italy to recognize and reveal those paths by which certain undisciplined champions of both imperialisms are walking in more or less unobserved. Italy has not made war to arrive at and accept as the final result a state of affairs against the menace of which she arose to take part in the anti-German coalition."



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LOUIS NAZAIRE, CARDINAL BEGIN.

Characterizing the Canadian Conscription law in his own official organ as a "menace" and "a serious blow to the rights of the Church of Christ," Cardinal Begin, Archbishop of Quebec, is held by many to have thus given a lead to the French-Canadian clergy in their opposition to the draft in the Dominion.



## RUSSIA'S WOMEN SOLDIERS

"THE BATTALION OF DEATH" presents a new aspect of feminism which, while the wisdom and economy of its extension are consistently questioned by the press, is none the less serving the purpose of arousing, by its burning patriotic faith, something like shame in the recalcitrant men soldiers of Russia. The movement had its beginning in individual enlistments, according to *The Westminster Gazette*, which says:

"The women warriors of the Battalion of Death are by no means the first Russian women who have joined the ranks of the combatants. Tho at the beginning of the war the Russian military regulations forbade their enlistment, the rule was often honored in the breach. The pioneer was Apollovna Isoltsev, who was accepted as a volunteer in a regiment commanded by her father, and was awarded the Cross of St. George of the third class for discovering a telephone which the enemy had hidden in a loft and was using for the purpose of his intelligence department."

The story of the formation of the now famous battalion is given in *L'Illustration* (Paris) as follows:

"Reports had come in repeatedly that there were women soldiers on the Russian and Servian fronts, but up to the present time it was merely a matter of isolated enlistments. To be sure, these dauntless innovators incorporated in the regiments showed true courage and did their duty like their brothers in arms, but it seemed that the formation of women troops in great organized units would remain, for a long time yet, in the realm of fantasy. But such is not the case; and from Russia comes the news, supported by photographs, that a first battalion of women, which has not hesitated to take the title 'Battalion of Death,' has just been organized and is at this moment *en route* to the front."

Madame Vera Botchkareva, to whose initiative was due the formation of the battalion, is the widow of a colonel, says the Paris organ. No sooner had the war broken out than she enlisted and went to the front as a private. Of surprising physical endurance, she took part in numerous engagements, was six times wounded, and gave such proof of courage that she received several decorations and attained the rank of second lieutenant. *L'Illustration* goes on to say:

"After the revolution, when the anarchistic and socialistic propagandists were striving to disorganize the front and demoralize the troops, Madame Botchkareva declared: 'Since our men are hesitating to fight, the women must show them

how to die for their country and for liberty.' She went to Mr. Kerensky, who had just been made Minister of War, and asked for authorization to form a first women's battalion. He consented, and forthwith thousands of women and young girls belonging to the best Russian families presented themselves for enlistment. Many Polish, Jewish, and Georgian women followed their example."

The recruiting organization which Madame Botchkareva founded is called "The Women's League for National Defense at the Front," and the volunteers, who have been accepted after a summary examination, take an oath "to conquer or to die." Each woman carries a ration of cyanid of potassium to be taken in the event of capture, says *L'Illustration*, which continues:

"They know that they will be sent to the front and will be exposed in the first line after three weeks of intensive military training, which is given them by instructors appointed by the Minister of War. The regulations to which they are bound are extremely severe; the least insubordination is punishable by imprisonment."

The courage of the Battalion of Death when the actual test came is the subject of many enthusiastic Petrograd dispatches. They behaved splendidly, we are told, under fire, penetrated into a first-line trench of the Germans, and brought back prisoners. But the Russian men soldiers retreated, leaving the women unsupported, and they were forced to retire. Their bravery and success aroused much interest, and other women's battalions are now being formed under official approval. Of the efficiency of the women recruits, one of their instructors is quoted as saying:

"I have drilled hundreds of men soldiers, but I do not hesitate to declare that these women learn with double the speed. This is true not only of the educated girls, but also of the peasant girls, some of whom are entirely illiterate. The overmastering motive is the patriotic desire to save Russia from ruin. Many of them display a zeal and ardor worthy of Joan of Arc."

However, the attitude of the public in general toward the institution is summed up by *L'Illustration* thus:

"When, early in June, the news of the creation of this women's battalion spread in Petrograd, some people, quite naturally, could not suppress their smiles. But it must be acknowledged that they smile no longer when once they have seen, marching through the streets of the capital, with music at their head, these noble and proud young women who are deliberately sacrificing their lives for their country. The women's battalions seem called to play an important rôle, but it will, doubtless, be less as a fighting mass than as an example and an inspiration for the whole Russian Army."



RUSSIAN WOMEN IN "THE BATTALION OF DEATH."

These sturdy fighters, all women, are being reviewed by General Polovtzev, wearing the Cossack uniform; next to him stands Madame Botchkareva, their leader, whose prowess is indicated by the numerous decorations for valor which she wears.



# SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION



A FRENCH APPLE-ORCHARD AS THE GERMANS LEFT IT.

## MAKING FRANCE SMILE AGAIN

ONLY A FEW MONTHS AGO, the Germans, retreating from French soil, left it "blackened, blasted, and devastated," to quote a description by Henry Wood, printed in *The Westminster Gazette* (London). To-day the changes that have been wrought there "almost surpass human belief." The fair land smiles again, and it is the French soldier that has made it smile. Rejuvenation, unfortunately, has necessarily been limited to the country. Towns, villages, and cities are still blackened and ruined, but the restoration of French farms and orchards, to a point where they will again be able to feed French armies, has been a work of military necessity, and it has been accomplished, says Mr. Wood, with wonderful thoroughness and success. He writes:

"Ruined towns, villages, and farm-houses . . . still present, on every hand, their gutted, blackened walls, but the original impression of unutterable devastation created by them is immensely softened by the fact that they are now almost hidden in waving grain-fields, smiling vineyards, and blossoming orchards. And it is these blossoming orchards that seem to present the miracle of miracles.

"To a person who passed through this district less than three months ago, and saw mile after mile of hewn-down orchard trees, the presence of these blossoming orchards seems beyond the comprehension of the human intellect. One has the startling impression that the trees have all grown up again. A close examination, however, shows that what has really happened is that the French soldiers, working under the direction of French generals, who know other things than mere military operations, have found the means of saving thousands of the trees.

"Throughout the entire district devastated by the Germans there were thousands of trees that the close pursuit of the French kept the Germans from having time completely to cut down. Instead, the 'cultured' tree-killers cut off a circle of bark around the trunk of the tree, which with a few days' exposure to the sun would be sufficient to kill peach-, plum-, apple-, apricot-, and cherry-trees that had been half a century attaining their actual productiveness.

"Those trees presented the easiest problem. The wounds were merely bound up like the wounds of a soldier.

"Thousands of army surgeons and Red Cross ambulance drivers and stretcher-carriers assisted, too, in this work, so like, in many respects, their own. The circle where the bark had been cut away was first covered with a special grafting cement, and the entire wound then carefully bandaged up—often with the same bandages that had been prepared for human limbs.

"So great was the number of trees that had to be dressed in

this way that the entire available supply of grafting preparation was quickly exhausted. Tar was then used as a substitute, and, finally, loamy clay. Substitutes for surgical bandages also had to be found, and in the end it was discovered that moss twisted and tied about the dressed wound was as effective as anything else.

"A much more serious problem, of course, presented itself where the trees had been entirely cut or sawn down. But here French genius also solved the problem. The stumps, protruding usually two or three feet from the ground, were first trimmed off in a scientific manner so as to conserve the sap and prevent the death of the roots. This stump was then treated with grafting paste, and carefully bandaged, till the cut-down tree, lying at the side, budded from the sap and life that remained in it after being cut down. Branches that showed great numbers of buds and other signs of exceptional vitality were then cut off, and finally grafted into the carefully prepared stump.

"To-day these grafts are in full leaf and blossom; the roots appear to have been entirely saved by this process. Years have been saved in restoring the cut-down orchards of France. . . .

"Other fields are already waist-high with growing grain. Scores of these are fields which the Germans themselves had plowed and sown before beginning their hasty retreat, and then at the last moment had sought to destroy by dragging harrows over them. The French farmer-soldiers quickly found the means to start these fields growing again without the necessity of replanting. . . .

"With the exception of an occasional old man or an occasional old woman working away on small gardens, all of the heavy work of the fields is also being done by soldiers. . . . The next day they pass on and other troops resume the work. It is doubtful if any one soldier will ever again see the fields he has worked or help to gather the crops he has cultivated. But he works just as willingly, knowing that it is all for France and all for the ultimate victory."

Additional details regarding the restoration of ruined orchards are to be had from an article contributed by Chas. Arranger to *L'Illustration* (Paris, April 28). Our quotations are from an abstract in *The American Review of Reviews* (New York, August). The Germans did not destroy all the fruit-trees in the same way, Mr. Arranger tells us. Some they hewed down, some they blew up with dynamite, some they hacked or girdled. He writes:

"The work of reparation was taken up in time, and Nature was given a chance to act. When the bark of the oldest trees was too deeply grooved to admit the passage of young sap, the old trees were eliminated, and trunks not exceeding 25



centimeters in diameter were left to send up shoots. Four or five of the most vigorous of the shoots will be used for grafting-slips next year.

"Some of the trunks saved had been grafted even with the ground when planted, so the new growths, springing from the trunks at a height of 80 centimeters, will bear, above the graft, exactly the same kind of fruit that the tree bore at first. Other trees not the issue of grafts, but seedlings, whose bark has not been roughened by age, are expected to recuperate very rapidly.

"When the mutilated tree did not measure more than 20 centimeters in diameter the 'crowning' method has been used. This means that the trunk has been sawed in a slightly oblique direction to facilitate the course of the rain (Fig. 1), and then from three to six grafting-slips have been inserted all around the trunk, between the bark and the wood. For use by the 'crowning' method, the grafting-slips are prepared as shown in Figs. 2 and 3, and set in 8 or 10 centimeters apart, the space varying according to the diameter of the trunk (Fig. 4). When set in place, the graft-slips are ligatured, and the whole—wound, bark, and ligature—carefully covered with grafting wax. The slips (which must be in a state of complete rest) will be found in France growing in a crown around the top of the mutilated trunk. . . . .

"Trees hurriedly hacked with the hatchet have been treated by running cement into their wounds. The operation has been successful, even when the wound reached the heart of the tree. Plaster makes even a better filling than cement.

"When two or three cuts join, leaving only a little wood to the tree, it is advisable to saw the trunk completely through, obliquely, and then to treat it as shown in Fig. 5.

"Many of the trees mutilated by the retreating Germans were girdled to a height varying between 10 and 20 centimeters. In such cases the grafters have had a chance to accomplish the integral reparation of the tree. To give free course to the circulation of the sap, the trunks have been bridged vertically with grafting-slips cut in flat bevels, the ends of the slips being notched to fit from top to bottom into incisions made in the bark of the tree for receiving them (Figs. 8 and 9).

"Fig. 6 shows how the Germans girdled the trees."

**WHY NOT EAT RABBITS?**—Rabbits have proved a valuable source of food in Europe during the war, and the experts of the United States Department of Agriculture advise that they be raised more extensively in America by way of reducing the drain on the ordinary meat-supply. They can be bred and raised by youths and adults not engaged in military or other national service, or in regular industrial employment. The animals may be raised in back yards of cities and towns as well as on farms, says the Department, in a recent press bulletin:

"The Belgian hare breeds rapidly, matures quickly, and produces a palatable and highly nutritious meat. The cost of production is less than that of any other meat, not excepting poultry. The supply can be greatly increased within a few months, without requiring space that may be needed for the production of crops. Experience has demonstrated that rabbit-meat can be produced in unlimited quantities at a cost of about 6 cents a pound. The Belgian and Flemish giant rabbits are recommended for meat-production, as the ordinary tame rabbit is smaller and develops more slowly. Stock of Belgian hares may be bought from breeders in nearly all the States at \$1 to \$3 each. Rabbits are easily kept. They eat hay, grass, lawn-cuttings, and green vegetation of many kinds. Well fed, the young reach marketable size when three to four months old and average from five to six pounds live weight."

## WHITE BREAD THE BEST WAR-BREAD

**T**HE BEST WAR-BREAD is the best quality of white bread that can be made." This is the dictum of Prof. Harry Snyder, a Minneapolis chemist, formerly of the University of Minnesota, set forth in an address at a convention of the Tri-State master bakers, at Cedar Point, Ohio, on

July 12 last. Professor Snyder believes that nothing can be gained from the standpoint of nutrition or of cost by using so-called "bread substitutes," even of such substances as rye, corn, and whole wheat. He is, to be sure, in favor of their use from the standpoint of conservation. There may, in other words, not be enough wheat to go

around, and it may be necessary to eke it out with inferior bread-stuffs; but nothing is gained, he thinks, by persuading consumers that in so doing they are really getting something better than white bread. In fact, other cereals may best be administered in "breakfast-food" form, and not as bread at all. Says Professor Snyder:

"White bread is the best war-bread. Every war in which this country has been engaged from the Revolution to the present time has been fought and won on white bread. . . . White bread is the best in times of either peace or war. If it were not, any real defects it might possess would long ago have been discovered and white bread would have been discarded.

"Many honest attempts have been made to find 'substitutes' for bread, and our journals, both popular and technical, are full of suggestions. . . . That white bread is the cheapest and best can be shown if one or two of the proposed 'substitutes' are examined a little in detail.

"Consider, for example, oats at 70 cents per bushel and wheat at \$2.80. Naturally it would look as if it would be economical to use oats as liberally as possible in a bread mixture. A bushel of oats weighs thirty-two pounds and a bushel of wheat sixty; hence the ratio of prices, instead of being four to one on a bushel basis, is more nearly two to one on an actual price (pound) basis. In milling oats 30 per cent. or more of practically worthless oat-hulls are removed. As feed, oat-hulls have a very low value, as low, if not lower, than straw. This materially increases the cost of the edible part of the oat. Two hundred pounds of rolled oats in wood at wholesale costs about \$9 when oats are 70 cents per bushel. Oats can not be used alone for bread, as they contain no gluten that will undergo a bread-making process. Not more than 30 per cent. of oats can be mixed with wheat flour, and then the loaf is soggy, poor, and unappetizing. . . . There is no advantage whatever from an attempt to use this so-called oat-flour in a bread-mixture, even if the wheat costs four times as much per bushel as the oats. . . .

"Rye and whole-wheat mixtures have been recommended for cheapening bread. The amount of rye that is available is limited, and should it be used in any quantity its price would soon be on a par with wheat. Ordinarily, at the grocers', rye flour, and whole-wheat flour are retailed at the same if not a higher price than the white; hence their use would make no reduction in the cost of bread where home-bread making is practised. Then, too, the whole-wheat flour is not as nourishing as the white. . . . Tests by our National Department of Agriculture have shown that it takes upward of 106 pounds of whole wheat, 82 per cent. extraction or gray flour, to equal in nutritive value 100 pounds of straight white flour. Hence it is that our wheat crop can not be stretched as a bread-producer, and be made to furnish any added nourishment by grinding a part of the wheat offal into flour. About seventy-five years ago, Alexander Graham, a dyspeptic food-exhorter of New England, got the country more thoroughly agitated over the whole-wheat ques-

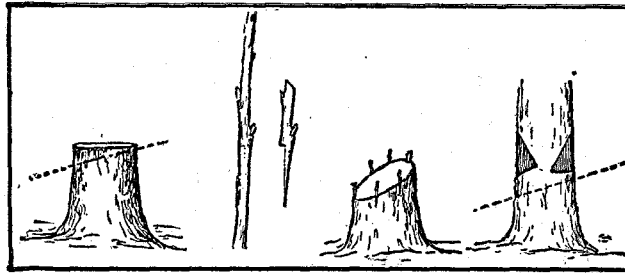


FIG. 1. FIGS. 2 AND 3. FIG. 4. FIG. 5.

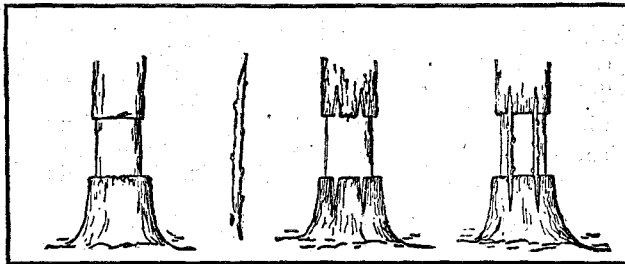


FIG. 6. FIG. 7. FIG. 8. FIG. 9.



tion than some of the present-day food-reformers. Then the question was new and less was known of it. Periodically since Graham's day the whole-wheat proposition has come up for discussion, and each time it receives less public attention. The universal and exclusive use of whole-wheat flour is not a sound proposition from any point of view.

"We hear a great deal about flour substitutes. . . . These are not in truth substitutes, as you can not make bread of them alone. . . . They are flour-savers or conservers. . . . This war emphasizes more than ever the real value of flour and that there are no substitutes for it, but there are materials that can be used in the dietary so as to conserve our valuable flour.

"To reduce the consumption of bread during the period of the war, the baker should encourage a liberal use in the home of cereals other than wheat, even if it causes an increase in the cost of living and results in the use of food containing less valuable nutrients than bread. This is distinctly a patriotic duty. But let each cereal or food be used under its own name and not mixed with or disguised or concealed in flour and bread. It is possible that the baker may find it advisable to make bakery products from other cereals, as corn breads and other lines of corn-products, oatmeal cookies, and barley cakes. Should such a course be followed the public should be told exactly what the goods contain. . . . .

"During the coming year some trade conditions are destined to be different from last year. . . . No doubt more bread was consumed last year than is usual for a high-priced flour year, because of the high price of potatoes, vegetables, and foods in general. During the coming year it looks as if we would have cheap potatoes again. . . . Instead of using the cheap and poor flours, I believe now is the time for many bakers to use the best of flours and materials. . . . .

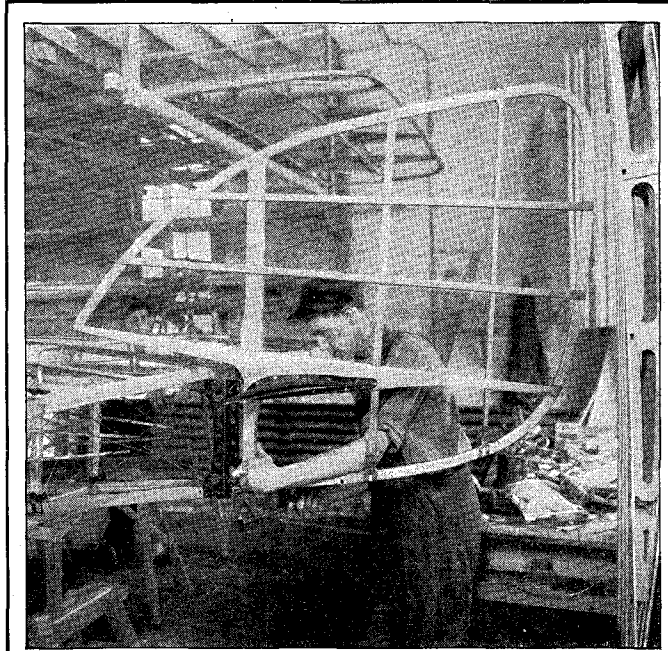
"The best course for the baker to follow in times of peace or war is to make good bread. Prices of flour, coal, labor, and all commodities will fluctuate, and the baker must of necessity charge accordingly for his bread, or go into bankruptcy."

**WANTED: STANDARDIZED CANS**—Our issue of June 30th contained an article entitled, "War and Tin Cans," giving an account of efforts to save tin for preserving such food-products as can be packed only in that material, substituting cardboard and fiber containers wherever practicable. William Lowell Putnam, of Boston, now calls our attention to the saving which can be effected when containers are made of uniform or at least standard sizes. He writes:

"Rifles, ammunition, and even ships are to be standardized, and it is particularly important that this principle should be applied to packages to be wrapped in paper. Where such wrapping is done on a large scale it is necessarily done by machinery and the machine must be very closely adjusted to its work, because the slightest variation in the size of the package may cause the delicate paper to tear and crumple. Every such variation, therefore, necessitates the designing of a new wrapping-machine, which instead of being put together quickly from existing parts and drawings, requires new drawings, new parts, and slow, experimental assembling. No one would try to play nine men from the street who knew nothing about baseball against a professional team. The mere suggestion is absurd. But the comparison between the green team and the experts is exactly parallel to that between a factory organization starting to make something new and that same organization starting to make something with which it is familiar. In this matter of the preservation of food, the saving of time means the saving of life."

## PIANO-MAKERS TO HELP BUILD AIRCRAFT

**M**ATERIALS OF CONSTRUCTION and the skill of the builders are both very similar in the making of pianos and of aeroplanes. If the great scheme of aeroplane-construction adopted by our Government is to materialize rapidly, various industries will be called upon for men and material, and among these the chief will be that of the piano-manufacturers, says Harry Chapin Plummer in *The Music Trades* (New York, July 14). According to Mr. Plummer, exemption from military service of woodworkers employed in piano, piano-action, talking-machine, and other musical-instrument factories, the holding together of that labor as a unit, and the assurance of legitimate profits are prospects confronting the musical industry during the present war. Plans, he says, are being rapidly perfected to call upon the factory equipment, the facilities, and the labor of this industry for the making of structural wood parts of aeroplanes. He goes on:



BUILDING THE SPRUCE FRAMEWORK OF AN AIRPLANE RUDDER.

"As the musical industry will be sought to convert their wood-working and case-finishing facilities to the structuring of plane wood parts, similarly the manufacturers of wire, of cash-registers, and typewriters will be looked to to furnish many of the wire and metal parts entering into the make-up of aircraft, the automobile-makers to build, assemble, and

adjust the engines, and lumber- and aluminum-producers to contribute their quota of equipment and energy.

"That the monster aeronautical program of the Government will have the effect of further reducing the seriously depleted stocks of certain raw materials that are factors in the musical industry is one of the disturbing elements of the situation, which otherwise promises to prove to be a distinct boon for all manufacturers of musical instruments cooperating with the Government in its great effort.

"Finished mahogany, walnut, and spruce are among the woods required in plane-making, and only the fact that the requirements in physical perfection and structural accuracy are so minutely exacting as to cause a hitherto unheard-of percentage of waste ranging from two-fifths to five-sixths in the turnout of each plane gives hope for the maintenance of anything like a market stability in these products during the present war. Glue is another product that will be utilized in vast quantities. Piano-wire, taken at an average rate of 9 pounds for every machine, as against an average rate of 3½ to 4 pounds for every piano built, is another factor, altho the likelihood of actual scarcity of this product has been offset by a greatly increased production determined upon and arranged for by the largest manufacturers, the American Steel & Wire Company.

"There is no doubt that the piano- and talking-machine manufacturers will be called upon to play a most active part in the woodwork construction of aeroplanes. This will be largely due to the fact that the craft, or science, of aeroplane-building is one of so critically exacting a character that there can be no allowance of the slightest percentage of error in the detail of any part or portion of the machine. Hence the bellyman, action-makers, and case-finishers who have developed the supreme degree of skill in wood-working, and so to speak have come to possess a 'sixth sense' of accuracy, are considered by the Government experts now in conference with the War Department and the Council of National Defense to be best adapted to the class of work which entails not only mathematical precision but the most infinite balancing of weight, texture, grain, and consistency of lumber, hard and soft, in great and small



dimensions. Into the construction of every airplane of standard and average size there enter approximately 2,500 feet of woods—woods of the character that are most acutely in demand for piano-action and case-building and for talking-machine cabinet-making. . . . .

"The mechanical facilities of a number of leading American industries, some of them related, directly or indirectly, to that of piano- and talking-machine manufacture, will be seriously taxed when the production of airplanes gets under way. The manufacturers of automobiles, typewriters, cash-registers, and sewing-machines, and those of other goods of like character will be drawn upon heavily for work on engines and on metal parts, large and small.

"The already greatly curtailed production of linen is one which will be requisitioned to provide the sheerest and finest yet strongest fabric to the extent of 1,000 yards for every machine. The supply of this material is alarmingly reduced and is controlled entirely by the British Government, which three months ago entered into an agreement with the United States Government whereby supplies are allotted to manufacturing interests here through permit issued by the United States Signal Corps. The officers of that division of the War Department satisfy themselves in each instance of release that the linen is required for a legitimate consumer. With the greatly increased production of airplanes for the British Army and naval forces, the supply for American manufacturers of aircraft will henceforth rapidly diminish. In all such cases cotton will be substituted in equal volume, recent tests having established the fact that 'airplane cloth' of that material is both safe and satisfactory, altho the plane industry in every country manifests its preference for linen wherever and whenever that fabric may be obtained."

## A EULOGY OF THE BARREL

**T**HE BARREL is the ideal container. It has been in use for centuries, but it would take a smart inventor to improve on it to-day. It is light, clean, strong, protects its contents well, and, above all, facilitates its own transportation, because it will roll, while a box has to be lifted. These are the conclusions of Lacey Y. Williams, who writes them to *The Railway Age Gazette* (New York, July 13). Mr. Williams admits that he has been connected with the cooperage business for twenty-five years, so his preference for barrels may be not altogether devoid of self-interest. What he says, however, is sensible and is worth pondering. These are his words:

"My deductions from my experience as a manufacturer of packages and as a shipper of various types of packages is that the barrel is the strongest, most portable, most sanitary container; that it has the greatest range of use, and that it is the cheapest of all packages, without exception, when weight and contents are considered.

"Take the transportation question alone. One man will unload a car-load of 200 barrels of sugar, weighing an average of 360 pounds each, in less than an hour, and not injure a barrel in the slightest way.

"On the other hand, no container has ever been produced of a rectangular shape that could be handled at all with this weight by one, or even two, men. Even with rectangular containers weighing only 100 pounds each, every one must be lifted bodily and carried or trucked. A barrel can be rolled any distance. In other words, it carries its own running-gear with it.

"The contents of a barrel are protected from damage from leaky car-roofs and from rain during loading and unloading or when on platforms, which would be fatal to contents of a fiber container.

"Taking the question of a reward for a proper container, or more particularly as to a low rate on its return journey, shipping the barrels empty is not necessary, for the reason that they can be used for any kind of product when empty, and always find an eager market, returning full, as it were.

"The empty barrel itself weighs less than any container ever produced, capacity considered. Metal packages foul in shipping empty, and sometimes rust, while the empty barrel is bright and clean.

"The classification on goods shipped in barrels should be lower than on similar goods shipped in rectangular containers for four reasons:

"First—There are fewer damage claims.

"Secondly—A freight-crew will handle ten times the tonnage in barrels than it will in regular containers.

"Thirdly—Cars can be unloaded in one-tenth the time, and under weather conditions that with other containers might prevent the release of the car.

"Fourthly—The barrel is more sanitary; this is the most important, altho it does not enter into the calculation of transportation companies, as do the first three.

"As a matter of fact, I maintain that in the barrel we have had the best and the cheapest container with us for some time, and that it would be money in everybody's pocket if this were more generally understood."

Now let us hear what the box-makers have to say!

## A NEW THEORY OF LIFE

**C**ERTAIN SUBSTANCES HAVE SHOWN themselves to be very powerful determinants of chemical action, tho they have themselves no part in such action and remain unaffected by it. Such influence is called by chemists "catalysis." We now have a "catalytic theory of life," propounded by Dr. Leonard Thompson Troland, of Harvard University, and set forth in an article in *The American Naturalist* (New York). Catalysis has been closely studied since it has been found that many of the most important vital processes depend upon it. The catalytic agents in these cases are called "enzymes," and they play the chief rôle in almost everything that goes on in the organism. Dr. Troland's theory is that all the mysteries of life hark back, in the last analysis, to catalytic action. That catalysis is itself a mystery he would probably not deny, but to replace a thousand mysteries by one is all that can be usually demanded of a working theory in science. Says Dr. Troland:

"It has for some years been my conviction that the conception of enzyme action, or of specific catalysis, provides a definite, general solution for all of the fundamental biological enigmas: the mysteries of the origin of living matter, of the source of variations, of the mechanism of heredity and ontogeny, and of general organic regulation. In this conception I believe we can find a single, synthetic answer to many, if not all, of the broad, outstanding problems of theoretical biology. It is an answer, moreover, which links these great biological phenomena directly with molecular physics, and perfects the unity not alone of biology, but of the whole system of physical science, by suggesting that what we call life is fundamentally a product of catalytic laws acting in colloidal systems of matter throughout the long periods of geologic time. This view implies no absurd attempt to reduce every element of vital activity to enzyme action, but it does involve a reference of all such activity to some enzyme action, however distantly removed from present activity in time or space, as a necessary first cause. Catalysis is essentially a determinative relationship, and the enzyme theory of life as a general biological hypothesis, would claim that all intravital or 'hereditary' determination is, in the last analysis, catalytic. . . . .

"Ostwald defines a catalytic agent as 'a substance which changes the velocity of a reaction without itself being changed by the process.' In the older terminology of the pioneer, Berzelius, it is 'a substance which, merely by its presence and not through its affinity, has the power to render active affinities which are latent at ordinary temperatures.' According to Ostwald, catalytic power is a universal property of matter, for he says:

"There is probably no kind of chemical reaction which can not be influenced catalytically, and there is no substance, element, or compound which can not act as a catalyzer."

"This being the case, it should often occur that a substance will catalyze a reaction which generates further quantities of the same substance, a process known as autocatalysis. . . . Perhaps the simplest illustration of a catalytic effect of any sort is that of the production of crystallization in a supersaturated solution of some substance by the introduction of a small crystal of the same substance. This, of course, has the form of an autocatalytic process."

Evidently, on Dr. Troland's theory, growth, one of the most fundamental characteristics of living beings, is autocatalytic and



strictly analogous to the crystallization of salts in a solution. He points out, with much ingenuity, how this explanation may be extended to account for the building of a molecule out of two different components, and hence to explain all of the complex phenomena of animal growth. He goes on:

"The suggestion that the fundamental life-process of growth is the expression of an autocatalytic chemical reaction has been made independently by a number of investigators. It will be perceived that on the basis of the foregoing theory of autocatalysis, this suggestion becomes closely allied to the familiar and ancient comparison of vital growth to the growth of a crystal. The customary objection to this comparison, viz., that a crystal grows by accretion whereas protoplasm increases by intussusception (internal growth), loses its force as soon as we regard living matter as a complex mixture of substances suspended by colloidal subdivision in water, since there is no evidence that the individual colloidal particles do not grow by accretion. On the contrary, it is almost inconceivable that these bodies, which are the real chemical units of protoplasm, should grow in any other way."

To some minds, Dr. Troland acknowledges, the idea that a portion of matter as small as a germ-cell can contain sufficient catalytic substance to control the destinies of a complex organism seems hardly plausible. However, considering the slowness of such processes as growth, it is clear that the quantity of catalyzer required will usually be smaller than that used in laboratory experiments; and it is a truism in chemistry that radical results can be caused by almost infinitesimal amounts of catalytic material. He goes on:

"From the nature of the process, it is evident that only a few molecules of substance will be required to furnish the basis for an autocatalytic reaction which may eventually result in the production of any desired amount of this substance."

Even the phenomena of disease may in some cases depend on catalytic action, Dr. Troland thinks. He says of this:

"There is considerable evidence that free autocatalytic enzymes exist in our biological universe even at the present day. Such a hypothesis would serve to account for the specific contagious diseases, such as measles, rabies, and smallpox, which have been demonstrated to possess 'filterable viruses.'"

Dr. Troland concludes his exposition as follows:

"I do not claim that the enzyme theory of life possesses a general basis as adequate, for example, as that of the principle of least action. I do claim, however, that this is because the latter can be stated in terms of an exact mathematical formula, whereas the enzyme theory has to be given a qualitative description. The enzyme doctrine is supported at the present time by a considerable number of specific facts of cell chemistry, but it possesses a far more substantial bulwark in the general facts of vital function. Shall we deny that these facts are adequately established, or that they are important, or that they merit explanation? Shall we reject a definite physico-chemical conception which at one stroke explains the majority of the mass relationships of living matter, on the ground that the details of some special life-processes have not yet been described in terms of this conception?"

**TEN MILES OF WELDED PIPE**—To make ten miles of pipe as one continuous pipe, with every joint leak-proof and trouble-proof after being buried in ice, was the problem that confronted the builders of the Winter Garden ice-rink, at San Francisco. Says *The Iron Age* (New York, July 12):

"Investigation had shown that in many ice-rinks where ammonia systems were built with screwed fittings, leaks frequently developed in the joints, necessitating shutdowns for repairs. Oxyacetylene welding was used, and instead of using new pipe, 55,000 feet of 2-inch used boiler-tubing was purchased at a saving of 20 per cent. over the cost of new galvanized pipe. The floor is 210 feet long and 90 feet wide, and there are some 2,000 welded joints. The contractors claim the work was done by average welders and that the cost per joint was approximately the cost of an ordinary screw connection. The rink has been in operation for about six months, and the management reports that not a leak has developed."

## DIET BY PRICE

**R**ULES FOR GETTING THE BEST RESULTS from food-selection are given in a new and interesting way by a New York philanthropic society. They are stated not in pounds or quarts, but in terms of money spent, which brings them rather closer to the average housekeeper. In quoting them, with his approval, the editor of *The Journal of the American Medical Association* (Chicago, July 14) commends them as particularly "specific, sane, and clear" among the tons of advice about "what to eat," or "how to cut down the meat bill," or "foods we ought to know" in these stirring days of rising costs of living. He goes on:

"Some of the instructions are formulated in terms of menus which only a skilled housewife can easily interpret; others are expressed in the increasingly more popular language of calories with its implication of energy and consequent strength; still others abound in the platitudes of the food-faker who has his 'daily column' to be filled. We have rarely seen a more specific, sane, and clearly understandable propaganda than that recently formulated by the Bureau of Home Economics of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. In a leaflet aimed to suggest such meals as will be best for growing children, an expert's advice is summarized under this caption: To get the best results, spend money for food as follows:

"1. Spend from one-fourth to one-third of your food-money for bread, cereals, macaroni, and rice.

"2. Buy at least from a third to half a quart of milk a day for each member of the family.

"3. Spend as much for vegetables and fruits together as you do for milk. If you use half a quart of milk for each member of the family, this may not always be possible. Then spend as much for vegetables and fruit as a third of a quart of milk a day would amount to.

"4. Spend not more for meat and eggs than for vegetables and fruits. Meat and eggs may be decreased with less harm than any of the other foods mentioned. The amount spent for meat may decrease as the amount spent for milk increases."

## A TRAVELING REFRIGERATOR

**A** MOTOR-TRUCK that is fed ice and salt in much the same way as a locomotive is fed coal is described in *The Popular Science Monthly* (New York, August). The truck is to be employed in delivering ice-cream at retail and the body used is of an entirely new type, having separate compartments for the cream in cans, for the mixing ice, and for the salt. The compartment nearest the driver's seat carries eighteen ice-cream cans packed in ice and salt in the usual manner. The ice-compartment, which extends at the rear to a point about one foot from the ground, has a sloping false bottom, which permits the ice to move to the rear by gravity while the truck is in motion. A hinged door enables the ice to be taken out with a shovel. The writer goes on to tell us:

"At the right rear side of the ice-compartment there is another smaller one extending to the top and slightly less than half the width. Into this the salt is poured through an opening in the top. It has a false bottom and a discharge pipe at the bottom and a door at the rear by which the salt can be taken out.

"Both the ice-cream compartment and that for the cracked ice have folding covers, those on the latter being arranged to be swung up to a vertical position and used in conjunction with removable metal sides to form a box in which additional ice can be carried on hot days or long routes. Both compartments are cork-insulated.

"In operation, when the vehicle arrives at a point of delivery, the driver takes out the filled cans while standing on the running-board, leaving them on the running-board for convenience. He then goes to the rear, takes out one of the mixing pails and scoops into it the desired amount of ice and salt while standing on the ground. He then carries both the filled cans and the mixed ice and salt into the store of the retailer, where the cans are iced in the store receptacle.

"By this method considerable time is saved by the driver and there is less 'cleaning up' to be done."



# LETTERS - AND - ART

## CHICAGO'S "KAISERIZED" SPELLER

THE KAISER CAN NOT COMPLAIN that he is not handled with gloves in Chicago. The page in the spelling-book used in the public schools which contained a eulogy on him has now been expunged, but "by a neat and diplomatic method," points out the *Springfield Republican*. The School Board, instead of removing the one page that gave offense, had thirty-nine pages removed, "and now every one is happy in Chicago." If the children should not spell so well with all those pages gone, suggests the *Springfield paper*, they must look upon themselves as victims of a war-atrocity. The *New York Sun* thinks the eulogy had no business to be in the spelling-book at all, "but was inserted in pursuance of the far-sighted and organized effort of the Germans, begun more than a score of years ago, to build up German sentiment in this country." Here is the page, omitting a list of words placed at the bottom, over which the Chicago School Board, "appointed by Chicago's well-known pro-German Mayor," wrangled for several days:

154
CHICAGO PUBLIC SCHOOL
GRADE EIGHT

SPELLING—EIGHTH GRADE

December 19, 1910

NOTE: Dictate to the pupils the following text and the list of words below. The pupils will be marked on the words in italics and the words in the list.

THE KAISER IN THE MAKING

In the *gymnasium* at Cassel the German *Kaiser* spent three years of his boyhood, a *diligent* but not a *brilliant* pupil, ranking tenth among *seventeen candidates* for the *university*.

Many tales are told of this *period* of his life, and one of them, at least, is *illuminating*.

A *professor*, it is said, wishing to curry favor with his royal pupil, informed him *overnight* of the chapter in Greek that was to be made the *subject* of the next day's lesson.

The young *prince* did what many boys would not have done. As soon as the classroom was *opened* on the following morning, he entered and wrote *conspicuously* on the blackboard the *information* that had been given him.

One may say *unhesitatingly* that a boy capable of such an action has the root of a fine *character* in him, *possesses* that *chivalrous* sense of fair play which is the nearest thing to a *religion*, that may be looked for at that age, hates *meanness* and *favoritism*, and will, *wherever possible*, expose them. There is in him a *fundamental* bent toward what is clean, manly, and aboveboard.

The *New York Evening Post*, not stopping to consider that "whether there be prophecies, they shall fail," finds a chance removed for a natural reaction in the minds of Chicago students, and puts a question based on experience:

"The question remains whether elimination of the page containing it is the most politic course. The unpopularity of Julius Caesar among school children is to be traced directly to the difficulties they encounter in transforming his idiomatic Latin into unidiomatic English. Could anything be devised more likely to result in an equally hostile feeling toward the Kaiser than the association with him of the spelling of 'favoritism,' 'chivalrous,' and 'unhesitatingly'?"

It is reported that the women members of the board voted against excision, one saying that as a little girl she was taught

never to destroy anything. "Another predicted darkly that if the board voted to authorize the children to tear out the page entitled 'The Kaiser in the Making' she could see written on history a new page entitled 'Anarchists in the Making.'"

A Chicago dispatch to the *Evening World* (New York) says that the youngsters began to "strafe" the page before the board took its decision:

"Every mail brings mutilated pages torn from the speller to the newspapers. Often they are accompanied by childish letters. One writes: 'My brother is a first-class yeoman in the Navy, so you see how I feel about the speller.'"

"The torn page was enclosed and hope express that 'all other boys and girls will do the same.'"

"Little Helen Merry wrote: 'Here's my page. I have no further use for it.'"

What the *New York Sun* wakes up to is the surprising fact that—

"This tribute to the virtuous qualities of the man responsible for the sinking of the *Lusitania*, the massacres and sack of Louvain, the slavery of Lille, and, in fact, for the whole bloody conflict now raging in every quarter of the globe, has been part of the daily lesson that children in several grades of the public schools of Chicago have had drilled into them since the war began. It now appears in 130,000 books in the hands of children and in 70,000 still undistributed. The board voted to allow the Superintendent of Schools to eliminate the page from the copies now in his possession, but defeated a resolution urging the parents of the children holding the books to tear out the offending page."

The *Chicago Herald* makes merry over the manner the School Board finally allowed itself of doing a thing one can imagine the Kaiser himself would have found the most peremptory means to accomplish:

"Superintendent Shoop asked for and was given permission by the Board of Education yesterday to boot the Kaiser out of the public-school spelling-books."

"Of course the superintendent did not make the request in language which was rough, raw, or rude. It was couched in terms aimed to avoid 'injuring the feelings' of any one."

"He made no reference to the Kaiser, did not mention the fact that the United States was at war with the German autocrat, did not recognize the great public demand that the eulogy of the Kaiser be cut from the books, and there was nothing about patriotism."

"The superintendent's recommendation is ambiguous," said Trustee Jacob M. Loeb. "Without his supplementary oral explanation I would not have understood what he was trying to get at."

"I am sure it was not intended to be ambiguous," replied Mr. Shoop.

"But here it is, just as it was presented to the board, with its three short sections, only one of which has reference to the point at issue:

"The superintendent of schools submits to the Board of Education proof for the revision of the spelling-book that is used in the schools. In the new book the subject-matter of the eighth grade has been materially changed."

"The superintendent recommends that authority be granted for the elimination from all text-books that are the property of the Board of Education of that portion which embodies the course in spelling for the eighth grade; and, further,

"Recommends that authority be granted for the issuing of the speller in separate sections, if it is possible under the contract, not to exceed three."

"It is the middle paragraph which refers to the Kaiser page. By 'all text-books' the superintendent means the 'Kaiserized' speller. The clause, 'that portion which embodies the source,



in spelling for the eighth grade,' was Mr. Shoop's way of saying to the Kaiser page, 'That for you, sir.'

"To get around a specific recommendation that the Kaiser page be cut out, Mr. Shoop asked that thirty-nine pages of the book be eliminated. There are that many pages devoted to the spelling course for the eighth grade. The Kaiser page happens to be one of the thirty-nine. It is the thirty-ninth page of the section.

"There are 10,000 copies of the speller in the supply department. There are about 60,000 others in the hands of indigent pupils and unsold at the various schools. To rebind them all after the thirty-nine pages have been cut out will cost considerable money. Not to rebind them will leave them unsightly and unsalable. These statements are on the authority of an official of the board. The objectionable page could have been removed with less trouble, and without affecting the appearance of the book."

## WHAT THE SOLDIER THINKS OF SHAW

WHEN BERNARD SHAW went to the front he was discovered by a journalist, who sent his account of the meeting off post-haste to the London papers. It was an amusing interpretation of the Shavian point of view, and dwelt on the incongruity of Shaw in the war-zone. Our readers saw it in our issue of March 10, 1917. It was as near to what Shaw might have written as we can expect to get, and it records the sardonic question put to his interviewer: "Tell me, are all newspaper correspondents as big fools as they seem?" We get the soldier's view of Shaw in a recent letter to the *New York Tribune* by our one-time dramatic critic, Mr. Heywood Broun. He describes having come upon the signature "G. Bernard Shaw," writ small in the middle of a page of the visitors' book at a certain château, and it "fairly leapt out" to his eye from amid the names of kings, and generals, and members of Parliament. We read:

"The hand was tiny. In a sense Shaw is economical of words. He writes many, but he writes them small. This time economy was complete. There was no preface to the signature, and no handbook or foot-notes. The visitor had simply written 'G. Bernard Shaw' and allowed it to stand without explanation or comment. The officers supplied that.

"'Awful ass!' said one who had met the playwright at the front. 'He was no end of nuisance for us. Why, when he got out here we found he was a vegetarian, and we had to chase around and have omelets fixed up for him every day.'

"'I censored his stuff,' said another. 'I didn't think much of it, but I made almost no changes. Some of it was a little subtle, but I let it get by.'

"'I inquired and learned that the blue pencil which cut the copy of G. Bernard Shaw had not been preserved. It seemed a pity.

"'I heard him out here,' said a third officer, 'and he talked no end of rot. He said the Germans had made a botch of destroying towns. He said he could have done more damage to Arras with a hammer than the Germans did with their shells. Of course, he couldn't begin to do it with a hammer, and, anyway, he wouldn't be let. I suppose he never thought of that. Then he said that the Germans were doing us a great favor by their air-raids. He said they were smashing up things that were ugly and unsanitary. That's silly. We could pull them down ourselves, you know, and, anyhow, in the last raid they hit the post-office.'

"'The old boy's got nerve, though,' interrupted another officer. 'I was out at the front with him near Arras, and there was some pretty lively shelling going on around us. I told him to put on his tin hat, but he wouldn't do it. I said, "Those German shell-splinters may get you," and he laughed and said if the Germans did anything to him they'd be mighty ungrateful, after all he'd done for them. He doesn't know the *Boche*.'

"'He told me,' added a British journalist, "'when I want to know about war I talk to soldiers." I asked him: "Do you mean officers or Tommies?" He said that he meant Tommies.

"'Now you know how much reliance you can put in what a Tommy says. He'll either say what he thinks you want him to say or what he thinks you don't want him to say. I told Shaw that, but he paid no attention.'

"Here the first officer chimed in again. 'Well, I stick to

what I've said right along. I don't see where Shaw's funny. I think he's silly.'

"The officer who was showing the visitors' book turned over another page. 'There's Conan Doyle,' he said."

## ANOTHER POET FALLEN IN BATTLE

THE WAR is no respecter of poets. All countries have made their sacrifices; America, in Alan Seeger, even before she became a belligerent. Ireland had seemed so far able to keep her own, but a cable dispatch of August 8 informs us that "Lance-Corporal Francis Ledwidge,



FRANCIS LEDWIDGE.

Farm-laborer, journalist, scavenger, hypnotist, poet; he fell on the fields of France, leaving behind two books of verse called imperishable.

a peasant poet of Meath, was killed on the battle-front in Flanders, July 31. He was twenty-six years old." His annals are short and simple, but fortunately we already knew something of him from Lord Dunsany, who had been his discoverer and who hailed him as "a star" risen "where I have so long looked for one, among the Irish peasants." Where he saw the star rise his joy was immediately followed with something like sadness, for, he writes: "If one who looked from a tower for a new star, watching for years the same part of the sky, suddenly saw it (quite by chance, while thinking of other things) and knew it for the star for which he had hoped, how many millions of men would never care?" Lord Dunsany's preface to Ledwidge's "Songs of the Fields," published last year in October, make the foregoing reflection and continues in the following strain of one whom Ireland gave up to the wars almost as soon as she had found him:

"I have looked for a poet among the Irish peasants, because it seemed to me that almost only among them there was in daily use a diction worthy of poetry, as well as an imagination capable of dealing with the great and simple things that are a poet's wares. Their thoughts are in the springtime, and all their metaphors fresh; in London no one makes metaphors any more, but daily speech is strewn thickly with dead ones that their users should write upon paper and give to their gardeners to burn.

"In this same London, two years ago, where I was wasting June, I received a letter one day from Mr. Ledwidge and a very old copy-book. The letter asked whether there was any



good in the verses that filled the copy-book, the produce apparently of four or five years. It began with a play in verse that no manager would dream of; there were mistakes in grammar, in spelling of course, and worse. There were such phrases as 'thwart the rolling foam,' 'waiting for my true love on the lea,' etc., which are vulgarly considered to be the appurtenances of poetry; but out of these and many similar errors there arose continually, like a mountain sheer out of marshes, that easy fluency of shapely lines which is now so noticeable in all that he writes; that and sudden glimpses of the fields that he seems at times to bring so near to one that exclaims, 'Why, that is how Meath looks,' or 'It is just like that along the Boyne in April,' quite taken by surprise by familiar things; for none of us knows, till the poets point them out, how many beautiful things are close about us.

"Of pure poetry there are two kinds—that which mirrors the beauty of the world in which our bodies are, and that which builds the more mysterious kingdoms where geography ends and fairyland begins, with gods and heroes at war, and the sirens singing still, and Alph going down to the darkness from Xanadu. Mr. Ledwidge give us the first kind. When they have read through the profounder poets, and seen the problem plays, and studied all the perplexities that puzzle man in the cities, the small circle of readers that I predict for him will turn to Ledwidge as to a mirror reflecting beautiful fields, as to a very still lake rather on a very cloudless evening."

Ledwidge will inevitably join the immortal company of young poets—Brooke, Seeger, Grenfell, and others—who have been consecrated by early death. There has been a year in which to care for Ledwidge. Will he now attract the greater crowd than "those who care greatly for poetry"? Says Lord Dunsany, "there is scarcely a smile of spring or a sigh of autumn that is not reflected" in him—

"Scarcely a phase of the large benedictions of summer; even of winter he gives us clear glimpses sometimes, albeit mournfully, remembering spring:

In the red west the twisted moon is low,  
And on the bubbles there are half-lit stars;  
Music and twilight: and the deep blue flow  
Of water; and the watching fire of Mars.  
The deep fish slipping through the moon-lit bars  
Make death a thing of sweet dreams,—

"What a summer's evening is here!

"And this is a summer's night in a much longer poem that I have not included in this selection, a summer's night seen by two lovers:

The large moon rose up queenly as a flower  
Charmed by some Indian pipes. A hare went by,  
A snipe above them circled in the sky.

"And elsewhere he writes, giving us the mood and picture of autumn in a single line:

And somewhere all the wandering birds have flown.

"With such simple scenes as this the book is full, giving nothing at all to those that look for a 'message,' but bringing a feeling of quiet from gleaming Irish evenings, a book to read between the Strand and Piccadilly Circus, amid the thunder and hootings.

"To every poet is given the revelation of some living thing so intimate that he speaks, when he speaks of it, as an ambassador speaking for his sovereign; with Homer it was the heroes, with Ledwidge it is the small birds that sing, but in particular especially the blackbird, whose cause he champions against all other birds almost with a vehemence such as that with which men discuss whether Mr. —, M.P., or his friend the Right Honorable — is really the great ruffian. This is how he speaks of the blackbird in one of his earliest poems; he was sixteen when he wrote it, in a grocer's shop in Dublin, dreaming of Slane, where he was born; and his dreams turned out to be too strong for the grocery business, for he walked home one night, a distance of thirty miles:

Above me smokes the little town  
With its whitewashed walls and roofs of brown  
And its octagon spire toned smoothly down  
As the holy minds within;  
And wondrous, impudently sweet,  
Half of him passion, half conceit,  
The blackbird calls adown the street,  
Like the piper of Hamelin.

"Let us not call him the Burns of Ireland, nor even the Irish John Clare, altho he is more like him, for poets are all incom-

parable; but let us know him by his own individual song; he is the poet of the blackbird."

*T. P.'s Weekly* (London), now issued as *To-day*, gave these few facts of his short life before enlisting:

"Francis Ledwidge is an Irish peasant. First he was a farm-laborer, during which time he taught himself shorthand in the hope of becoming a journalist. Later he became a scavenger at a salary of twelve shillings a week, and subsequently secured employment in the copper-mines at a slightly increased wage, where for months he labored, mostly wet to the skin. An endeavor to organize a strike insured his summary dismissal, and he once more fell back upon scavenging. Hypnotism next attracted him as a hobby, and he was promptly boycotted in his native County Meath as one who had sold himself to the devil."

## THE APPEAL OF THE PRIMITIVE JAZZ

A STRANGE WORD has gained wide-spread use in the ranks of our producers of popular music. It is "jazz," used mainly as an adjective descriptive of a band. The group that play for dancing, when colored, seem infected with the virus that they try to instil as a stimulus in others. They shake and jump and writhe in ways to suggest a return of the medieval jumping mania. The word, according to Walter Kingsley, famous in the ranks of vaudeville, is variously spelled jas, jass, jaz, jazz, jasz, and jasez; and is African in origin. Lafcadio Hearn, we are told, found the word in the creole patois and idiom of New Orleans and reported that it meant "speeding up things." The creoles had taken it from the blacks, and "applied it to music of a rudimentary syncopated type." In the *New York Sun*, Mr. Kingsley rehearses many of the curious facts and customs associated with the word:

"In the old plantation days, when the slaves were having one of their rare holidays and the fun languished, some West-Coast African would cry out, 'Jaz her up,' and this would be the cue for fast and furious fun. No doubt the witch-doctors and medicine-men on the Kongo used the same term at those jungle 'parties' when the tomtoms throbbed and the sturdy warriors gave their pep an added kick with rich brews of Yohimbin bark—that precious product of the Kameruns. Curiously enough the phrase 'Jaz her up' is a common one to-day in vaudeville and on the circus lot. When a vaudeville act needs ginger the cry from the advisers in the wings is 'put in jaz,' meaning add low comedy, go to high speed and accelerate the comedy spark. 'Jasbo' is a form of the word common in the varieties, meaning the same as 'hokum,' or low comedy verging on vulgarity.

"Jazz music is the delirium tremens of syncopation. It is strict rhythm without melody. To-day the jazz bands take popular tunes and rag them to death to make jazz. Beats are added as often as the delicacy of the player's ear will permit. In one-two time a third beat is interpolated. There are many half notes or less and many long-drawn, wavering tones. It is an attempt to reproduce the marvelous syncopation of the African jungle."

Contribution is drawn from Prof. Wm. Morrison Patterson's "pioneering experimental investigation of the individual difference in the sense of rhythm." Thus:

"The music of contemporary savages taunts us with a lost art of rhythm. Modern sophistication has inhibited many native instincts, and the mere fact that our conventional dignity usually forbids us to sway our bodies or to tap our feet when we hear effective music has deprived us of unsuspected pleasures." Professor Patterson goes on to say that the ear keenly sensible of these wild rhythms has 'rhythmic aggressiveness.' Therefore of all moderns the jazz musicians and their auditors have the most rhythmic aggressiveness, for jazz is based on the savage musician's wonderful gift for progressive retarding and acceleration guided by his sense of 'swing.' He finds syncopation easy and pleasant. He plays to an inner series of time-beats joyfully 'elastic' because not necessarily grouped in succession of twos and threes. The highly gifted jazz artist can get away with five beats where there were but two before. Of course, besides the thirty-seconds scored for the tympani in some of



the modern Russian music, this doesn't seem so intricate, but just try to beat in between beats on your kettle-drum and make rhythm and you will think better of it. To be highbrow and quote Professor Patterson once more:

"With these elastic unitary pulses any haphazard series by means of syncopation can be readily, because instinctively, coordinated. The result is that a rhythmic tune compounded of time and stress and pitch relations is created, the chief characteristic of which is likely to be complicated syncopation. An arabesque of accentual differences, group-forming in their nature, is superimposed upon the fundamental time divisions."

"There is jazz precisely defined as a result of months of laboratory experiment in drum-beating and syncopation. The laws that govern jazz rule in the rhythms of great original prose, verse that sings itself, and opera of ultra modernity. 'Imagine Walter Pater, Swinburne, and Borodin swaying to the same pulses that rule the moonlit music on the banks of African rivers.'"

For years, we are told, jazz has ruled in the underworld resorts of New Orleans. It has emancipated itself in part from its original surroundings:

"There in those wonderful refuges of basic folk-lore and primeval passion wild men and wild women have danced to jazz for gladsome generations. Ragtime and the new dances came from there, and long after jazz crept slowly up the Mississippi from resort to resort until it landed in South Chicago at Freiburg's, whither it had been preceded by the various stanzas of 'Must I Hesitate?' 'The Blues,' 'Frankie and

Johnny,' and other classics of the levee underworld that stir the savage in us with a pleasant tickle. Freiburg's is an institution in Chicago. If you 'go South' you must visit that resort.

"Now let me tell you when jazz music was first heard on the Great Wine Way. I forgot to tell you that it has flourished for hundreds of years in Cuba and Haiti, and, of course, New Orleans derived it from there. Now when the Dollys danced their way across Cuba some years ago they now and again struck a band which played a teasing, *forte* strain that spurred their lithe young limbs into an ecstasy of action and stimulated the paprika strain in their blood until they danced like menads of the decadence. They returned to New York, and a long time later they were booked on the New Amsterdam roof for the 'Midnight Frolic,' and Flo said:

"Haven't you something new? My kingdom for a novelty.' And Rosie and Jenny piped up and said that in Cuba there was a funny music that they weren't musicians enough to describe for orchestration, but that it put little dancing devils in their legs, made their bodies swing and sway, set their lips to humming and their fingers to snapping. Composers were called in; not one knew what the girls were talking about; some laughed at this 'daffy-dinge music.' Flo Ziegfeld, being a man of resource and direct action, sent to Cuba, had one of the bands rounded up, got the Victor people to make records for him, and the 'Frolic' opened with the Dollys dancing to a phonograph record. Do you remember? Of course you do. That was canned jazz, but you didn't know it then. First time on Broadway, my dear. My own personal idea of jazz and its origin is told in this stanza by Vachel Lindsay:

Fat black bucks in a wine-barrel room,  
Barrel house kings with feet unstable,  
Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table,  
Pounded on the table;  
Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom,  
Hard as they were able,

Boom, boom. BOOM,  
With a silk umbrella and the handle of a broom,  
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM.

"Lindsay is then transported to the Kongo and its feats and revels and he hears, as I have actually heard, a 'thigh-bone beating on a tin-pan gong.'

"Mumbo Jumbo is the god of jazz; be careful how you write of jazz, else he will hoodoo you.

"I add to this the opinion of a highbrow composer on jazz. He is a great technical master of music and does not want his name used. He hates jazz.

"Jazz differs from other music, as it wants to appeal to the eye as much as to the ear.



A NEW YORK JAZZ BAND.

Where the attitudes of the players perfectly suggest the nerve-tingling quality of the music their instruments emit.

"The dancing is done simultaneously with performing music. Either the violinist, trombone- or saxophone-player will dance (contortional) while playing.

"Acrobatics are performed with the instruments themselves, as, for example, the violinist throwing the bow and catching it to the tune or rhythm of the music."

**MAKE A SCRAP-BOOK FOR "SAMMY"**—Kipling set the vogue in England; and the Chicago Public Library is leading off here in a novel provision for the soldiers' reading. We find out in the *Chicago Daily News* how it's done:

"That favorite joke of yours—that one that you split your sides over, remember?—that favorite comic cartoon, that scream of a story, that jest that you take home and try out on your wife, and that word of appreciation from you.

"All these are going to go over and help out the boys in France, by making life cheery and pleasant for them, whiling away the homesick hours in camp or the possibly dreary days in a hospital. It's to be done by the scrap-book method, started in England by Rudyard Kipling. The idea spread like wildfire over Great Britain until scores of thousands of those left behind were filling the pages of scrap-books with pleasantries and sending them as tokens of affection to the boys at the front. . . . .

"The aim is to get something that is different from books—something light that a man in a hospital can hold up and look at without extended mental effort. These books, filled with jokes and take-offs, comics, and a bit of sentiment—not referring to home or Christmas or anything like that, or anything 'blue'—together with a personal greeting from the scrap-book maker, will do wonders for the men to while away the hours and to make life more pleasant for them. Foreign magazines won't do. The men must have American jokes."

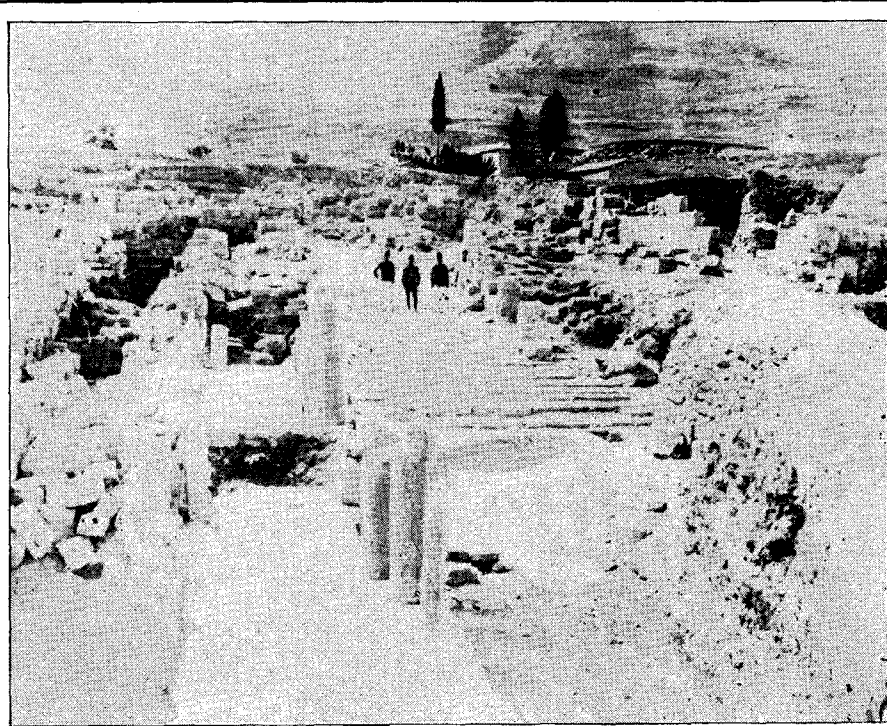


# RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

## MODERNITY IN NEW-TESTAMENT DAYS

**F**OOD-CONTROLLER HOOVER'S PROTOTYPE has not been much thought of, chiefly because of our immediate interest in Mr. Hoover himself, but now we learn that food-controllers existed even in peace-times as far back as the initial years of the Christian era. Many documents from the life of past ages afford us similar curious information, remarks a writer in the *Boston Transcript*, in commenting on the lately published "New Archeological Discoveries and

the fifteenth, at nine o'clock,' that wedding announcements were almost identical in wording with ours, and that wills began with 'Being of sound and disposing mind.'" We read further that some consolation may be derived from the fact that the Romans of that period received very much less for their money than we do. Wheat was, for example, \$3.36 a bushel, and other necessities cost in proportion, altho a teacher of Greek, Latin, or geometry could be had for the comparatively small sum of 87 cents a day. In short—



GENERAL VIEW OF LATE EXCAVATIONS AT CORINTH.

The old Corinth was a "bustling, money-loving city, and St. Paul knew it and all its peculiarities as thoroughly as any of us know the city in which we have spent eighteen months of earnest toil." And it was the scene of many things we regard as "modern."

Their Bearing Upon the New Testament," by Camden M. Cobern, D.D.; but more than this, there issues from this great heterogeneous mass of written records a wonderful discovery which has served to revolutionize Biblical criticism and to open to scholars new interpretations of New-Testament passages. Of striking interest to the *Transcript* contributor is the fact that the papyri show conclusively that the Scriptures are written in the "dialect of the middle classes of the day, in the vernacular of the home, of the street, and of the shop." In other words, the New Testament is the people's book, written to workingmen in the tongue of the workingman, and freely employing the "colloquialisms, even the solecisms, of the market-place." So much for the interest of the scholar and student in these discoveries, which, however, to the average reader, observes a writer in the New York *Evening Post*, have their chief interest in the parallelisms between our own and ancient civilization. There is a thrill in the new realization of the old proverb, "there is nothing new under the sun," to learn that the people of the early Christian era "lived in flats, that they tried to evade the income tax, that dinner invitations were issued in the form of 'Cheremon requests your company at dinner at the table of Lord Serapis in the Serapeum to-morrow evening,

so many missives actually reached their destination."

The old conservative point of view that the world was, is, and always will be about the same sort of place, the writer in *The Evening Post* goes on to say, receives considerable confirmation from Dr. Cobern's book, until one reads that slaves in the Julian age were crucified or tortured as their master's caprice dictated; that the morals of a sedate little cottage suburb, like Pompeii, as shown in mural decorations and inscriptions on villas, would shock even a hardened cosmopolitan of to-day; that infants were frequently "cast out," as one papyrus has it, to die when unwelcome to their parents. Some of the modern improvements of antiquity that interest a writer in the *Columbus Dispatch*, in Dr. Cobern's volume, are the elevators in one of Nero's palaces, which ran from the ground to the top floor, and the house heated by hot-air pipes in which the vestal virgins lived. We have always known Nero had a special fondness for music, as witness his performance when Rome was burning, but none of us dreamed that he had a pipe-organ worked by machinery. Once we have learned this, it is easy to believe that he had also a circular dining-room, which revolved with the sun, like an astronomical dome, and this commentator proceeds:

"The middle classes seem to have lived very much as we do. Their standard of literacy was very high, surprisingly high, and the number of letters interchanged amazing. It is amazing to learn that thousands of epistolary papyri were recovered from only one or two excavated towns in Egypt. The most trivial matters of every-day life were their subjects. A boy writes to his father: 'Don't worry about my mathematics; I am working very hard.' A mother writes her son congratulating him on having happily passed his examinations. Instructions from a farm proprietor to his overseer to look after the live stock and buy fodder and generally attend to the chores are also very frequent. The letters were very often dictated; professional writers took them down in shorthand and then transcribed them. Poor people, of course, could not allow themselves this luxury. They often had to use the backs of old, discarded papyri for the sake of economy. It is wonderful that these ancients should have been such diligent correspondents, since there was no public mail service. If you had influence with some official, you could send your letter by the royal post, or, if well connected commercially, might send it by the messenger of some large business house. But most correspondence was carried by occasional travelers. It speaks very well for the safety of the highways in the Julian era that



"Speaking of dining-rooms reminds us that in Cleopatra's time, as one papyrus tells, a waitress had it set forth in her contract with her employer that she must have 'one day off each week.' The high cost of living was felt in those days at some tables, for the Roman laborer, with wage but about eleven cents a day of our money, had to pay half a day's earnings for a pound of pork and three days' earnings for a bushel of beans; and in Egypt, in the fourth century, a peck of wheat rose in price from 16 drachmas (about two dollars) to 10,000 drachmas, and a chicken then cost 7,000 drachmas.

"Government had to establish an oversight over food-products and many other things. It loaned corn to small farmers; had a monopoly upon bricks, and eggs, and woolen goods, etc.; it taxed everybody and everything—even to goats and pigs of the temple; it had to cope with 'graft' in about every possible form—in the days of Jesus and the 'money-changers.' Third-century millionaires evaded their taxes; one will of that century shows how one rich man, by a shrewd legal trick, was able to leave his great inheritance to his heirs free from the customary inheritance tax of five per cent.

"They had advocates of 'woman's rights,' back there in Egypt, surely, for a new (old) play of Euripides has been found in which appears a description of how certain women of that cult massacred all the men of a certain island and seized the government. Nearly every trade, the papyri recite, had its trade-union; there were 'trusts' among the corporations which monopolized industries in quite our modern way and fixed prices; and a first-century papyrus, but recently deciphered, contains a political treatise urging that the army be put in a state of preparedness and supported by regular levies."

## RELIGION IN THE TRENCHES

THE INTREPIDITY AND GREATNESS of soul shown by men in the trenches is a familiar fact, which is thrown into a higher light by the story of the British chaplain who avows, after witnessing an action, that he could find nothing to preach to men gifted with such qualities. They rather had preached to him merely by what they did. This suggests the frequent question of the belief of the soldier in God, especially as he reveals it in the shadow and menace of death. According to the Rev. Geoffrey Gordon in "Papers from Picardy" (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston), "some sort of belief in God seems almost universal." But the Rev. Mr. Gordon is not entirely enthusiastic over the religion that comes to a soldier under fire, as we learn from a citation in *The Continent* (Chicago, Presby.), which speaks of the "strangely mixed character of the British soldier." The Rev. Mr. Gordon holds that "hell-fire and shell-fire are alike impossible as the sole or chief foundation of the religion of love." Still these emergency prayers and petitions from the trenches must be taken for what they are worth as evidence of the men's belief in God, and proof that they are not, at any rate, consistent fatalists. It is interesting to learn also from the Rev. Mr. Gordon that the atheism of the nineteenth century, which was "a spent force even before the war," has now no meaning at all for those in these days who have gone down into the deep waters of tragedy and suffering. We read then:

"Agnosticism I have met, but not very often, and then chiefly among the older men who have drunk of the thin wine of certain nineteenth-century writers still further diluted through popular

magazines. The soldier's belief in God is often expressed in language which, intellectually, is fatalistic. 'You won't get hit unless the bullet has your name on it.' 'Either your number is up or it isn't—so don't worry yourself.' If this be fatalism, it is so only in the purely intellectual sphere, and that is a sphere in which the ordinary soldier soon gets out of his depth. . . .

"Also, there is no doubt that, in the hour of danger the great majority of men pray; it is not perhaps a very high type of prayer, it is purely individual, self-centered and inspired by fear.

"For myself, I have no great admiration for this emergency religion of the trenches. It is based on fear, and fear is a rapidly shifting foundation. Such a religion, strong in the front lines, is apt to grow weaker in support, almost to evaporate in billets, and to vanish altogether on a week's leave. A generation ago preachers used to seek to cow their hearers into virtue by lurid emphasis upon the terrors of hell. Fear may of course sometimes be the first motive turning a man away from vice and toward God, and as such it has its value, but I can not believe that a religion in which fear plays a large part can be very acceptable to God, whether that fear be the fear of hell or the fear of shells."

## WITHOUT A CONSCIENCE

"A WORLD WITHOUT A CONSCIENCE is a world destroyed," says a writer in the *New York World*, who envisages such an end as a possible outcome of the struggle now progressing. Reviewers at this stage are inclined to emphasize the physical, military, and economic aspects of the war more than its moral phases, he complains, and points out that "there is such a thing as getting used to crime and being brutalized by brutality." We are warned that it is even upon "this theory of psychology that the Prussian autocracy depends for support at home and to some extent abroad," as is shown by the plain fact that "deeds which a few years ago would have horrified most of the German people are excused and applauded by them to-day." It seems to be indisputable that "offenses against law and humanity which in 1914 awakened world-wide



EARLY CHRISTIAN TAVERN, OR CAFÉ, IN SERDJILLA, SYRIA.

The two terms "Christian" and "Tavern" are not usually associated in modern parlance.

condemnation because they affrighted the world now find apologists in every country, since "use has calloused thousands." The *World* editor proceeds:

"If by persistent and successful lawlessness autocracy can deaden the sensibilities of a considerable portion of mankind, the triumph is as important as any it has gained in the field. In every expression of pacifism we have proof that propaganda, following closely on the heels of outrage and perfidy, is accustoming important elements to massacre, vandalism, treaty-breaking,



habitual treachery under the guise of friendship, and the enslavement of brave peoples. A world capable of blinking these things would be ripe for the conquest which Berlin long ago planned. A world without a conscience is a world destroyed.

"Contributing to this moral stupefaction no less than the pacifists are those frivolous Americans who have to be told every week or two, sometimes every hour or two, why we are at war. Civilization is fighting imperial savagery in self-defense precisely as it fought tribal barbarism, as exemplified by Apache and Sioux, or fanatical barbarism, as illustrated by Boxers and Mad Mullahs. Civilization is at war with Germany, not only because of wrongs committed, but because of wrongs contemplated. When it ceases to abhor the aggressions and atrocities of unbridled power it will have lost the courage and the strength to sustain itself.

"From this time onward, Germany will not depend upon physical agencies alone for what it will be glad to consider a tolerable peace. To this end it will do what it can to promote a failure of memory on the part of its enemies. We see in Russia already the results of one such lapse. In the last analysis the cause of the Allies, and in a special degree the cause of the United States, must rest upon their unforgettable detestation of the deliberate villainy which forced this war upon the world and their invincible determination that its end must be such as to prevent its repetition.

"Without a moral victory there will be no victory for the nations which Germany pillages and menaces. The more fiercely that truth is set forth in the forum as well as on the field of battle the more complete will be their triumph."

One of the most recent statements of the German view-point is contained in a book called "Christine," purporting to be a series of letters written by a young Englishwoman pursuing her musical studies in Berlin just before the war broke out. The passage quoted is the statement of her teacher, a German and one of the intellectuals who in conversation treated the Kaiser with amused disdain and ventured upon very hazardous outbursts in a country where *lèse-majesté* is so severely punished. The analysis of German character will furnish the soil in which such growth as the *World* writer deprecates may be expected to flourish:

"We are still so near as a nation to the child and to the savage. To the clever child and the powerful savage. We like simple and gross emotions and plenty of them; obvious tastes in our food and our pleasures, and a great deal of it; fat in our food and fat in our women. And, like the child, when we mourn we mourn to excess, and enjoy ourselves in that excess; and, like the savage, we are afraid, and therefore hedge ourselves about with observances, celebrations, cannon, kings. In no other country is there more than one king. In ours we find three and an emperor necessary. The savage who fears all things does not fear more than we Germans. We fear other nations, we fear other people, we fear public opinion to an extent incredible, and tremble before the opinion of our servants and tradespeople; we fear our own manners, and therefore are obliged to preserve the idiotic practise of dueling, in which as often as not the man whose honor is being satisfied is the one who is killed; we fear all those above us, of whom there are invariably a great many; we fear all officials, and our country drips with officials. The only person we do not fear is God. . . . The contrary is the truth. We Germans fear not God, but everything else in the world. It is only fear that makes us polite, fear of the duel; for, like the child and the savage, we have not had time to acquire the habit of good manners, the habit which makes manners inevitable and invariable, and it is not natural to us to be polite. We are polite only by the force of fear. Consequently—for all men must have their relaxations—whenever we meet the weak, the beneath us, the momentarily helpless, we are brutal. It is an immense relief to be for a moment natural. Every German welcomes even the smallest opportunity."

In another passage the teacher is thus set forth:

"The remarks he makes about the Kaiser, for instance, whom he irreverently alludes to as S. M.—(short and rude for *Seine Majestät*)—simply make me shiver in this country of *lèse-majesté*. . . . Here, where you go to prison if you laugh even at officials, even at a policeman, at anything whatever in buttons, for that is the punishable offense of *Beamtenbeleidigung*—haven't they got heavenly words?—Kloster and people I have come across in his rooms say what they like; and what they like is very rude indeed."

## SPIRITUALIZED LABOR IN FRANCE

**A** REGENERATION of the spiritual life of large industries has been accomplished in France as a direct result of the war, and "for once not marked by any revolutionary movement." This statement, with supporting facts, is presented by *The New France* (New York), a new magazine issued by Les Amitiés Françaises, Inc., a practical organization for the establishment and furtherance of economic relations between France and America. The new magazine discusses many aspects of our coming spiritual *entente*, and lays the ground for that mutual good-will which it is hoped to build on mutual understanding and fraternization. The changed aspect of labor made necessary by the war which is dwelt upon by Mr. Pierre Hamp gives special emphasis to the part played by women. "The admission of women into the workshops of mechanics, and the idealism of manual labor," he says, "have started a new era." Social justice, with which the thoughts of the workers were ardently concerned, he points out, is now dominated by the earnest desire to secure justice to France. We read:

"A common complaint against modern labor is that it breeds dissatisfaction. Man, finding no joy in the work of his hands, looks forward to the happy hours at the end of the day; there can be no pleasure unless it be outside the shop. In contrast to the modern masons, the ancient builders of cathedrals had their souls in their work and accomplished their task with affection.

"The war has revived this love and respect for manual labor. Even in those shops in which the extreme specialization of work obliges the men to make the same motion over and over again in the manufacture of guns, the monotony of the action has not smothered the consciousness of the importance of his task. The workman knows that the slightest fault may mean death for the soldiers, and he has taken to heart the desire to be infallible. In a shop for the adjustment of fuses, a woman had been punished with a week's suspension because she had been inattentive. She was also deprived by her comrades of the honor of taking wine with them. They said to her, 'This will teach you to do things seriously'; they considered themselves part of the national defense. . . .

"In a shop where 844 women are employed, only three defective adjustments out of 80,000 fuses were noted by the inspectors, and, after examination, only one fuse was discarded. Thus in such an amount of delicate work requiring so much attention only one mistake was discovered—one in 80,000—in a day chosen at random by the inspectors. Sometimes there is not a single mistake. Woman is endowed with a great faculty for close attention: the qualities of the lace-maker bequeathed to her by her ancestors are responsible for some of it. She is now engaged in occupations requiring precision in the handling of metals. . . .

"In a great factory for 155-millimeter shells, during the battle of Verdun, the working-day was lengthened to eighteen hours, and such was the strain that 11 per cent. of the workmen dropt from sheer exhaustion.

"The war-shops have restored to labor its spiritual value. Tho the desire for high wages may be great, something else inspires the men: they want to give their help to their country. The sculptor of cathedrals earned by his work the wages that secured him his temporal welfare, but at the same time he was working to win eternal happiness. His hands saved his soul. Like him, the shell-makers and fuse-makers put something spiritual into their work; they have a conscience about it. Some women engaged in manufacturing grenades wrote: 'Be watchful; in this shop there is bungling going on in the handling of parts. It will cause accidents.'

"Professional honesty often enough conflicts with the interests of employees. Their passion for doing good work only is more than a love of labor; in the same way that the church-sculptor saw behind his work in stone the glory of God, the women war-mechanics see the destiny of France."

This state of mind, we are assured, has helped in the building up, during two years of war, of an organization of work, and with the addition of women as a body of workers, brought about results that France did not seem to be likely to attain in less than fifty years.



# CURRENT - POETRY

CHARLES WARREN STODDARD, gifted descriptive writer and poet of authentic calling, died in 1909. It is strange that the world has had to wait so long for a volume of his verse. There was a book published in 1867, but after that date Mr. Stoddard's prose writings only came between covers to the public; altho his colorful and romantic verses were for a long time prominent in the leading magazines. Now Mr. Thomas Walsh, the poet's intimate friend, has made a selection from his abundant metrical writings, and the result is an interesting volume, "Poems of Charles Warren Stoddard," published by John Lane Company. The poems printed reveal Charles Warren Stoddard as the accurate and sympathetic reporter of the splendors of tropical life, and also as the idealist, keenly aware of the spiritual significance of all natural beauty. Here is a characteristically vivid picture of one of the poet's favorite South Sea haunts.

## LAHAINA

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

Where the wave tumbles;  
Where the reef rumbles;  
Where the sea sweeps  
Under bending palm-branches,  
Sliding its snow-white  
And swift avalanches:  
Where the sails pass  
O'er an ocean of glass.  
Or trail their dull anchors  
Down in the sea-grass.

Where the hills smolder;  
Where the plains smoke;  
Where the peaks shoulder  
The clouds like a yoke;  
Where the dear isle  
Has a charm to beguile  
As she lies in the lap  
Of the seas that enfold her.  
Where shadows falter;  
Where the mist hovers  
Like steam that covers  
Some ancient altar.

Where the sky rests  
On deep-wooded crests;  
Where the clouds lag;  
Where the sun floats  
His glittering notes  
Swimming the rainbows  
That girdle the crag.

Where the newcomer  
In deathless summer  
Dreams away troubles;  
Where the grape blossoms  
And blows its sweet bubbles;  
Where the goats cry  
From the hillside corral;  
Where the fish leap  
In the weedy canal—  
In the hollow lagoon  
With its waters forsaken;  
Where the dawn struggles  
With night for an hour,  
Then breaks like a tropical  
Bird from its bower.

Where from the long leaves  
The fresh dew is shaken;  
Where the wind sleeps  
And where the birds waken.

Here is something rather more thoughtful and subtle. Like most of this poet's work, it is strongly colored by the experiences of his life in those gorgeous tropical lands his allegiance to which not even the golden charms of California could shake.

## THE COCOA-TREE

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

Cast on the water by a careless hand  
Day after day the winds persuaded me;  
Onward I drifted till a coral-tree  
Stayed me among its branches, where the sand  
Gathered about me, and I slowly grew,  
Fed by the constant sun and the inconstant dew.

The sea-birds build their nests against my root,  
And eye my slender body's horny case.  
Widowed within this solitary place  
Into the thankless sea I cast my fruit;  
Joyless I thrive, for no man may partake  
Of all the store I bear and harvest for his sake.

No more I heed the kisses of the morn;  
The harsh winds rob me of the life they gave;  
I watch my tattered shadow in the wave,  
And hourly droop and nod my crest forlorn,  
While all my fibers stiffen and grow numb  
Beck'ning the tardy ships, the ships that never  
come.

And here is something that may be a symbol, but seems to be genuine autobiography. It is easy to imagine Stoddard or Stevenson resenting the intrusion of civilization on their Robinson Crusoe-like lives—altho they may, in certain moods, have fervently desired that intrusion.

## SAIL HO!

BY CHARLES WARREN STODDARD

I heard a rustle in my garden-patch—  
I saw a shadow bow beneath my thatch—  
One morning while the dawn was breaking fast;  
And coming near, a nervous hand was passed  
Across my face, and some one bade me wake,  
And "hasten to the cliff, for Heaven's sake:  
A sail was shining in the eastern sea!"  
"A sail!" I gasped; "the Saints compassion me.  
Go you and fire the signal-pyre!" I said.  
The shadow turned, and in a moment fled;  
And soon I followed—pale, and scant of breath—  
For on that chance was staked my life or death.  
I skirted the long shore of the lagoon,  
Shining and moist—shaped like a crescent moon—  
And scaled the rocky battlements that rise,  
Like a great wall against the eastern skies.  
The morning air blew down a fragrant whiff,  
Combing the wind-burnt grasses on the cliff.  
The cactus' thousand thorny palms were spread  
Against a sun-cloud hanging, hot and red,  
In the horizon; and a little way  
Off, in the bright, blue depths of dawning day,  
A fair and flickering atom—star-like, pale—  
I saw a sole and solitary sail.  
Then, down I knelt and prayed. The biting fire  
Curled the green balsams of my signal-pyre,  
And sent a bold black shaft into the air,  
That towered above the shadows and grew fair,  
Like to a palm in stature, full of grace,  
Waving its sable plumes before the face  
Of all the world; and, as it would appear,  
Commanding that the voyager should draw near.  
I shut away the sight in deep suspense,

Half-drugged with the rich odors of the dense  
And multiplying fumes that hung about,  
And half afraid to struggle with my doubt.  
The sun arose and all the world was gay;  
The sweet winds spirited the mists away,  
I lifted up my eyes where I was bowed,  
And, through the portals of a golden cloud,  
Beheld the vessel by fair breezes fanned,  
Trimming her sails, and making for the land.  
But when she shaped her course toward the shore,  
And I was sure my banishment was o'er,  
Somehow I was not happy—for I grew  
So jealous of the solitude I knew,  
And loved my Island dearer than before!

Here is a war-poem full of fire and martial music—an interpretation of our national spirit more satisfactory than most of those called forth by the recent prize war-poem contests. The stirring rhythm is well suited to the thought. We quote it from *The Mercury Herald* (San José, Cal.).

## THE WIND BEFORE THE DAWN

BY EDITH DALEY

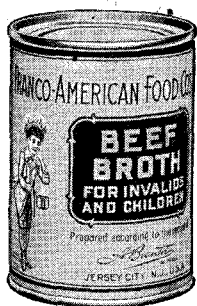
[How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.—Isaiah 52:7.]

Since the cherubim o'er Eden flashed the menace  
Of the sword  
Upon sacrificial altars hath the blood of martyrs  
poured.  
Through long ages, dark with midnight, tho its  
beams fell faint and far,  
God's Own hand within the shadow kept alight  
Hope's guiding star;  
While the slaves of greed and power,  
God endowed to think and feel,  
Sought their heritage of Freedom in war's thun-  
derous appeal.  
But at last the far-flung power of the boasted  
right of Kings  
Vanishes before the sunlight that the dawn of  
Freedom brings!

There is clang of breaking fetters and the crash  
of falling thrones,  
For a strange new note is sounding in the war's  
chaotic tones;  
In the throes of deadly conflict, crowns and king-  
doms pass away—  
Like a storm before the coming of a new and per-  
fect day.  
Lust of power and possession, all oppression's  
hellish spawn,  
Flee before the vibrant whisper of the wind before  
the dawn!  
For a great world-Power waketh that shall bid  
the strife to cease  
And intone war's benediction in a sacred hymn  
of peace!

Beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of  
Him that brings  
To the serf and bondman Freedom, gives them  
Liberty from Kings!  
Soon the lifting smoke of battle shall America  
reveal  
As the bearer of the message and the keeper of the  
seal;  
For the call across the waters hath a mighty  
nation heard—  
And they rise as men and brothers!  
They shall speak the final word.  
Under Freedom's starry banner, men of brain  
and men of brawn—  
For the power of the nation is the wind before the  
dawn!





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## PERSONAL GLIMPSES

### SURGEONS' WORK AT VIMY RIDGE

HERE is a pen picture of a bit of the French trenches in front of Vimy Ridge drawn with the brutal frankness of a Raemaekers:

It was a bitter winter there, as here. The soil was frozen to a depth of fourteen inches. Rain fell. There was little drainage. The earth slid in on the top of the water and was trodden into a mess like dough. To walk the trenches under such circumstances is the last test of human endurance. One wears rubber boots hip-high, and from the tops a strap is fastened over the shoulders to prevent the boots being pulled off by the mud. On one occasion my orderly lost boots and socks, and came in with bare feet. If a man falls he may be lifted over the parapet and left there till night, or he may lie where he fell and be trampled under foot. It requires very little resolution to lie down and die—life is so hard, and death so easeful.

It was under the simple title of "A Day's Work" that Capt. Andrew McPhail told the story of the battle from which the above is quoted. He was delivering the Cavendish Lecture at the West London Hospital recently, and his description of the scenes at the first-aid stations, where the surgeons toiled in snow and mud with the thermometer hovering around zero and with constant streams of wounded coming in from the front, is photographic in its detail.

The battle itself was fought on schedule, for the performance had been rehearsed all winter behind the lines with an area marked off with tapes to represent the battle-field as disclosed by photographs taken from airplanes. The plans allowed 468 minutes to drive the enemy into the French Flanders plain. The battle followed the schedule to the minute.

Captain McPhail is professor of history of medicine at the McGill University, Montreal, and is now with the Canadian Army Medical Corps. He said in his lecture, as quoted in the New York Times:

Down Arras way the Australians were working, those handsome soldiers who will not hold back. When they get a free road to Berlin, there will be such doings as the seer never saw from Patmos.

It would be a misuse of the occasion and a misspending of this short hour to attempt a description in detail of that day's work. The task can only be performed by an artist with time and space for selection. By an infinity of small things he could create a picture. He would make you see a long cliff, extending for twenty miles from the northwest to the southwest, in shape like a dog's hind leg, with the Souchez River breaking through at the joint. He would lead you up the landward slope over ridges and valleys until you came to the summit. He would guide you across a high plateau, and from the edge you would look down upon the old sea, which is now the French Flanders



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These conditions are printed on this page. They can be followed by any make of car, or by any two or more makes of cars in competition.

They open up to any motor car owner a simple, positive check on the performance of his car.

The man who is undecided which of several makes of cars to buy, need only put the cars through this test to get an unfailing gauge on their *relative thrift*—not only in gasoline, but in tires and every other item that enters into the operation of a car.

### Franklin National Efficiency Demonstration Rules and Regulations

- 1. Date.** Test to be made on Friday, July 13, 1917, regardless of road and weather conditions.
- 2. Equipment.** Test to be made with Franklin Series 9 Touring Car, strictly stock model. Tires to be inflated to at least 40 pounds. Top should be down and windshield open, unless weather prevents, car to carry regular stock equipment only.
- 3. Fuel.** Use ONE gallon of ordinary grade of gasoline, testing between 60 and 65 degrees. DO NOT use a special high test gasoline. Obtain certificate of the quality of the gasoline.  
Use one gallon gasoline from measure certified to by local Dealer of Weights and Measures.
- 4. Observers.** Test to be supervised by two disinterested parties of unquestionable standing, preferably an officer of your local automobile club, a representative of the press, or some high city official.  
**Duties of Observers:** See that trip meter and speedometer start at zero. Take accurate reading of speedometer and mark it down. At close of test take another reading of speedometer and report results in miles and fractions thereof.  
Observers should inspect certificate and test of fuel and satisfy themselves as to this point in any other way necessary.
- 5. Observers.** should satisfy themselves that one gallon of gasoline has been properly measured and used as the supply. Note that the main gasoline tank and any other possible source of supply except a specified container, is disconnected.
- 6. Passenger Load.** To consist of driver and two observers only; one to sit in front with the driver.
- 7. Route.** Lay out your course so that you can return to starting point. Start to be made from your own place of business, automobile club headquarters, or from a prominent hotel or equally well-known place. Cover a well-known route so the mileage shown by speedometer may be checked up from common knowledge.
- 8. Weight.** Car to be weighed on city scales immediately after test is completed and while the three occupants are still in the car.
- 9. Speed.** For maximum economy, maintain as near 23 miles per hour as possible, except when coasting. Coasting has always been allowed in official economy trials. Call observer's attention to fact that you will coast whenever you can.
- 10. Report.** The results to be attested to by driver and observers before a Notary Public on certificate furnished for the purpose. Mail one copy to the factory, retain the other.

Dead weight means a rigid construction—a stiff-riding car destructive to tires and expensive in repairs and depreciation.

At this time, when so many motorists are tending towards Enclosed Cars, it is well to know that every advantage of Franklin construction *applies equally to the Franklin Enclosed Models.*

It is still a new thought to many, this practical adaptability of the Franklin Enclosed Car—with its protection from heat or dust, from wind or rain, from cold or snow—ready for as hard and as free use as any open model, and with practically the same economy of operation.

## How Gasoline Economy Shows Efficiency Throughout the Car

Every automobile engineer knows, whether he admits it or not, that gasoline mileage is the final test of the *easy-rolling qualities* of a car. Easy-rolling means minimized friction, and where there is little friction less power is required to propel the car.

It is a fact that, on the same amount of initial power, the Franklin will *coast farther than any other car.* This is a result of its scientific-light-weight and flexible construction, its balance and resiliency, the quality of its materials and its sound workmanship.

Back of this minimizing of fuel waste, you see Franklin *Direct-Air-Cooling*—its influence on the efficiency of the Franklin engine, its elimination of the usual 177 heavy and complicated water-cooling parts.

High gasoline bills always indicate friction or excessive dead weight—power *diverted* from mileage and consumed in dragging the car.

It was the efficiency and road ability of the Franklin that first pointed the way to the use of the Enclosed Car for all purposes.

Over a period of fifteen years the Franklin has been urging and demonstrating automobile economy. For a while it did not have much of an audience; the public eye was filled with other things.

## Franklin Dealers Ready to Prove Franklin Facts

Nowadays most automobile announcements are talking Thrift—but few are *proving it* by facts and figures. The idea seems to be to find what the public wants and then *claim* it vociferously.

There are no two ways about this Thrift question. Either a car has it or it has not. If it has, it can be demonstrated.

Your Franklin dealer will be glad to *demonstrate to you* any claims we make for the Franklin. Ask him.

Touring Car 2280 lbs. \$2050.00  
Cabriolet 2485 lbs. 2850.00  
Town Car 2610 lbs. 3200.00

Runabout 2160 lbs. \$2000.00  
Sedan 2610 lbs. 2950.00  
Limousine 2620 lbs. 3200.00

Four-pass. Roadster 2280 lbs. \$2050.00  
Brougham 2575 lbs. 2900.00  
All Prices F. O. B. Syracuse

FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.





## Property Protection

*The cost of a man's house in dollars and cents does not completely measure his need for protection.*

The man who owns a luxurious mansion is frequently in a better position to re-build than the man who owns a modest cottage.

But every kind of house should be properly protected.

One of the most important means of protection in any house is the insulated wire, and every man who owns any kind of building can have protection with

## ECCO Dependable Insulated WIRE

Many of the handsomest and costliest residences of the country, as well as small cottages, and buildings of all kinds, use ECCO because it not only gives positive protection—but also because it costs so little more—\$5 on a \$5,000 house.

Get a good architect and ask him about it.

Your electrical contractor would rather work with wire like ECCO.

THE ELECTRIC CABLE COMPANY

*Makers of ECCO wire for every purpose where rubber covered wire is used*

10 East 43d Street, New York

plain, with its red villages and green fields. This is the Vimy Ridge, which rises from Souchez and slopes down to Arras.

You should know also that it was on this spot, and upon the Lorette Ridge, which is the twin ridge to the north, across the Souchez River, that the French made their supreme offensive in 1915. Here was the Labyrinth—Souchez, Neuville St. Vaast, Ablain St. Nazaire, La Targette, and Aux Rietz, where rifles were discarded and knives served out in their stead. Upon these heights lie 60,000 of their noble dead in fields of crosses which extend as wide as a forest. At the time we were somewhat insensible to this great struggle, for we ourselves were involved in the disastrous offensive at Loos.

More than eighteen months had passed, until on that April morning the business of the Canadian corps was to pivot upon its left flank, and drive the enemy into this old sea-bottom—which was done according to schedule in 468 minutes. I say minutes, because the plans were drawn as rigidly as that, and they were drawn in as fine detail as an architect would employ for the building of a house. For three months we worked upon those plans with as much care as one would bestow upon a performance on a stage. The humblest actor had his rôle, and he was ready against the hour when the curtain should rise.

Let us attempt to follow the progress of a wounded man. When he falls he is attended by the regimental medical orderlies, and is sent back a few hundred yards by regimental bearers to the aid post, where he is more carefully drest by the regimental medical officer. There he is handed over to the field ambulance-bearers, and borne by hand, by wheeled stretcher, or by trolley from one relay post to another, until finally, at a distance of one or two miles, he arrives at the advance dressing station. There the dressings are examined and, if necessary, renewed. Trains of trolleys drawn by gasoline engines are in waiting to bear the loads further to the rear, where they may be accessible to the motor-ambulance convoy, which takes them to the main dressing station. Here the patients are redrest and so sent on to Railhead, clean, warm, and fed.

Of the wounded in detail one sees little. One sees them in a mass. Our business is to speed them on their way, and twelve surgeons in a dressing station working night and day will clear the casualties as fast as they are brought in.

Zero hour was at the dawn of a bleak morning. By six o'clock the wounded were coming in; by seven the prisoners were marching down by companies; by eight the supply-trains were moving up, and by nine o'clock the whole world was alive with men and horses, and motors over roads that were spewing up their stony entrails. When the action was over the battle area was like a heavy cross-sea which had been partially transformed into land. Further advance was impossible by reason of the elements, earth and water.

Sixteen battalions were engaged on this 1,000-yard front, sixteen men to a yard. Each one had its piece to do, and when it was done another battalion passed through and took up the advance. All winter the performance had been rehearsed behind the lines, on a terrane marked off with tapes to imitate the battle area as discovered by aerial photographs. To each

battalion was allotted a certain number of minutes for its task. All was over by two o'clock, and before darkness fell the field was clear. The evacuation from the front was so rapid that cases began to accumulate at the advance dressing station, and there they lay, a piteous spectacle, but their presence was the finest tribute ever paid to the Medical Service. A general passed by, and when he saw the wounded lying in ranks on each side of the road, covered with snow, he thought the Medical Service had broken down, until it was explained to him that all casualties were drest and fed, eased with morphia, and covered with blankets, instead of lying where they fell. Additional convoy was procured, and by midnight all were in their beds. That day's work was over.

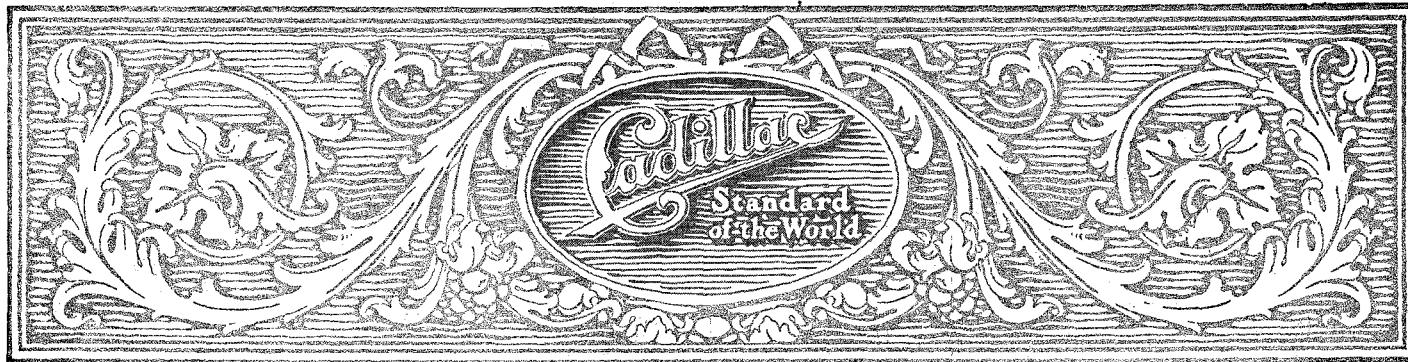
You have heard much of the unpreparedness for war, but the Medical Service leapt up full armed when the first call sounded.

It must be hard for you to understand how strictly military is medical service at the front. In a division there are about twenty regimental medical officers, and three field ambulances with nine medical officers each, or twenty-seven in all. The personnel is divided into bearer, tent, and transport sections, comprising 250 men, or 750 to the three ambulances. For transport each ambulance has fifty horses, seven motors, and three horse-ambulances, with general service, limbered wagons, and carts. Each section is self-contained and marches with bearers, tent orderlies, transport, and equipment. At any moment a section can fall out and open up with all appliances for life and work in the field. Fuel, food, fodder, and water are carried which suffice until rations are drawn. The sections can be as quickly assembled, and the bearers of all ambulances may be pooled for such large operations as took place at Vimy and on the Somme.

For such precise movements a high degree of military training is essential; and in physique the men must be the best, for the work is heavy and the marches arduous. The ambulance-bearers and officers have their advanced headquarters two hundred yards from the parapet in the regimental aid posts, and in action they go over just behind the infantry. They are trained soldiers; the transport carried arms and until quite recently they were practised in musketry, and all were qualified to take their place on parade with the other elements of the division.

By that day's work on Vimy Ridge we convinced ourselves and proved to the enemy we can not be beaten. After that other and later day's work at Messines Ridge we can say with surety that we shall win, that the enemy will be defeated and that he will defeat himself in the slow effluxion of time. We are now free to prolong the war until it suits us to bring it to a close.

In the beginning we were inclined to take the German at his own estimate of himself. Now we have the true measure of him, and we are not in the least afraid. Docile yet courageous, hating other lands yet loving his own, hysterical yet obstinate, he continues to be a formidable foe. Altho we have long since matched him in equipment and surpassed him in organization, we still deceive ourselves about his powers of subsistence, since comfort to him is penury to us. We were close upon his heels at Vimy Ridge and in Vimy.



*“--- I have never seen anything in print that really describes this wonderful car.”*

*(A Cadillac owner in Cleveland, Ohio.)*

THE foregoing comment was not prompted by the enthusiasm of the moment for a new car.

It was penned by the owner after an intimate acquaintance with his Cadillac covering a period of two years.

The longer he drove it the more he realized that he had never seen anything in print which really described it.

And it is because of the absence of anything with which to compare it that comparisons are not possible.

It is because its performance is so unique and so fascinating that it is difficult to describe.

It is difficult to describe a sense of motion where one becomes almost forgetful that he is borne along by mechanical means.

The quickness of pick-up, the instant response, the sustained power, are things which mere words cannot portray.

Likewise it is difficult to express in words the impression of smoothness which rough roads seem to possess when traversed in a Cadillac.

Nor is it possible to express in words the feeling that hills seem almost to melt away as the car surmounts them.

Again, it is difficult to describe the feeling of rest, and relaxation which Cadillac motorists enjoy—even on long journeys.

And the sense of security, the peace of mind, the freedom from apprehension of annoyance, are thoughts not easy to convey.

It is only when you have ridden in and driven the car, that you can know and understand the differences between the Cadillac and merely “a motor car.”

The performance fascinates you on your thousandth ride no less than on your first.

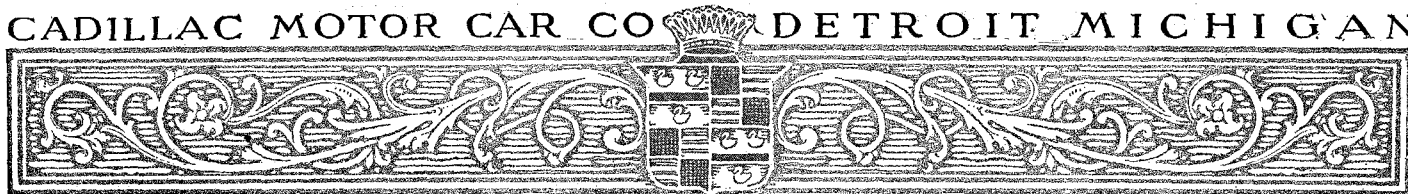
As your Cadillac experience broadens, your enthusiasm increases—the charm intensifies.

You begin to understand the feelings of the owner who said: “I have never seen anything in print that really describes this wonderful car.”

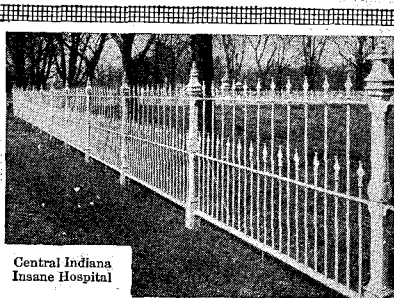
And then it will dawn upon you that the best description of the Cadillac is that words cannot describe it.

*The Cadillac Type-57 Chassis will be available with the following body styles: Standard Seven-Passenger Car, Four-Passenger Phaeton, Two-Passenger Roadster with Rumble Seat, Four-Passenger Convertible Victoria, Five-Passenger Brougham, Four-Passenger Town Limousine and Town Landaulet, Seven-Passenger Limousine, Landaulet and Imperial.*

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR CO. DETROIT MICHIGAN





Central Indiana  
Insane Hospital

## ENTERPRISE

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Keeps out prowlers, sneaks, tramps, and other undesirable persons. In addition, beautifies surroundings and increases property value. Send for new illustrated catalog. Describes styles, quotes prices, and explains free offer to make a blueprint showing plan and all details of fence needed to protect and beautify your home.

**ENTERPRISE IRON WORKS**  
2440 Yandes St. Indianapolis, Ind.

Specialists for 33 years in All-Iron and Iron-and-Woven-Wire protective fencing

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Sketches, Stories, Poems, and Monologues—the favorite numbers of favorite authors and entertainers. Practical advice on delivery. For Teachers, Learners, and After-Dinner and other occasions. By mail, \$1.00.

**How to Speak in Public** Suggestive and Practical Self-Instructor: an Eloquent Manual comprising exercises for development of Breathing, Voice, Pronunciation, Expression, Gesture, with selections from ancient and modern masterpieces. Net, \$1.25; by mail, post-paid, \$1.37.



### How to Develop Power and Personality

Power of Imagination, of Memory, of English Style, of Vocabulary, of Speech, of Silence, of Gesture, of Illustration, of the Eye, of Conversation—the Personality that wins, compels and succeeds. Net, \$1.25; by mail, post-paid, \$1.37.

**How to Argue and Win** Thoroughly practical suggestions for training the mind, so that thought shall be quick and clear and statements effective; for training the tongue to persuasive appeal and argument. Tells the converser and the campaigner "how to think." Net, \$1.25; by mail, post-paid, \$1.37.



**How to Develop Self-Confidence in Speech and Manner.** Deals with manners as a power in the making of men—with cultivation of an agreeable voice and all the minor essentials of personality. Net, \$1.25; by mail post-paid, \$1.37.

At all Bookstores; or post-paid by publishers on receipt of mail price—the Five, Carriage Paid, for \$6.50.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 211, N. Y.

Village, and a detailed examination of his abandoned stores was not encouraging. In one dugout which I have in mind there were sides of bacon, abundant bread, potatoes, bottled waters, dressings, drugs, articles of new sound leather, phonographs, and a copy of Kant—by no means a bad equipment for carrying on war. Prisoners who have helped us to clear many a field are capable and diligent, with a certain patient, pathetic helplessness, but a high confidence even yet.

The end is not yet, nor is it even in sight. My counsel is that you should close your eyes to the end. Look upon war as a normal condition. Forget it, as all normal things are forgotten. Cease praying for a speedy end and peace, else you will acquire what the French call the psychopathy of the barbed wire. Peace and the end will come when your unhampered armies shall have performed their task. At one time there was ground for alarm and excuse for panic. Now there is none.

### THE COMMANDER OF THE "KILTIES"

THE "Kilties" from Canada have attracted admiring attention wherever they have pitched their recruiting-tents. Their picturesque costume—formerly seen on the streets of New York only on the occasion of the picnic of some local organization of Scots when it has elicited the jeers of the small boys—has now become a familiar and inspiring sight. And one of the most striking figures among the brawny fighters is that of their commander, Colonel Guthrie, who bears the scars of twenty-two wounds received at the front in Europe.

The 236th Battalion, Canadian Expeditionary Force, popularly known as the "MacLean Kilties of America," or as the Huns choose to term them, "The Ladies of Hell," is at present engaged in recruiting in the United States, and the New York Herald says of their dashing commander:

Tall, splendidly built, and with his head held high, Colonel Guthrie is a striking and picturesque figure in his kilts. He was the first recruit in Canada and has been twenty-two times wounded. Even when engaged in a mere recruiting-expedition, which is the mission that brought him to the United States, his gallant carriage and the quick decision of his manner mark him as a magnificent leader of men, able both to inspire and to direct them.

It was a dramatic moment when Colonel Guthrie heard the announcement that England had declared war against Germany, and within fifteen minutes he had offered his services as the first Canadian recruit, accompanied by a proposition to raise a company for an overseas expedition. The New York Morning Telegraph tells the story:

It was August 4, 1914—that fateful day upon which England declared war against Germany, closely following upon the invasion of neutral Belgium. In a little theater up in the city of Fredericton, capital of the Province of New Brunswick,

a large audience sat enjoying an interesting program. The second act had just ended. From the left wing of the stage, walked the house-manager. Slowly he moved until the center of the stage was reached. A raised hand cut short the orchestra's selection. Almost everybody knew what was coming: They had been expecting it for the last thirty hours. A silence fell over the entire house while nine words were pronounced by the house-manager:

"Our mother country has to-day declared war against Germany."

For a second—only a second though—a lull fell over the audience. Then, as if prearranged, the orchestra struck up the strain of "God Save the King." From top to bottom the house was in uproar. Cheer after cheer rent the air. The audience as one, stood singing the national anthem.

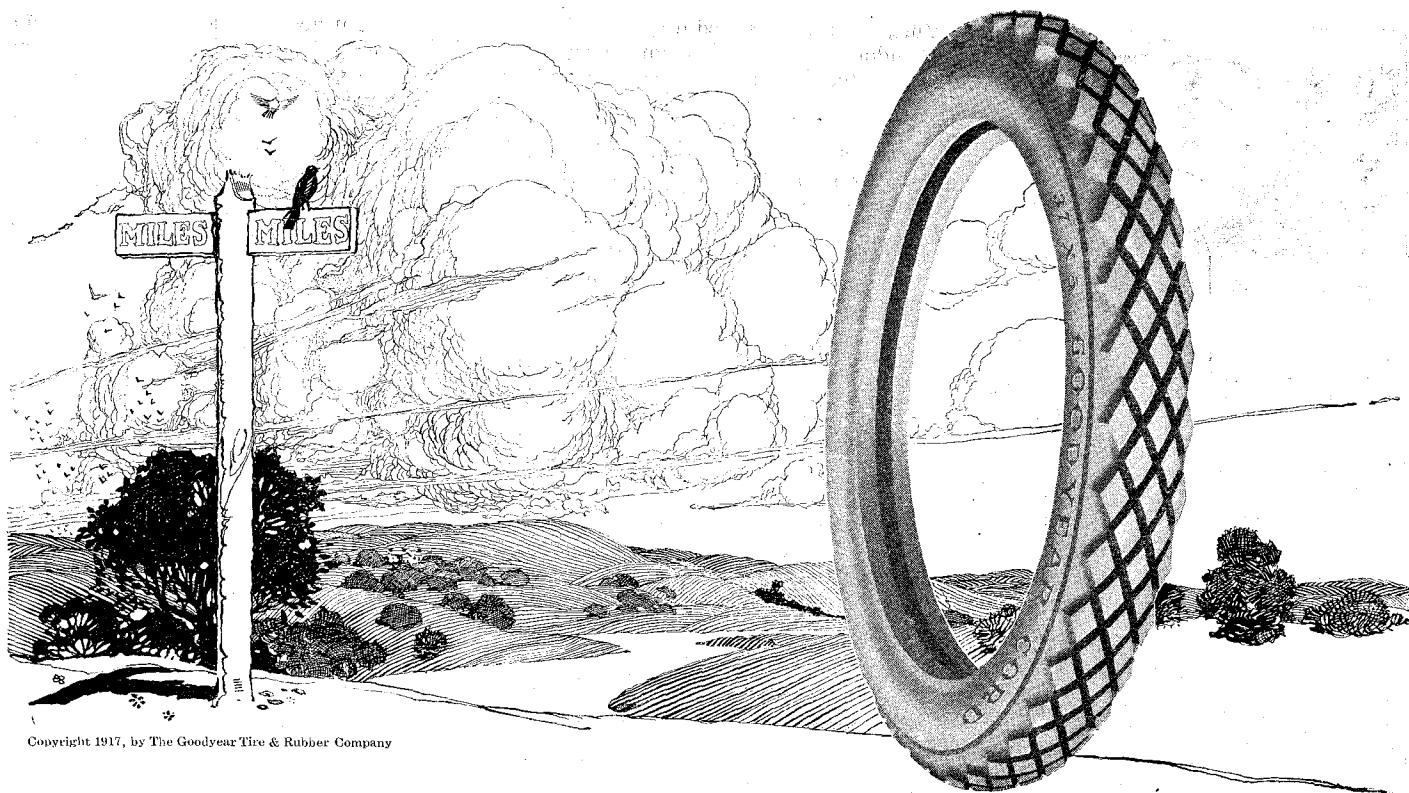
Seated well up in front in the orchestra as the manager's announcement was made was a man about thirty-four years old. Beside him sat an attractive woman. The audience, with the exception of this particular man, began to settle back in their chairs as the singing of "God Save the King" was concluded. With a stride which was noticeably military he walked toward the rear of the theater and left the building. Less than two blocks away was a telegraph-office. The lone night operator, half dosing, jumped to his feet as the door opened, and the man who a few seconds ago had left the theater entered. He addressed a telegraph-blank to "Sir Sam Hughes, Canadian Minister of Militia," and then followed an offer to raise a company of soldiers for an overseas expedition.

"Captain Percy Guthrie, Seventy-first York Infantry," the message which he handed the operator was signed. The first Canadian had volunteered his services to the King.

Captain Guthrie returned at once to the theater, joined his wife, and witnessed the rest of the performance. The curtain came down, and with his wife, Captain Guthrie again headed to the telegraph-office. This time the operator was not thinking about sleep. He had just received a reply to Captain Guthrie's telegram and was anxiously awaiting his return. The answer read: "Offer accepted. Proceed to recruit volunteers forthwith."

Altho he usually possesses an almost boyish exuberance of spirits, this Canadian officer has moments of poignant remembrance of the horrors through which he has passed, says *The Herald*. It is at such times that he recalls a certain Westphalian officer. Lieutenant-Colonel Guthrie will not talk for publication, but Mr. Charles K. Howard, representative of the Canadian Government Railway and his close friend, tells the story:

On a night in the battle of Festubert the Tenth Canadians went over the trenches. The flares from the machine guns made the line as light as day. A piece of the German trenches was taken. The only injury that the Colonel at this portion of the scrap received were some tears in the legs from barbed-wire entanglements, altho he lost in three-quarters of an hour two-thirds of his battalion. The piece that was taken must be held until reinforcements came. These were a little slow in arriving. A captain held one end



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## What Goodyear Cords Have Done

**W**E have frequently employed these pages to point out to you what Goodyear Cord Tires will do.

We have said that they would deliver you longer mileage, more comfort, greater gasoline saving and larger freedom from trouble.

Now we wish to verify our statements by showing you what Goodyear Cords have done.

We know of no better way than to print these few letters as typical of thousands received by us from Goodyear Cord users:

### "More Than Justified Our Expectations"

The Peerless Motor Car Company,  
Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen:

Exhaustive tests made by us showed the great desirability of Goodyear Cord Tires, because of their long life and the reduction of road friction.

The results of more than a year's use of these tires as standard equipment for the Peerless Model-56 have more than justified our expectations.

We have received letters from a large number of Peerless owners reporting from 8,000 to 13,000 miles on the original set of tires; many of which letters assure us that the tires are still in use, and are apparently good for much greater distances.

Our customers, generally, are highly pleased with the performance of the Goodyear Cord Tires on the Peerless Model-56. We are very glad that we were one of the first to adopt them as standard equipment.

Yours very truly,

The Peerless Motor Car Company  
(Signed) L. H. Kittridge, President

### Nothing but Goodyear Cords for Him

William E. Burnham,  
Bridgeport, Conn.

Gentlemen:

I thought you might be interested in the doings of some of the Goodyear All-Weather tread, also Rib tread, Cord Tires that I have been using on my 1916 Locomobile.

In September, 1916, after spending ten weeks at my camps in the Adirondacks, just before leaving for home, two of the Rib tread tires on the front of my automobile died a natural death, one having turned off 11,173 miles, the other 12,230. I thought so much of the record that I had my chauffeur express the tires back to Bridgeport, and they have been on exhibition at your agency in this city.

The All-Weather treads have also given excellent satisfaction; have one on the rear of my Cadillac car and at this writing it has turned off 13,000 miles. The mate to this one has done 9,500 miles.

I have instructed my chauffeur, when purchasing tires, to always buy Goodyear's.

Yours very truly,  
(Signed) W. E. Burnham

### "19,000 Miles Without Tire Trouble"

Dear Sirs:

Early in 1916 I purchased a set of Goodyear Cord Tires from the James A. Travers Co., of Boston. These tires have been on my Mercer touring car and up to date I have covered 19,000 miles without the least bit of tire trouble.

I find a considerable saving on my gasoline consumption, car rides easier, picks up quicker and coasts farther with Goodyear Cord Tires than on any other tires that I have ever used.

I have no hesitation recommending Goodyear Cord Tires to any motorist who wishes low cost per tire mile and freedom from tire troubles.

Wishing you all the success you deserve, I beg to remain,  
Yours very truly,  
(Signed) H. B. (Dutch) Leonard,  
Member the World's Champion Red Sox

\* \* \*

Goodyear Cord Tires certainly do give more mileage, more comfort, greater gasoline economy and more freedom from trouble than common tires.

Their quality makes them higher-priced—and better.

*Goodyear Tires, Heavy Tourist Tubes and "Tire Saver" Accessories are easy to get from Goodyear Service Station Dealers everywhere.*

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.  
Akron, Ohio

**GOODYEAR**  
**CORD TIRES**





In any city, town or village—if all the Columbia Batteries that are ringing bells, lighting lanterns, operating phones, autos and engines, could be gathered together into one big battery, its size would doubtless astonish you. On the basis of *performance*, Columbias are the chosen battery in this and other countries.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.  
Cleveland, Ohio

In Canada,  
Columbia Batteries are made and sold by  
Canadian National Carbon Co., Limited,  
Toronto, Ontario.

Fahnestock spring-clip binding posts, no  
extra charge.



# Columbia Batteries



of the line while the Colonel, leading his men down the trenches, with his bombers cleared out another section. The German line began to give slowly. Step by step, they slid back around the traverses toward Givenchy. The Canadians gathered their strength and started to press forward. A brave Westphalian officer tried to hold his men and stem the tide. He stood up to his knees in mud, fighting until his last bomb was gone. The Colonel, at the head of his men, rushed upon the officer, who, weighing perhaps forty pounds less than the Colonel, was not daunted. He grasped the Colonel by both arms, holding him for a moment, and then, with the strength borne of despair, lifted him bodily into the air, holding him rigid so that he could not move.

The Canadians, dashing on behind, overbalanced the struggling pair, so that the Westphalian officer fell backward into the mud, with the Colonel on top. In the dark the Canadian soldiers did not know whether their leader had been killed or not. They did not take time to investigate. They rushed over the two struggling men, trampling them deeper and deeper into the mire of the trench. The Colonel found the throat of the German officer. The struggle was soon over, so that he could catch up to his men.

During the attack on Ypres the Major resigned his position and asked to be sent to the Tenth. Of that engagement, Mr. Howard says:

The Tenth had been badly battered in taking back from the woods four British guns that had been captured. The gallant Colonel Boyle, with seven machine-gun bullets in his body, had for two hours in the darkness of the night lain in a shell-hole surrounded by his men and in true Western style, with a revolver in each hand, had repelled repeated attacks. Then he was carried away to die, and Major MacLarinthe, second in command, leading the charge, was shot through the knee. After crawling forward with his men to a little clump of woods which he helped to capture he was shot through the head and killed. Major Ormand, too, fell wounded. Four officers of the thirty-one were left when it fell to the lot of Junior Lieutenant Guthrie, as he had become in order to go to the Tenth, to lead the battalion. During the succeeding days the fighting surged back and forth over Ypres's hillsides, during which time the battalion suffered greatly from the gas-clouds that were let loose now and then.

One time, when leading his men, the Colonel fell with a bayonet wound in the chin. On another occasion his nose was broken, but this did not put him out of action. He suffered from the concussion of a shell on another occasion and was knocked out for five hours. On another day he was put out of business by a gas-shell which exploded near him and was dragged out of a ditch full of water by a British general, who forced him to emit the gas by thrusting his fingers down his throat. A scar on the knee shows where the Colonel was punctured with a bayonet-point. His hand has been ripped open by a bayonet which he held while grappling with an assailant. The outcome of it was that the Canadians held the line at Ypres until reinforcements came.

The torpedo that sank the steamer *Hesperian* restored to Colonel Guthrie his

sight, which had been almost totally destroyed by shell-fire. A private who had been stricken deaf and dumb in the same battle had both his speech and hearing restored at the same time. *The Telegraph* thus relates the incident:

After months spent in numerous field and base hospitals in France and England, Colonel Guthrie was reported in fit condition to be invalided back to Canada for further treatment in an effort to restore his sight. In the dead of night, on September 4, 1915, the Allan liner *Hesperian*, convoyed by British and French destroyers, steamed out of an English port with several hundred Canadian soldiers who were being sent home to regain their strength.

Daybreak found the vessel rounding the Irish coast. A heavy mist enveloped the horizon.

"Periscope to port," megaphoned an observer from the crow's nest.

At the same instant the flash and then the report of a naval gun came from the destroyer on the port side.

Plowing through the water at terrific speed, the first torpedo fired by the *U-boat* could be seen by those on deck as it passed thirty feet off the stern of the *Hesperian*, leaving its white tale-telling wake behind.

"Midship, three feet below water-line!" shouted a lookout as the second torpedo found its mark, and tore a hole in the side of the *Hesperian*, wrecking the ship's "innards" with a terrific explosion.

The aim of the British gunners improved with each shot until, just as the torpedo pierced the side of the *Hesperian*, a six-inch shell tore open the conning-tower of the submarine.

With haste the invalided soldiers were placed in the *Hesperian's* life-boats. Then came the much-feared explosion as the water found its way into the engine-room. The *Hesperian* sank before all the life-boats could be lowered. The sea was alive with struggling men, and among them Colonel Guthrie.

"Help! Help!" came a piercing cry.

Instinctively, Colonel Guthrie turned in the direction from whence the appeal came. As in a dream, he beheld the deaf and dumb private who had fought by his side at Festubert. A hand grabbed his crutch. It was not a dream.

The eyes which lost their power at Festubert had recovered their faculty, and Colonel Guthrie beheld before him the man who had cried for assistance. The shock which restored the sight of one had given back the lost senses of the other.

From the time he was seventeen years old, Colonel Guthrie has shown a disposition to fight. His military career began with the outbreak of the South African War, at which time he proceeded to the Transvaal as a member of the famous Fourth Canadian Mounted Rifles. The only complaint he was ever heard to make about this was that "it ended too soon." The same adventurous spirit which took him to the Transvaal led to his enlistment in the naval police.

He returned to Canada in 1903, at which time he took up the study of law with the same enthusiasm that he had studied army tactics in the Transvaal. When only twenty-seven years old he was elected a member of the legislature of New Brunswick, after building up a flourishing practice of law in his native city of Fredericton.

## You must write a letter to try this cigar

But that's *all* you have to do.

In a few days you will receive a box of 50 El Nelsor cigars, all shipping charges prepaid.

You smoke ten of them.

Then you pass judgment.

If you think the El Nelsor is equal in quality to the three-for-a-quarter cigar you are in the habit of buying, you send us \$2.50.

If you don't think they are three-for-a-quarter quality, you send the remaining forty back to us at our expense.

And you don't pay for the ten you smoke.

The strongest thing we can say about our El Nelsor cigar is that it's just as good as our famous Shivers Panatela.

Just as good, but *different*.

Different in shape, in size and in flavor.

But not different in quality, or workmanship.

El Nelsor is hand made of long, high quality Havana filler, blended with Porto Rico and wrapped with a genuine Sumatra leaf.

This happy combination of tobaccos produces an even-burning cigar with a pleasant flavor and a delicate bouquet.

We can afford to sell these cigars at \$2.50 per box of 50, only because we make them ourselves in a clean, sanitary factory and sell them direct to you.

We give you the benefit of the jobber's and the retailer's profit.

Now write that letter.

**Our Offer:** Upon request, we will send fifty El Nelsor cigars, on approval, to a reader of *The Literary Digest*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at our expense and no charge for the ten smoked, if he is not satisfied with them; if he is pleased and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, \$2.50, within ten days.

If you would like to know more about our business and the other cigars we make and sell on the same plan, ask for our booklet. All our cigars are illustrated in actual size, shape and color including our brand of clear Havana cigars, the El Rolinzo.

In ordering, please use your business stationery or give reference, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

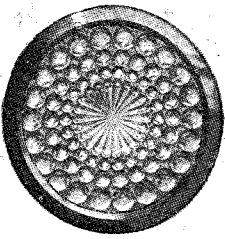
**HERBERT D. SHIVERS, Inc.**

2056 Market Street Philadelphia, Pa.

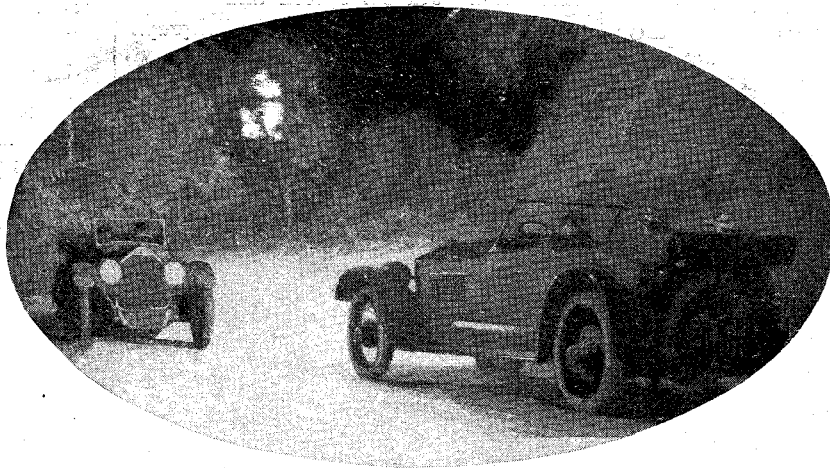


Shivers' El Nelsor  
EXACT  
SIZE  
AND  
SHAPE





*One-third of all cars running will have Warner-Lenz by Christmas.*



*Note how cars meet with the Warner-Lenz.*

*The light is soft as moonlight. Yet everything about is made as clear as day. With this glareless light dimmers are not needed.*

## 100,000 More Cars Adopted Warner-Lenz in July

Warner-Lenz sales for July exceeded 100,000 pairs. The demand has doubled in the past three months.

More than 700,000 cars now light their roads with this glareless, all-revealing light. You meet them everywhere, and are always glad to meet them.

Now 18 famous car makers equip all their new models with the Warner-Lenz. The Franklin began in July. And other fine cars will adopt them as fast as conditions permit.

Think what that means. One-third of all cars running, by the year's end, will be Warner-Lenz-equipped. Yet the Warner-Lenz was one year old in May. Never before has a motor car improvement met such quick, widespread success.

It has revolutionized night driving. It is so clearly right and so essential that motorists can't resist it. In no other way can a trifling cost add so much to motor car enjoyment.

### On All New Models of These 18 Makes

Packard  
Lenox  
Marmon  
Murray  
Hal Twelve  
Stutz  
White  
Fiat  
Peerless

McFarlan  
Singer  
Ohio Electric  
Daniels 8  
Pathfinder  
Doble Steam  
Fageol  
Moon  
Cunningham

### Old-Type Lenses Doomed

No man who knows can question that the old-type lens is doomed. A multiplying number of traffic laws forbid it, unless dimmed. And dimming quells the light.

But the laws were hardly needed. Every motorist knows that blinding headlights are discourteous and unsafe. Every man who met them knew that sometime they must go.

And he knew that dimmers failed to solve the problem. In passing cars on dark roads one's full light is needed. And then is when the dimmers shut it off.

But that was only one fault. Those shaft-lights which are disappearing threw light straight ahead. The nearby roadsides and the turns were dark.

Curves are left unlighted. So were downgrades, until the car was on them. The lights pointed with the car.

The result was tense night driving. Only on stretches straight and level was there satisfactory light.

### Join These 700,000 Now

Now those faults are ended—all by a single lens. It costs but a trifle—you can add it in a moment. And one hour of night driving will amply repay you.

Note the cars which have them, new and old. Mark how their roads are lighted. And remember that \$3.50 to \$5.00 will light your car

for 20 years in that way.

Discard your old lenses now. Soon a car without Warner-Lenz will seem a strange exception. Long evenings are now coming. This is the time to bring your headlights up to date.

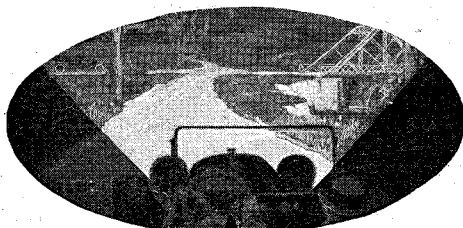
# WARNER-LENZ

*Now Used on 700,000 Cars*

*Now Standard Equipment on 18 Famous Makes*

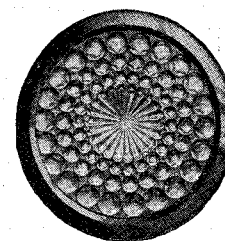
*Now Being Adopted by More Than 100,000 New Motorists Every Month*

*Soon the Universal Lens*



*Note the Far-Flung Light. One's Whole Field of Vision is Lighted, from 300 to 500 Feet Ahead*

Note how the Warner-Lenz lights the road-sides and the turns, as well as the road ahead. With ordinary shaft-lights that is never so. Their narrow beams always point with the car.



Each Warner-Lenz is 176 lenses in one.

## Legal Everywhere And a Ten-Fold Better Light

Now, as you know, whole States forbid the glare-light, as do countless smaller communities. In the many laws there are many requirements, but the Warner-Lenz meets them all.

It makes your full light legal anywhere.

But there are other requirements which are equally essential. They should also be considered. The laws are for protection, but ideal night-light is important too.

### The Chief Necessities

First, a glareless light which any eye can face. The Warner-Lenz light is as soft as moonlight. There are 176 lenses in one, so the light rays are diffused.

Next, a fairly far-reaching light. The Warner-Lenz lights the road ahead from 300 to 500 feet.

Then a widespread light. That is to light the curves and curbs and corners. The Warner-Lenz lights the whole field of vision—almost a full half-circle. Close to the car and far away, it lights everything about. And it makes objects seem as they are.

Constant jar is likely to turn a lens in the lamp-rim. With Warner-Lenz, that doesn't matter. The light is the same, however the lens may turn.

*Warner-Lenz light is the same in any position. Turning of the lens in the lamp-rim does not affect it, nor does rise and fall of the car. That is vitally important.*

Rise and fall of the car lifts and depresses ordinary shaft-lights. The Warner-Lenz floods the road with light, whatever the car's position. At a hill-crest it lights the downgrade. At the foot of a hill it lights the upgrade. Going straight ahead, it lights the road which you intend to turn on.

All these things are important.

### Be Careful When You Change

The need for glareless light has brought out some scores of new-type lenses. Measure any type that's offered by requirements which we cite.

The 18 car makers named on previous page compared many types of lenses in a scientific way. Now all equip with Warner-Lenz, at seven times what clear-glass lenses cost.

Note also the verdict of users. Over 100,000 users monthly adopt the Warner-Lenz. Note the light they get. Five minutes in a car thus lighted will convert you to the Warner.

See your dealer or write to us. But be careful not to be misled. See that the name Warner-Lenz is embossed on the edge. Go change today. You are missing much every night you drive without the Warner-Lenz.

# WARNER-LENZ

This is A. P. Warner, of the Warner Auto-Meter Fame, and Inventor of the Magnetic Speedometer.

**THE WARNER-LENZ COMPANY**  
925 So. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

### Prices of Warner-Lenz

| Diameter in inches | Per Pair | Diameter in inches | Per Pair           |
|--------------------|----------|--------------------|--------------------|
| 5 to 9             | \$3.50   | 10 1/4 to 12       | \$5.00             |
| 9 1/4 to 10 1/8    | 4.00     | West of Rockies    | 25c per pair extra |

PLEASE NOTE—If your dealer hasn't them and will not get them for you, write us and give name and model of your car.



*It Lights the Downgrades and Upgrades Regardless of Car's Position*



## VISCOUNT ISHII A GOOD "MIXER"

"OUR message is that in this day, through its hours of shadow or of sunshine, your purpose is our purpose, your road our road, and your goal our goal. It is that America and Japan will march together, work together, and fight together as comrades until the end has been reached and the victory won in the struggle which involves our rights and our liberties."

It was thus that Viscount Kikujiro Ishii, Japanese Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary, spoke for his country at a dinner tendered him by the municipal government of a city "somewhere on the Pacific coast" upon the arrival of the special mission in the United States. Altho the Viscount's first claim to fame is that of a diplomat, he has a reputation of being an excellent "mixer" in all classes of society, plays a fine game of billiards, and it is even whispered that he knows when to lay down a full hand. The *Rocky Mountain News* says of him:

Thruout Nippon Viscount Ishii is regarded as an all-around man. He has the confidence of all classes. He is a man of the people, having been elevated to a peerage in recognition of distinguished services to his country, including investigations of the conditions of Japanese in the United States and Canada.

Some of the personal characteristics of the man whose visit is expected to have a far-reaching effect on the future relations between the two countries are described by his friend, Dr. Toyokichi Iyenaga, who says:

"Viscount Ishii has a good knowledge of the English language, also he has made a study of American institutions, and is especially qualified in this respect to direct the negotiations that his commission may undertake with this country because he can appreciate the American point of view better, perhaps, than any other man the Government could have selected.

"He mixes easily in society and is gifted with those personal traits which win for him lasting friendships. He is gracious in manner and the kind of man who will derive much genuine pleasure from revisiting the United States, where he already has many warm friends."

Recalling that the Viscount was an expert billiard-player, Dr. Iyenaga said:

"Of course, he is not such a remarkable player as Yamada, but he is perhaps the most skilled with the cue of all the diplomatic corps. He also can hold his own in the Japanese game of 'go,' which is more complex than chess. I think he will prove to be a good partner at bridge. And he can beat the 'geishas' in entertaining his guests with amateur songs and repertoire."

Ishii's rapid rise is attributed by Dr. Iyenaga to his training under Komura, the "father of Japanese diplomacy." He was working under this veteran statesman when negotiations were under way at the foreign office in Tokio to revise old treaties.

"The story goes that Komura was having a hard tussle with the ever-alert French minister over the question of the 'open door,'" said Dr. Iyenaga. "Delib-

erations had reached a deadlock marked by animated discussion which could be heard outside the chamber. Suddenly the negotiators were interrupted when Ishii went to the entrance of the chamber and flung the door wide open, saying to the French representative:

"Monsieur, here is the open door—open to all comers—to all we see."

"The Frenchman laughed and tried to frame an appropriate reply. The reply was not forthcoming, but Ishii's wit was rewarded by a sudden turn to smoother negotiations."

Viscount Ishii was born at Chiba in 1866, the second son of a wealthy farmer. He was graduated from the law school of the Imperial University at Tokyo, and soon after graduation entered the diplomatic service, being appointed attaché of the Japanese embassy at Paris in 1891 and later made secretary. He represented his Government as consul at Chemulpo, Korea, in 1896, and the following year was sent to Peking, where he was advanced within a year from second- to first-class secretary of the legation.

At the time of the Boxer uprising he was among the besieged, and when peace was restored he was called back to Tokyo to take a place in the foreign office. He occupied successively, as secretary of the foreign office, the posts of chief of the telegraphic section and director of the commercial affairs bureau.

Under the late Count Hayashi he was promoted to vice-minister in July, 1907. He continued in this place under Viscount Uchida. Ishii was named ambassador to France in 1912, and he became foreign minister in 1915. He resigned with the fall of the Okuma ministry in 1916, and soon afterward was appointed by the Emperor a member of the House of Peers.

## OBSTACLES NEVER CHECK SIBERT

WITH the announcement of the arrival of the American troops in France came the brief statement that Maj.-Gen. William L. Sibert was in command of the military training-camp behind the French front. Up to that time no one outside of the War Department knew that Sibert was in France with Pershing, who was a "yearling" at West Point when Sibert was an honor man of the first class of 1884. Since then the two men have been fast friends. General Sibert is the man who built the Gatun Dam, solved the food-problem of East China, and constructed the Manila railways. The task of camping the American forces at the front is no small problem, but that Sibert is the man for the job no army man doubts. The *New York Times* says of him:

He was born in the little city of Gadsden, Ala., October 12, 1860, which means that he still has more than seven years of active service ahead of him before he reaches the age limit set for our army officers by Congress.

In 1892, eight years after his graduation from West Point, the army records show that Sibert, then a first lieutenant of engineers, was one of the executive engineers in charge of the great Sault Ste. Marie Canal improvements, and when the Spanish War broke out in 1898, Sibert, who

had gained the rank of captain, was named by President McKinley as Chief Engineer of the Eighth Army Corps, a position he retained for only a few months, when he was transferred to the Philippines and made Chief Engineer of the Manila & Dagupan Railway, as well as the general manager of the system. Old Philippine veterans still tell the story of how Sibert modernized that little jerkwater line in the Far East.

Returning to the United States in 1900, Sibert, still a captain, was assigned to various river improvements, and within a few years came to be recognized as the most efficient river and harbor engineer in the country. There is hardly a navigable river east of the Rockies with the development of which in one way or another he has not been identified.

It was not until 1907 that his countrymen began to hear of him. President Roosevelt had startled the country by his appointment of a then unknown Major of Engineers—George W. Goethals—as Chief Engineer of the Panama Canal and President of the Isthmian Canal Commission. Shortly afterward he named three engineers as Goethals's chief assistants, Sibert, Gaillard, and Harry F. Hodges.

To Gaillard was given the great task of solving the problem of Culebra Cut, which cost him his life. To Sibert was assigned the job of building the Gatun locks and dam, the successful accomplishment of which is now numbered among the engineering marvels of the age.

A story is told of General Goethals which credits him with this remark in taking over the Panama Canal commission: "I recognize but two enemies, one of them Culebra Cut and the other the locks and dams of Gatun."

Goethals made the Gatun part of the canal a military department and placed Sibert in command. Quietly, modestly, without fuss or feathers, Sibert went to work. He was a great saver of men and money, and he soon found a way to make one dollar go where it took two dollars to go before.

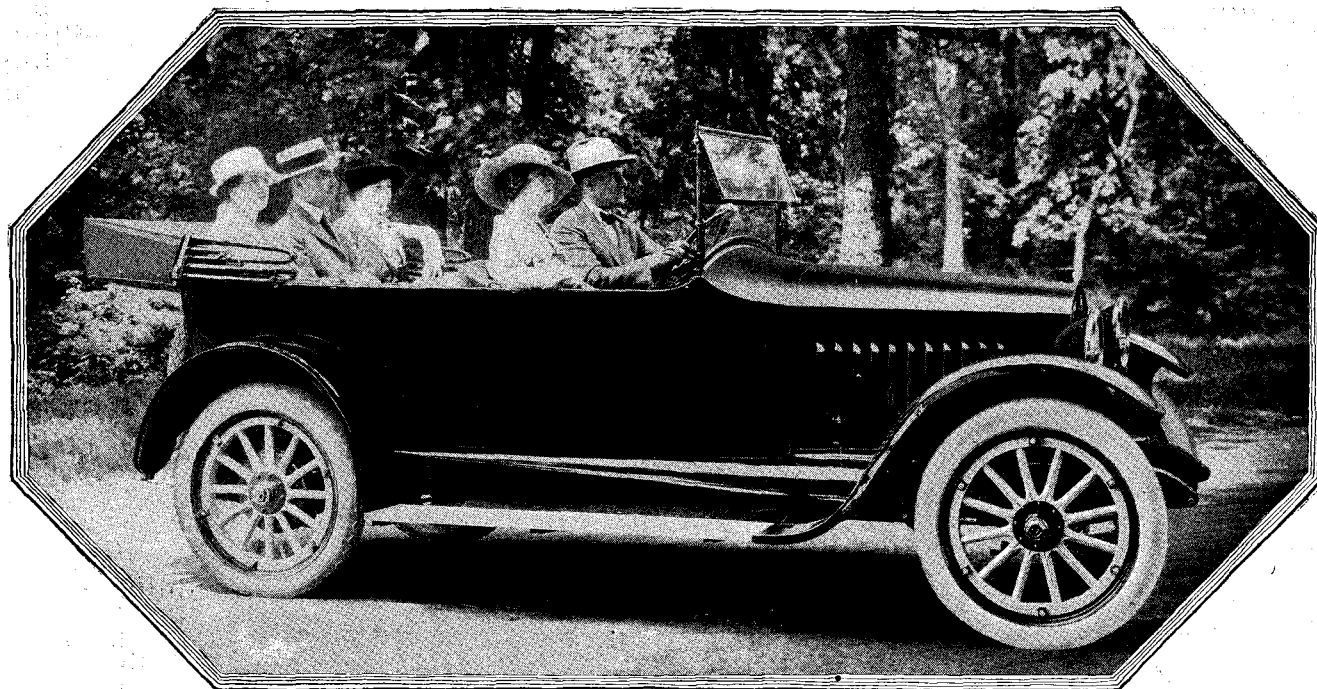
President Wilson on March 4, 1915, named Sibert a brigadier-general of the line as an expression of the nation's gratitude to him for the work he had done at Panama. General Sibert was then ordered to the Pacific Coast as commander of the coast defenses. He immediately started in to bring those defenses up to date, and the present efficient condition of the Pacific fortifications is another of his achievements. He also planned the first officers' training-camp at the Presidio of Monterey.

In 1914, the American Red Cross decided to finance a \$20,000,000 project to reclaim East China from the flood-peril. It was Sibert who was selected to go to China as the chief engineer. The work now going on is the result of his plans.

On June 8 last, President Wilson sent the name of Sibert to the Senate as a major-general.

Some idea of the magnitude of the task that confronted General Sibert upon his arrival in France may be gained from the following facts in regard to the Army and its requirements when it reaches full strength, as printed in *The Times*:

Each million men must have a 1,000-ton refrigeration plant, the steel and iron for which must be brought from America. The refrigerators must be located not only



## Liberty Success - A Logical Result

**I**T seemed necessary to us, when we started to build the Liberty, that a car should drive with absolute ease, and ride with absolute comfort—to be worthy of existence. We threw into the solution of that problem the combined brains of men who had made a success of the automobile business since its start.

With an intimate knowledge of every other car made, their weak points and their strong points, we built the Liberty to be right for you, regardless of price.

How well we have reached our goal is best proved by the year just passed, in which over twenty-six hundred Liberty cars were shipped, and, by the verdict of their owners, are now giving an unparalleled degree of satisfaction all over the United States.

The cars sold readily because their points of excellence were so easily learned—and proved—by the public.

### Built for the Owner

We built for you—the owner—your comfort, your safety, your pride.

The Liberty is a car of perfected details whose sum total offers a driving ease and a riding comfort never before possible in a car of moderate size.

### Proved by Facts

We stated facts. We made no unproved claims. We listed the features which had been included in the Liberty for the owner's satisfaction.

We hammered home an easily applied, but powerful clutch. A powerful and sure emergency brake that could be thrown with a pull of one finger. A silent gear shift. A remarkable total of driving ease, which the public proved—and approved.

We hammered home riding ease, and asked you to drive the Liberty over roads that had made trouble for other cars. Again you proved—and approved.

### The Logical Result

Liberty success, then, is a strictly logical result. The car is good, and it proves it. It is being built as a basis for an enduring business—by leaders in the automobile field.

In accordance with our unvarying policy, we ask you to turn the searchlight of your automobile knowledge on this car; on its suitability for your needs.

If it meets your wishes better than any other moderate sized car made, you want a Liberty.

LIBERTY MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT

Send for Booklet—"Liberty—what it means to you."

*Body Types—5 Passenger Touring—4 Passenger Close Coupled Roadster—Sedan—Brougham*



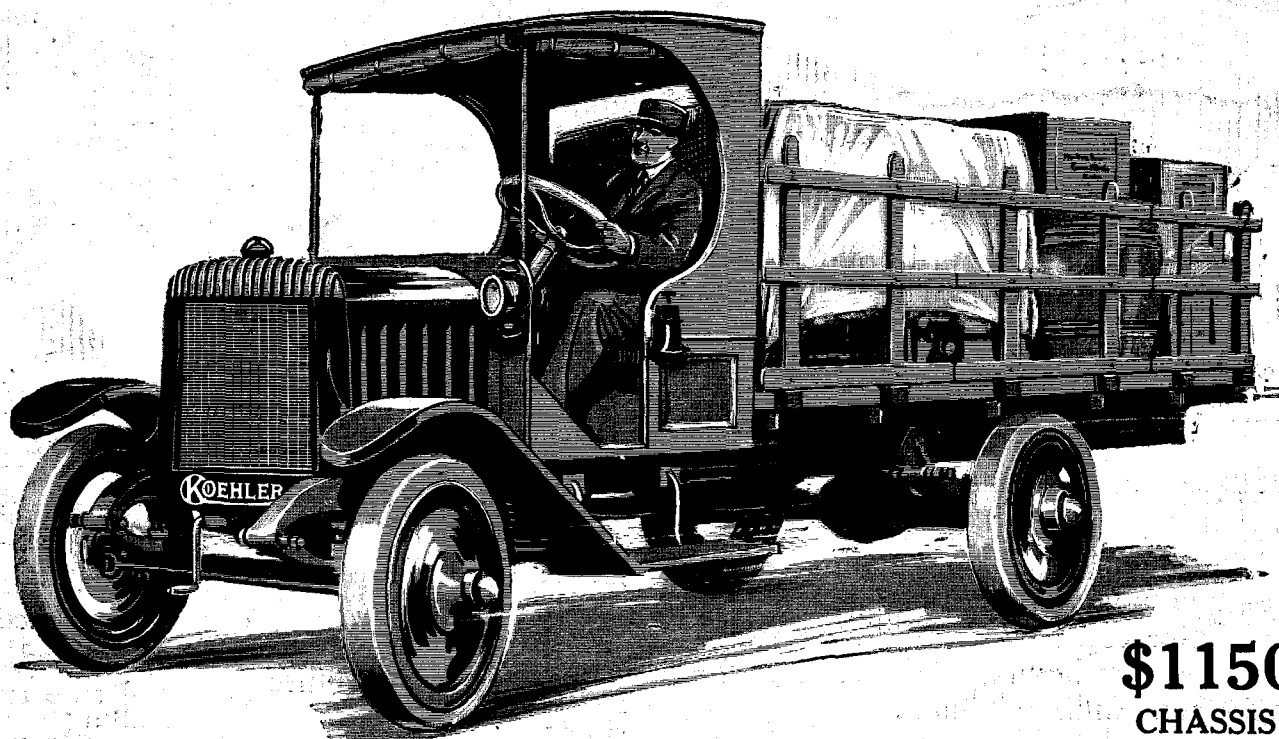
# LIBERTY SIX





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CHASSIS

**T**HE Truck with valve-in-head motor, the accepted standard for perfect Ton-and-a-quarter service, possessing greatest reserve power, speed, simplicity, accessibility, flexibility, and hill-conquering ability.

The Truck that transmits 92% of its 35 horsepower where it belongs—direct to the rear wheels.

The Truck that has the predominating sustained power in the Ton-and-a-quarter class.

The Truck that will out-demonstrate any truck of like capacity on any job on high gear.

The Truck with Internal Gear Drive Torbensen Rear Axle; the first in the Ton-and-a-quarter class to adopt the built-up type of Cast Finhead Radiator; embracing the longest wheel base—129 inches.

The Truck that carries a comprehensive assurance of quick and complete service for every varied user's requirement whenever and wherever occasion demands.

Whatever the haulage problem, whatever the business—in the city or on the farm—the Koehler measures up to your ideals of motor truck efficiency at the lowest Ton-and-a-quarter initial cost and the minimum upkeep expenditure.

*Write for special Koehler Motor Truck Literature.*

### IMPORTANT TO DEALERS

You don't waste energy selling the Koehler. You soon discover there is a big, steady demand for a Ton-and-a-quarter Truck at the right price and of guaranteed job-filling ability. Territory is generous, profits are liberal, protection is genuine. Ask us today for full particulars.

**H. J. KOEHLER MOTORS CORPORATION**

157 Ogden Street

Newark, New Jersey



at the base but close behind the fighting-line. Storage tanks with a capacity of a million gallons will be needed at the bases, with depots for transferring gasoline to obviate the necessity of using trains.

Plans already far advanced include the construction of so-called salvage depots for the repair of worn-out clothing and shoes. A pair of shoes lasts a soldier in the trenches only three weeks on the average. The magnitude of such depots is shown by those used by the French, which employ 7,000 men each. Each million men will probably consume 1,000,000 pounds of meat daily.

#### MAKING A MUSICIAN INTO A SOLDIER

HERE is a letter to a mother from her son in camp which is striking evidence of the remarkable development—in a few weeks—of a young man of eighteen who, up to the time of his enlistment in Uncle Sam's Army, was a musician with a true musician's temperament. E. C. Brown, Civil Engineer, U. S. N. R. F. at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, sends the letter to the New York *Tribune* as one of the "strongest pleas for universal training that I ever have seen." He says:

In order to appreciate this letter, it is necessary to realize that this boy of eighteen was, up to the time of his enlistment, a little over two months ago, a musician by training and temperament. His entire life had been absorbed in the study of the violin, which he was teaching at the time the war broke out, and which he gave up on the first call for volunteers. At that time he was a lanky, overgrown "pup" who could no more take care of himself than fly and who shuddered upon any material damage being done to a fly.

His first letters home, his mother informs me, were full of nothing but complaints of loneliness and homesickness. Please compare a homesick lament of two months ago with the sturdy self-reliance shown by this letter.

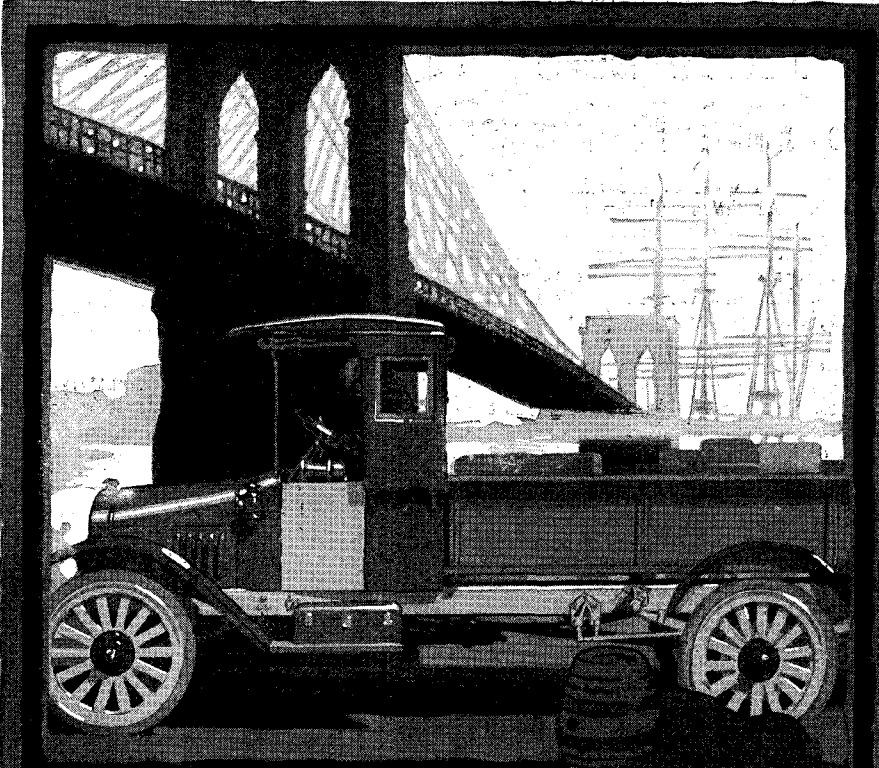
It is well to add that he is a boy who is absolutely upright, honest, and truthful, and that this letter was nothing but a perfectly unconscious, truthful unburdening of his feelings at the time it was written. If anybody has seen stronger proof of what two months' military training can do, he has seen more than I have.

This is the boy's letter, which was dated July 2. Note the pride with which he announces that he "has the reputation of being one of the hardest guys in the company," which he appears to have acquired through some very clever fist work:

Dear Family—Mother:

You have asked me several times about socks. You need not bother about them at all as far as I am concerned. I have better-fitting socks and stronger than I ever had at home. In fact, all my clothes, shoes, shirts, pants, and everything, are fine stuff. The shoes are great; you can never know what it is to be comfortable in shoes until you get into army "kicks." They issue us two kinds, hobnails, or field shoes,

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER  
50c the case of six glass stoppered bottles



**BETHLEHEM**  
*Internal Gear Drive*  
**MOTOR TRUCKS**  
*Dependable Delivery*

**What You Buy in a BETHLEHEM**

A motor truck—Yes! But a motor truck *plus*. Each individual element that goes into its building carries a *plus* quality over its requirements. The motor has a plus power beyond the truck's overload rating. The internal gear rear axle carrying its load on a solid double heat treated axle has a plus quality and strength that assures extra driving power and stress resistance. *Know what you're buying—examine a BETHLEHEM.*

|                   |                                      |                   |                                      |
|-------------------|--------------------------------------|-------------------|--------------------------------------|
| <b>\$1245.</b>    | <b>\$1285</b>                        | <b>\$1775</b>     | <b>\$1840</b>                        |
| 1 1/4 Ton Chassis | 1 1/4 Ton complete with body and cab | 2 1/4 Ton Chassis | 2 1/4 Ton complete with body and cab |

F. O. B. ALLENTOWN  
BETHLEHEM MOTORS CORP'N, ALLENTOWN, PA.  
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and marching shoes, which are just plain, strong, tan shoes.

You also asked what kind of drills we were having. We are having company and battalion drills. I do not believe they hold regimental drills in close order except parades. We have a parade every week. I will send you some pictures of the first review of the 57th and a picture of the company I am in. We are also having field-service drills, but they are probably not in your book, if you have the Infantry Drill Regulations. You have to know the Infantry Drill Regulations book by heart, word for word, before they make you a non-com., and you have to be able to execute it and explain it to a company of recruits. Besides this, you have to know the manual of physical training, which contains about as much as the I. D. R., and be able to execute it. Then you have to learn most of the Interior Guard Duty Reg., the wigwag and two-arm semaphore signal, so that you can send and receive forty letters a minute with all the conventional signals, and drill signals for all kinds, bugle, whistle, and gesture. Besides this, you have to learn to swim, box, wrestle, and to be able to combat with bayonet.

This is what a good non-com. ought to know, and the enthusiastic ones do know it and a whole lot more. Besides this, I am learning about the intensely complex side of the army handled by the clerical department and learning to run a typewriter. Besides this, I am teaching a class of Russians and Poles to read and write English. Besides this, I am drilling five hours a day and studying American constitutional history and Spanish at the San Anton Library. The civilians that are trying to find something to occupy the idle mind of the soldier during his leisure time had better apply their efforts toward something more profitable. The Army is a career, and even if you get to the top you can only expect to know a little about it.

Altogether it is a fascinating game and one which I like a great deal, particularly as there is a chance for rapid advancement and even for a commission, at the present state of affairs. It is something I believe every man in a country should have to do, that is, be trained for a soldier or sailor. You give three years of your life to get back ten. I certainly feel a big difference in myself. You all seem to feel worried because I look tough. The fact is I am tough; I have the reputation already of being one of the hardest guys in the company. I believe it must be some of my Harbeson blood cropping out. I have had two of the most beautiful beatings a fellow could get. I have been knocked cold twice, but both times by fellows bigger and older than myself, but I made them sweat more than water before they did it. I have a knockout to my credit, too. I beat up a wop for calling me a name I objected to. He had me going, but I got in a straight left to the pit of the stomach that staggered him so that he dropt his hands and then I smashed straight rights and lefts to the face about six times, until he didn't know where he was. All I had to do then was to take a good swing with my left to the side of the jaw to put him to sleep. He was out about three or four minutes. Brutal, isn't it? But I am not a bit ashamed of it. I'm mad at fellows when I start to fight, but after a few cracks it's just fun, a game of will he get

me or will I get him? I like the smashy noise and feel when I get in a good punch. I don't feel a punch much myself when I am fighting, but I do after, you bet. I was mighty surprised to find I had been knocked out when I came to. I never knew it happened. But all that seems to be on the outside, just the same as eating and sleeping.

I enjoy the "Iliad" and Spencer just as much and more than I did before. I know, because I read some of them the other night. And then the least thing that resembles music gives me the greatest pleasure. Another thing: I have been introduced into the Beethoven Club in San Antonio. That is the top of the musical life of San Anton. I can go there and hear good singing and a Beethoven symphony when the orchestra is playing. As to going to France, the soldier knows less about it than you do, but I know it is going to be soon now.

Don't worry about my health. I weigh 142 pounds and I have lost all my fat. The other day I picked a 110-pound sack of potatoes off the ground and carried it nearly a quarter of a mile on my back. Write soon, and do not send my fiddle or bother to pack it. But please put an "Everyman's Book" catalog in your next letter.

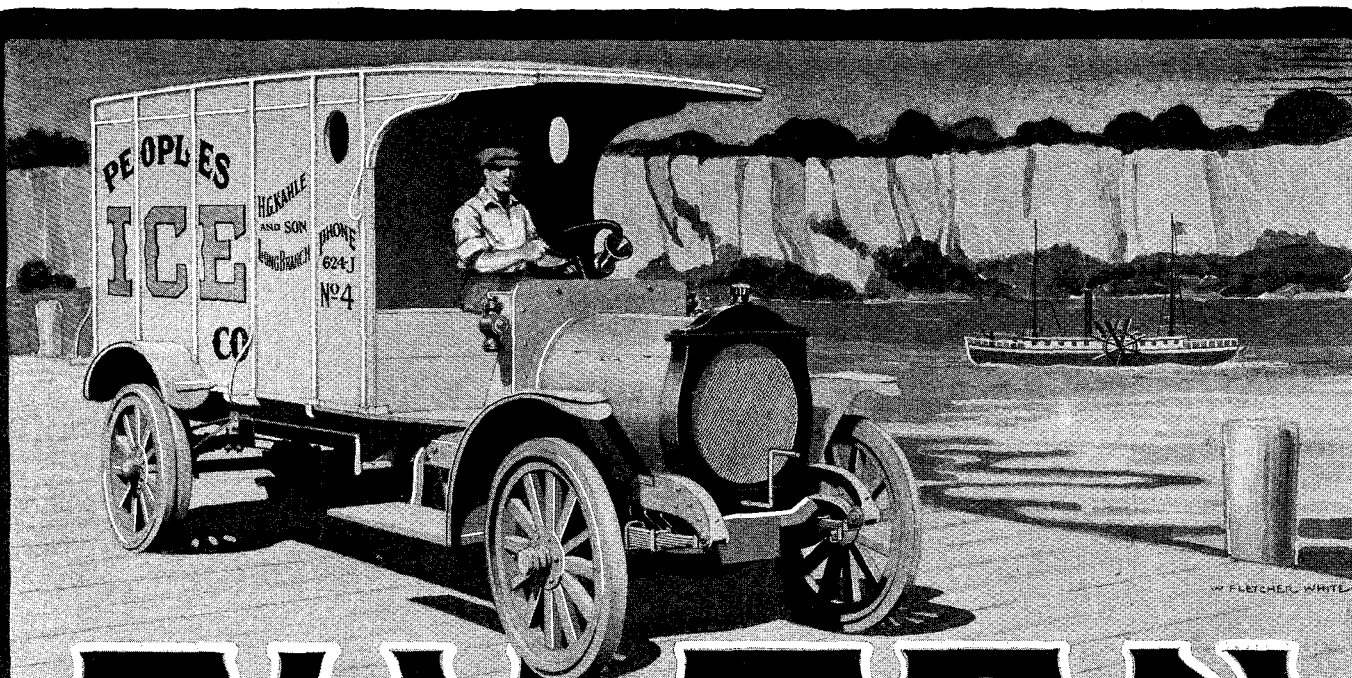
#### EYE-WITNESS DESCRIBES AIR-DUEL

AN American ambulance-driver at the front witnessed a battle in the air between German and French aeroplanes that was fought so nearly above him that when the vanquished German fell the American was able to reach the spot in his ambulance before the victorious Frenchman landed. Eugene Sullivan, son of Dr. John B. Sullivan, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who is with the American Ambulance Field Service in France, describes in a letter to a friend what he calls the "most wonderful and yet most horrible duel." The Brooklyn *Eagle* prints the letter:

My voyage across the pond was quite uneventful, taking all into consideration, such as the regular submarine scares, etc., but, as usual, fortune and my past experiences and natural good nature helped everybody, and my old fatalistic motto still stands out: "If it's to be, it is to be," or "if you are going to get it, you will—but, incidentally, be prepared."

On arrival in Paris, we bumped into a sort of family scrap, or, in other words, we were to become the tool of a man at the head of what we know in the States as the American Ambulance Field Service, who has evidently made or put up a bluff that he could immediately supply or build up a force of camion-drivers—five-ton trucks—from the ambulance candidates, irrespective of physical qualifications or otherwise; so the matter was put up to the crowd very strongly and in choice language and at the same time an attempt was made to show that we signed up to escape conscription, etc., even tho we signed up for ambulance long before conscription day. Also, the attempt was made to discredit the National Guard of the United States, but I immediately voiced my opinion, as also did those of the New York Division and New York





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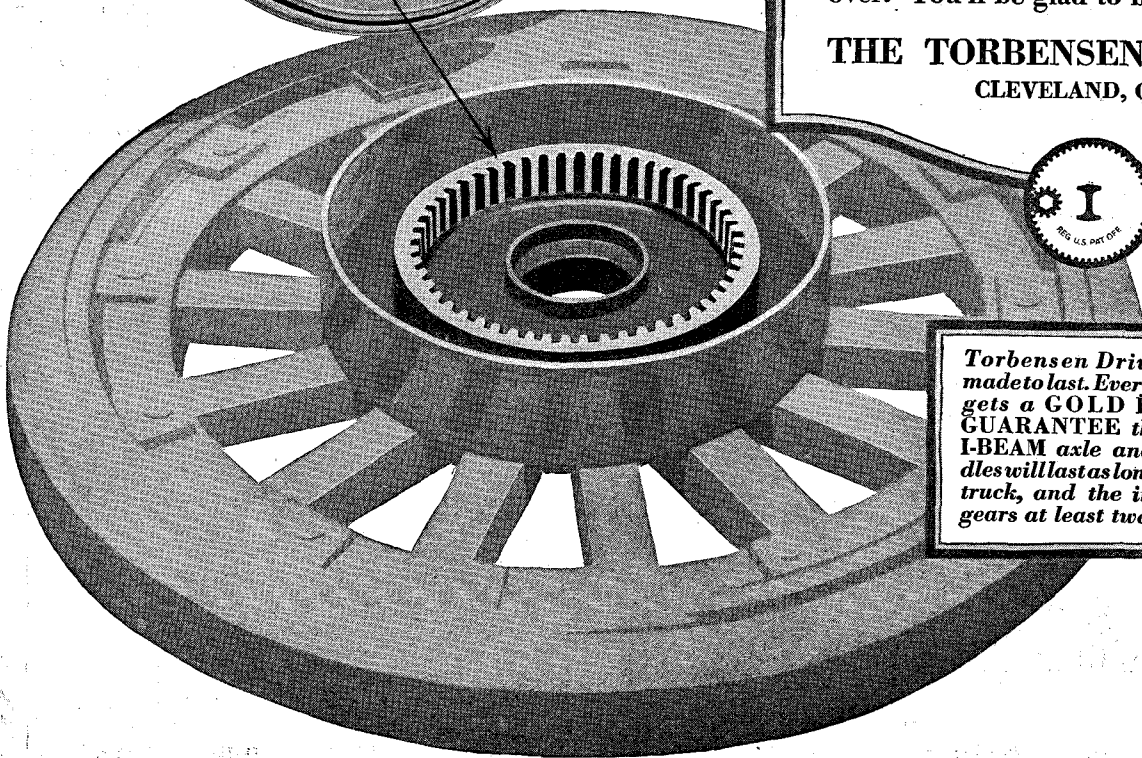
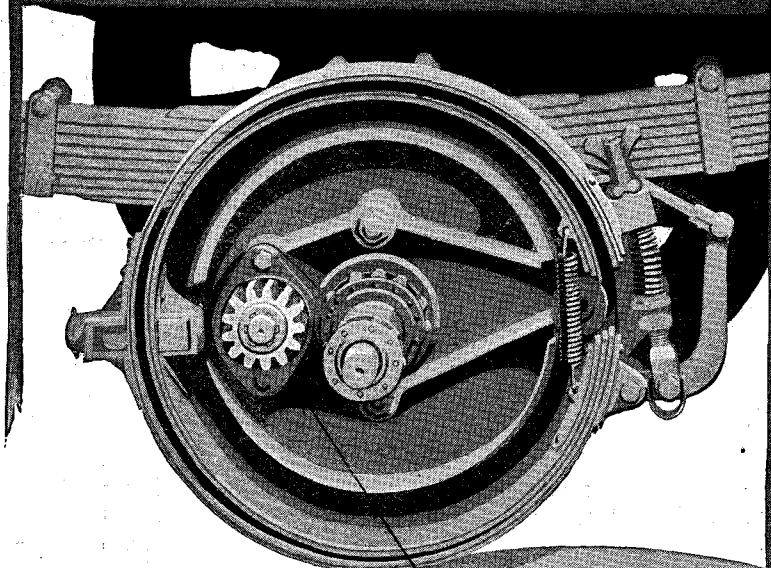
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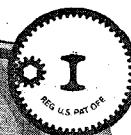
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City element, and then, immediately, they changed to other tactics.

Well, after being assigned to section . . . we went immediately to the front by going to . . . base of sector, and arriving there were picked up by section chief and then brought to section headquarters. Next morning, at eight, was sent out as aid to learn roads, stations, *postes de secours*, etc. First station at . . . Arriving there I express my disappointment, because everything looked so quiet, except for the village, which, by the way, at one time must have been lovely, but Germans had destroyed everything—every single house and building—only a few houses had walls standing. At the improvised relay station, or *poste de secours*, I left the ambulance and strolled to the top of a hill.

Here I could see and was in plain sight of a German observation balloon, and the German must have taken a dislike to my position, physique or otherwise, because before long some nice big high explosive shells started to come my way—so much so I had to postpone my sight-seeing tour and retire to the *poste de secours* and join the others who were in an *abu*, which is an enlarged rat-hole in the ground. While there an ambulance from a station nearer the first line of trenches came in with some *blésés* (wounded) and left word that he was going to . . . to the first hospital. It was then up to us to go forward to Pont . . . to take the place of this ambulance, who on his return would take our place at . . . Well, all went well and we hid the ambulance at Pont . . . in some bushes to wait for some poor fellow to get his "ticket" for the hospital. Very little happened that day, except for the shells flying over our heads and a few airplane scraps, but no wounded. Toward evening an extra ambulance arrived, and we in the first ambulance got word to go still further to the front, to where they have never had an ambulance before, but on account of shell-fire had to wait until darkness.

This was like preparing me for the inevitable, but finally we got a French soldier to guide us, and the driver, Harry Dunn, the soldier, and yours truly, aid, started. All went well until about half over the rocky and muddy road to Dublin I noticed the soldiers running like mad for the trenches. For a few seconds I didn't realize what it meant, until a shell burst right near us and pieces went hissing right over the top of the ambulance. Right then yours truly grabbed his steel helmet from the guide, who was holding it, and just planted it on his head, and, believe me, thought of home, mother, etc., said a few prayers, and finally landed under the cover of the French dressing station.

Got well located and fixed a stretcher in lieu of a bed, and just about settled down to rest and sleep while waiting for candidates for ride in ambulance when the French batteries started up. They were a couple of hundred yards in rear of us and were firing over our heads, and I got up and stood at the door to see the fire of belching batteries, etc. Joe, each time one of those blame things went off my steel (crown) helmet just naturally rose off my head, but in a few minutes I got used to it and got well used to my surroundings and looked over everything. It seems all the fire of a couple of hours was just a small preliminary to an attack by a small company to jump into the German

trenches, grab about a dozen prisoners and then back again—all so they could give the poor *Boches* the third degree for general information, etc.

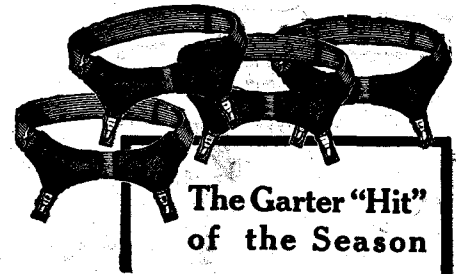
Finally, after all the firing, got a French soldier who had the good portion of his head left to take to the hospital, and as it was getting near daybreak we were ordered to "beat it" under cover of darkness, or the little that was left of it. Got out all right, except that we darn near rode on top of a French battery, just as it was firing, only 100 feet in front of us, and, believe me, we hit only the high spots for about five miles. Got to hospital at . . . O. K. and returned to . . . taking up our order of relief and settled down to enjoy some rest. Nothing doing for a couple of hours until just about 8 A.M., when our tour of duty (twenty-four hours) was finished, when a lot of machine-gun fire attracted our attention to the sky.

There we saw—in my opinion—the most wonderful and yet most horrible duel between two airplanes, French and German. Saw every move they made, until finally the German—or *Boche*, we call them—machine broke into flames and immediately the observer of the German machine jumped 7,000 feet to his death, leaving his pilot to finish the struggle; but altho the poor wretch made a grand effort to right his plane after a fall like a rocket for 1,000 feet, the tail of his machine and one wing broke off and just dropt. While dropping, the flames must have got to him, for he finally jumped, too, and his machine fell one way and he, all in flames, a little farther away. All the while the Frenchman in his victorious machine was flying—really dropping—and followed him down, making a spiral dive and landed almost as quick. We jumped into our ambulance and hurried to the spot, and the sight which greeted us was horrible. I had my camera with me, but just couldn't snap the picture. The victorious aviator then reached the spot and stood smilingly over the body while various ones took the picture.

The German balloon observers took it all in and when the crowd of us gathered they had their artillery just drop some shells among us, so we "beat it," and that was the end of my first twenty-four hours on the front. Some baptism.

A chap who came over with me—Osborn, of Dartmouth College—was only four days in active service with Section 28, and in going to the aid of one of his section ambulances got stalled himself and while repairing his car the Germans located him by a star shell which illuminates everything, and in this way they got a line on him and his ambulance. They paid no heed to red cross on ambulance, but let him have a shell, with the result that one leg was shattered and a piece of a shell went through his body and lung. The poor chap didn't realize how seriously he was hurt or that he lost his leg later by amputation, but was apparently O.K., for on the morning of the day he died he was chatting merrily with every one, shaved himself and had a smoke. He even wrote a most wonderful and pathetic letter to his parents, and yet that night he died. Some say, or try to say, we don't get under fire. I at least know what shell-fire is.

It's surprising the number of people I've met that remember me from all over, especially around New York and on the Mexican border. Even one man from Cuba and a couple from Montreal and Chicago and some of the up-State cities.



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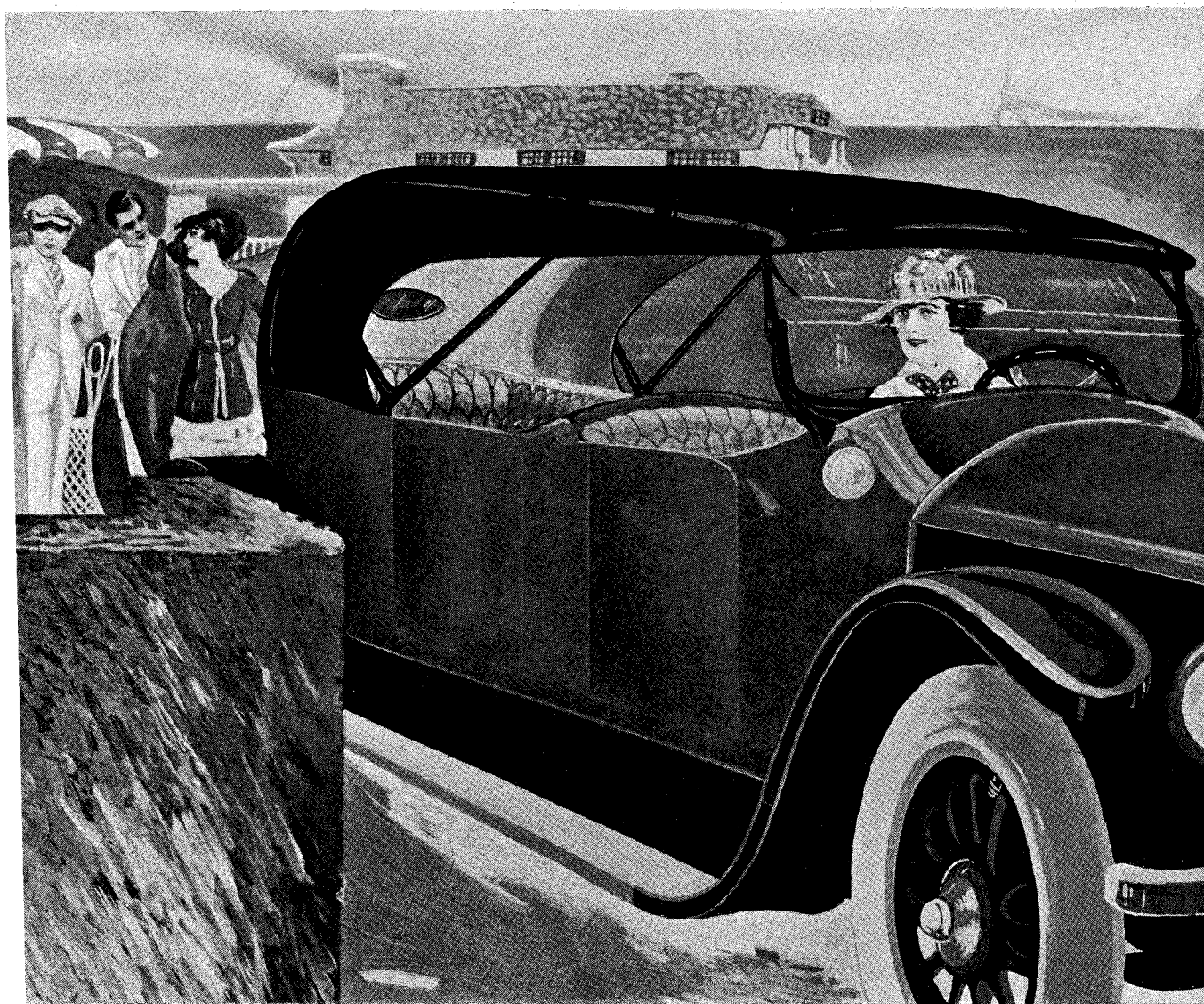
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## TAKING MOVING PICTURES UNDER SHELL-FIRE

TAKING moving pictures while exploding shells from pursuing war-ships and torpedo-boats are sending up geysers that splash your fleeing launch and stall the motor is a little out of the run of even an American war correspondent's daily stunt. Capt. F. E. Kleinschmidt, who has been billeted with the Austrian marine forces at Trieste, has recently had such an experience while accompanying an expedition to the Italian coast to remove a field of mines, an occupation quite dangerous enough without the shell-fire. He tells this story in the *St. Louis Post Dispatch*:

Captain M—, commander of the marine forces of Trieste, had told me I should hold myself ready at a moment's notice for an interesting adventure. Presuming it would be another aeroplane flight over the enemy's territory, I kept my servants and chauffeur up late, and then finally lay down, fully drest, with cameras and instruments carefully overhauled and packed. At seven o'clock next morning the boatswain of the launch *Lena* called at the hotel and told me to follow him. "The captain," he said, "could not accompany me." But he had instructions to take me out to sea and then obey my orders. An auto took us to the pier, where a fast little launch was ready. This time she had a machine gun, with ready belt attached, mounted in her stern, and flew the Austrian man-of-war flag. Not until we were well out to sea did the boatswain tell me we were to sneak over to the Italian shore and demolish a hostile mine field. The prevailing fog and exceptionally calm weather made it an ideal day to accomplish our purpose. The fog prevented the Italians from seeing us, and the calm sea made it possible to lift and handle the mines with a minimum of danger to ourselves. Two tug-boats and a barge had already preceded us early in the morning. After an hour's run the three vessels suddenly appeared before us, and we drew alongside the tugboat No. 10, already busy hoisting a mine. I jumped aboard and reported to Captain K—, in charge of the expedition.

To my chagrin he refused to let me stay. The first reason was, it was too dangerous work, and he would not take the responsibility of my being blown up; and, secondly, we might be surprised by the Italians at any moment and be sent to the bottom of the sea. All my arguing and insisting upon the orders from his superior proved useless. He insisted upon my return or written orders clearing him of all responsibility. So I had to go back in the launch to Trieste and report to Captain M— about the scruples of the commander of the mine expedition. I also offered to leave my servants (two Austrian soldiers) ashore and sign a written waiver of all responsibility should anything happen to me.

The ever-generous and obliging Captain M— said he would accompany me himself, so out we raced for the second time, and I had the satisfaction to stay and photograph. The most dangerous work, namely, the lifting of the first mine, had been accomplished during my return to

Trieste. The nature of the beast had been ascertained. The construction was a new one, of the defensive type. With good care and a smooth sea, the mines could be hoisted, made harmless and be saved. There would be, he hoped, no explosions, and, working quietly, we would not draw an Italian fleet down upon us.

There are mines of offensive and defensive purposes—such as you lay in front of your own harbors to protect you, and such as you lay in front of the doors of your enemy. The first ones you might want to move again; therefore, they are so constructed that you can handle them again, provided you know the secret of construction. The other kind you don't expect to touch again, and they are, therefore, so constructed that any one who tampers with them will blow himself up. Secondly, should the Italians surprise us, there would be little chance for us to escape. We could steam only about ten knots an hour, while any cruiser or torpedo could steam over twenty. The only armament we had was one 75-millimeter Hotchkiss gun in the bow. There would be no surrender, either. He would blow the barge and his own steamer up first.

"Here," he said, pointing to a tin can the size of a tomato can, with ready short fuse attached, "is the bomb to be thrown in the barge, and here," looking down into the forward hold, "is the other one, ready to blow us into eternity. Now, if you want to stay, you're welcome; if not, take the launch back to Trieste."

Capt. M—, after a brief inspection, went back with the launch to Trieste, while I stayed and photographed with the moving picture camera.

There is a long international law governing the laying and exploding of mines, and there has been considerable controversy about the unlawful laying of anchored and drifting mines. There are land-, river-, and sea-mines. Mines laid for the protection of harbors are usually exploded by electric batteries from an observing officer on shore. Others are exploded by contact. The mechanical devices to accomplish this are manifold. The policy adhered to is usually to construct a mine so as to incur the least danger, when handling them, to yourself, and with the opposite results to your enemy. This holds true as long as the secret of construction can be kept from the enemy. The Italians on a night invasion had dropt mines on the Austrian coast that would explode when tilted only at an angle of twenty-five degrees. A little vial of acid would spill over and explode the charge. One day, when a heavy sea was running, some of the mines exploded, betraying the location of the mine field, and the Austrians "killed" the rest of them with mine-sweepers.

Mine fields are discovered by shallow-draft steamers looking for them in clear water or dragging for them. The aeroplane is also an excellent scout. From a height of 1,000 feet he can look a good depth into the sea and see a mine or submarine. On my flight over Grado, on the Italian coast, I could see a mine field and all shallows of a channel wonderfully well from a height of 6,000 feet. When the hydroplane sees a mine an automatic float is dropt that marks the locality, and the mines boat comes along and either lifts it or blows it up.

Here these Italian mines were of a late and very expensive construction. They consisted of three parts—the mine, the

anchor, and a 100-pound weight; all three connected with a wire cable. The weight is an ordinary oval lump of iron, attached by a cable to the anchor. The anchor is a steel cylinder; the upper part is perforated; the lower half is a tank with a hole in the bottom and sides to allow the water to enter and sink it. The mine is a globe two and one-half feet in diameter, which fits into the barrel-like anchor up to its equator.

The weight, cable, and anchor holding the mine are rolled from the mine-laying ship, overboard. The weight sinks to the bottom, holding the mine in the spot. Next, the water entering the tank slowly fills it, and it sinks at the designated place. The mine, being buoyant, has detached itself from the sinking anchor and is pulled down with the anchor and floats now at a depth of eight to twelve feet from the surface. The water now dissolves a peculiar kind of cement that has held a number of pistons. The pistons, being released, spring out and snap in place all around the equator of the mine. Comes a vessel in contact with the mine, these protruding points, made of brittle metal, break off and a spring releases a cartridge with explosive. This cartridge, with a detonating cap on the bottom, drops upon a point and explodes the initial charge, which again explodes the charge in the mine.

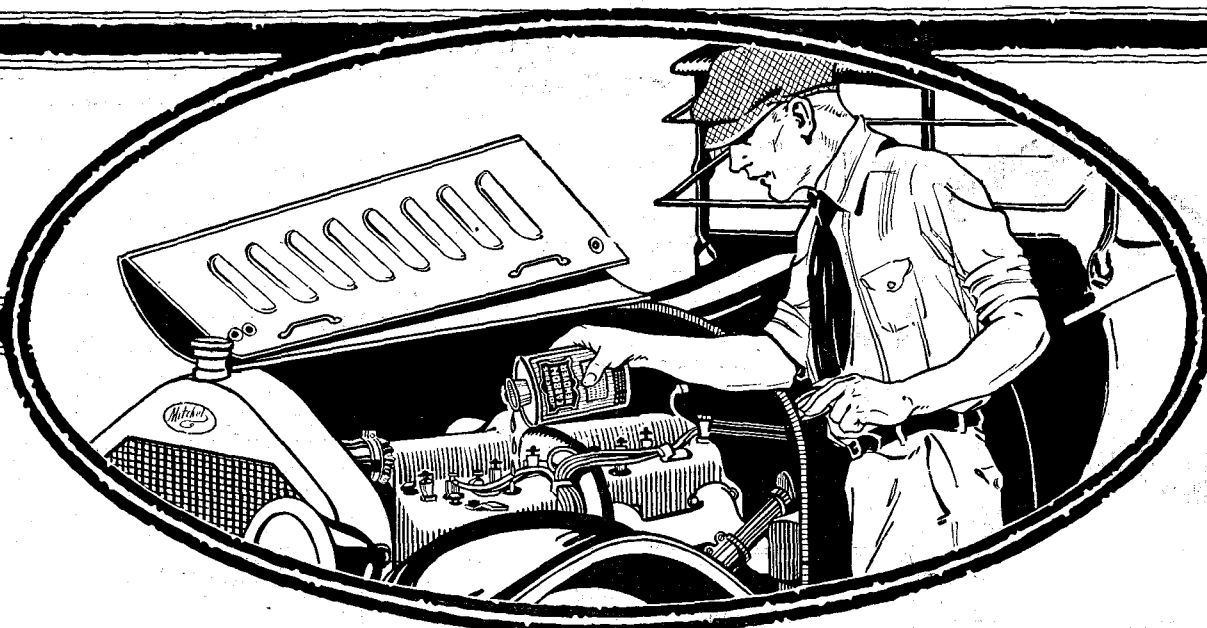
In lifting the mine a rowboat with three men rows up over the mine, and by means of a tube shutting off the refraction of the light rays a person can look into the water. With a boat-hook and attached rope, a shackle on the top of the mine is caught, the pole is unscrewed, the rope is taken to a winch aboard the steamer or barge, and the mine is then carefully hoisted. When the mine comes to the surface the mine engineer rows up, presses down a lever, and secures it with a steel pin. This performance locks the spring and prevents the cartridge from dropping on the piston. Next, the mine is hoisted on the barge, the top is unscrewed, and the cartridge holding the initial explosive charge is taken out, rendering the mine harmless with ordinary handling. The cylinder-like anchor is then hoisted by the attached cable, and last the weight is brought up.

We were busy hoisting and searching for mines till 3 p.m. Another tug-boat, the *San Marco*, was also steaming around in our vicinity, keeping a sharp lookout for hostile men-of-war, and also, when seeing a mine, dropping a float. The fog had lifted a little, and once in a while we could see the outlines of houses on the shore. We had six mines on the barge and three on our steamer, when the launch which had taken me out hove in sight to take me back for dinner. Capt. K— said: "Well, we have been lucky so far; we have only one more mine to take up, and I had a good mind to blow it up and hike for home."

"Good," I said, "then I'll unpack my cameras again and take a picture of the explosion." At this moment the *San Marco* gave a signal of three short blasts. I looked toward the Italian coast and saw two men-of-war loom up in the fog; then two more. Two had four funnels each and were cruisers; the other two were torpedo-boat destroyers.

"Enemy in sight." "Clear the ship." "Jump aboard." "Cut the barge adrift," came in sharp commands from Capt. K—. Six men at the windlass were lowering a





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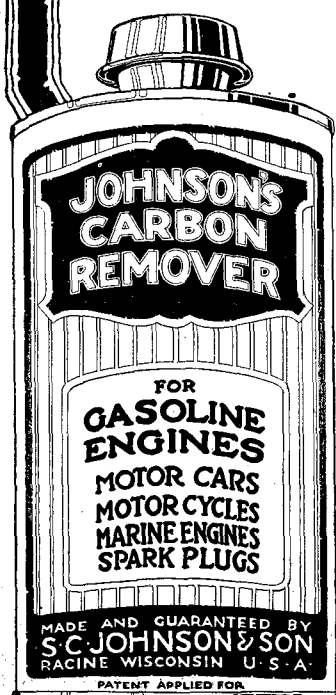
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mine carefully on to the deck of the barge. They let it drop so suddenly that the men guiding it jumped aside in terror. All hands jumped from the barge aboard our steamer. The ropes holding the barge alongside were cut, the bells clanged in the engine-room, and we shot ahead. Fog had momentarily blotted the vessels out again and gave a false sense of security. "Make the towing hawser fast; we'll tow her," shouted K—. Three men tried to belay the hawser, but we had too much headway on already, and the rope tore through their fingers.

"Throw the bomb into her."

The bomb flew across, but fell short; then I saw a flash of lightning in the fog, and the next moment a huge fountain of water rose on our starboard side, and the first shell flew screaming past us. Boom! boom! boom! Now all four ships gave us their broadsides and the stricken sea spouted geysers all around us and the *San Marco*. Screaming shells and roaring guns filled the fog.

"Twelve hundred meters," quoth K—.

"They should soon get the range." I looked at our little Hotchkiss on the fore deck—there was no use to reply even. The *San Marco* had described a half-circle and came running up astern of us as if, like a good comrade, she was going to share our fate with us. As she came abreast of our barge K— shouted, "Drop a bomb into her."

"I have only one ready for my own ship," the captain yelled back.

They will get our whole day's work," growled K—.

"Hurray!" we all shouted the next minute, as a shell struck the barge full center, exploding the six mines and shattering it in bits, enveloping all in a dense cloud of black smoke.

At this moment the other launch came alongside and raced along with us. I threw my cameras into it, and jumped aboard; then we sheared off again, so as not to give the enemy too big a target.

Next minute three shells shrieked so close to our ears that we threw ourselves flat in the bottom of the launch and one shaved the deck of No. 10. There seemed to be no escape. The Italians cut us off from Trieste, and we headed for Miramar. They did not come nearer; but the Lord knows they were near enough, and by rights they should have sent us to the bottom the first three shots. Even had they steamed directly up to us, they could have got us by the scruff of the neck in five minutes, for we could make only ten knots to their twenty-five.

One fast torpedo-boat, risking what was a few hours ago their own mine field, and, of course, knowing nothing to the contrary, got the No. 10 and our launch in line and gave us all attention in the manner of a pot-hunter trying to rake us. I had just taken my moving-picture camera out of its case and set it on the tripod when a shell struck three feet from the launch, raising a big geyser. The column of water descending drenched us and stopt our motor. I had to dry off the sparking plugs while the engineer got busy cranking.

Happily, the motor sprang right on again, and I got back to the camera and commenced cranking. I tried to keep the No. 10 and the *San Marco* in the view-finder in case they should get hit, and endeavored to get the spouting of the shells. I got about one hundred feet of it, but it is a tame illustration of all the excitement of a

race between life and death. The Italians, with their speed, having passed us, now swung around again and edged us off from Miramar, so we held to the west of it for our shore batteries.

All this time we kept wondering why the next shell didn't strike one of us. Then we saw one of our submarines just diving to the periscope. By this time we came nearly within range of our shore batteries, and one of them began to bark at the Italians, but at such range and in the fog they must have just tried to scare them, for we couldn't even see the shells hitting the water. However, we escaped "by the skin of our teeth."

As the fog had lifted a little around noon, and we could see the houses on shore, evidently the lookouts had reported our presence and the Italians had left Grado to tackle us. The obscurity of the fog, the strange-looking barge, the *San Marco*, the proximity of the mine fields, all this had rendered the Italians so cautious that they were satisfied to run parallel with us and give us their broadside. The last we saw of them was when they swung more and more round toward their own coast and were again enveloped in the fog. They were the same four vessels that had bombarded us the day before, when I flew with Lieut. D— in a hydroplane over Grado.

## THE ROMANCE OF A FORGOTTEN ASTOR

THROUGH routine proceedings in a New York court a long-forgotten Astor emerges from the dim obscurity of the past. Tho the name of Astor is linked with the history of New York City, few persons remembered Henry until the other day the trustees of a fund—created in 1834 by William B. Astor—asked for an indorsement of their guardianship. There was a hurried searching of newspaper files, a jogging of memories, and finally the romance of Henry Astor was recalled. Telling the story in the New York *Sun*, John Walker Harrington says:

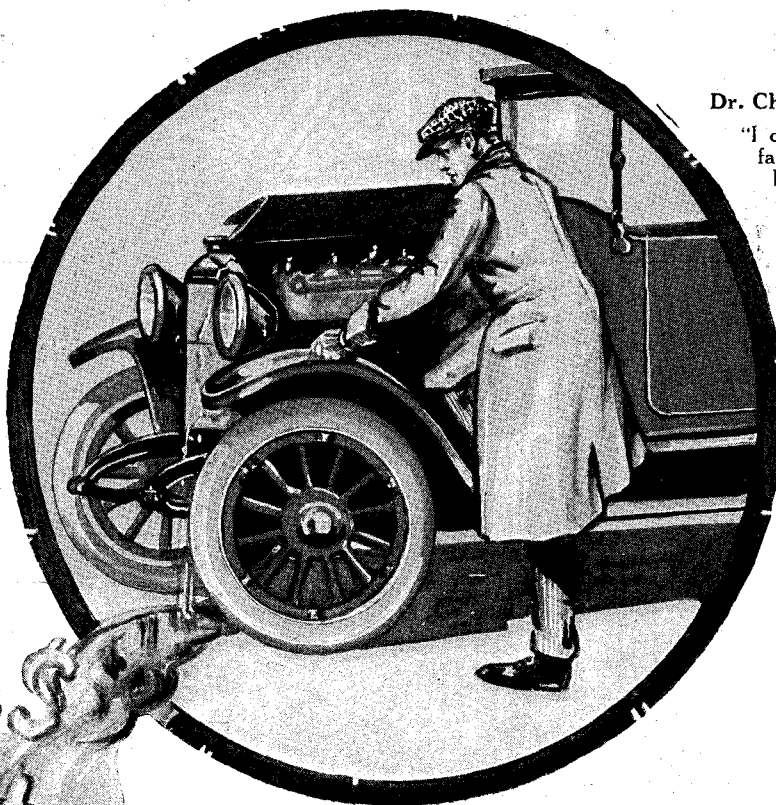
The world forgetting, by the world forgot, Henry, the forgotten Astor, finds in West Copake, N. Y., quite world enough.

Had he chosen to live in this city he would be known as Mr. Henry Astor. The name on the door-plate of "the Big House," where he has lived for nearly half a century with the wife of his youth, who was supposed to have cost him his inheritance, is "H. Astor." As for the neighbors of that countryside which nestles amid the Berkshires, he insists that they call him by his first name. As Henry he came among them, and altho a few days ago he celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday, he is Henry still—Henry, the well-beloved.

The law, which sometimes brings from the dust of time-worn documents and the tangle of faded tape the very soul of old romance, drew Henry Astor from the retirement of Copake into the public courts. It then appeared that the son of William B. Astor, who, according to common report, had been disinherited for marrying the daughter of his father's gardener, was actually in the enjoyment of the rents from property valued at many millions and situated in the heart of the metropolis. The deed of trust which gives him great wealth reveals his kinship to



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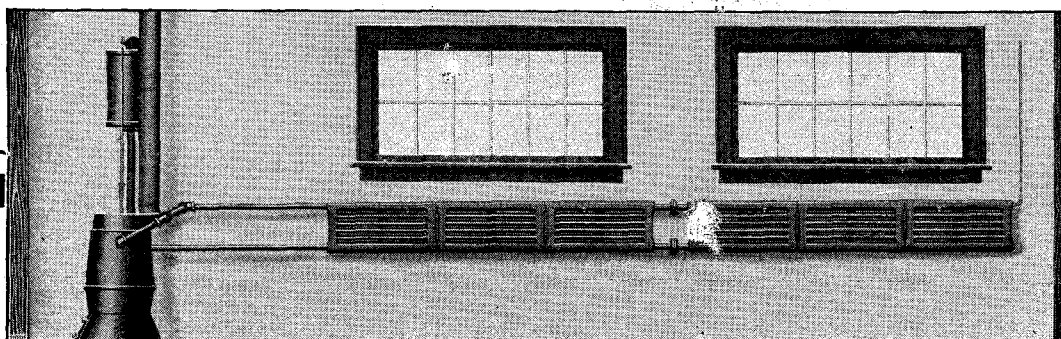
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scores of prominent men and women whose names appear in the American "Almanach de Gotha." "The Social Register," however, gives no trace of the Astor of West Copake, great-uncle of Vincent Astor, and yet the unwritten annals of Columbia County team with his name and fame.

Altho standard books of biography, which are usually written by family chroniclers with meticulous care, do not mention the fact, the long-submerged Astor is the youngest son of William B. Astor and the grandson of the original John Jacob Astor who came here from his native village of Waldorf, Germany, seeking his fortunes in a new land. He was born on July 6, 1832, and the first deed of trust, through the affirmation of which he had so much of the increment of a great urban estate, was executed when this rediscovered beneficiary was only two years of age.

The country home of William B. Astor was near Red Hook, N. Y., and there it was that Henry Astor first met Malvina Dinehart, whose influence was to change the whole course of his life. She was the child of a small farmer, and she and her brothers, as well as her father, from time to time did work on the Astor farm.

The Dineharts are a sturdy race—honest, hard-working sons of the glebe, who are highly respected throughout the region around the old home. They had precious little of the goods of this world, and they made up for it by doing their best.

Henry Astor was a democrat born. From his youth he took a keen interest in the country folk, and it was by easy stages that he fell in love with the pretty daughter of the Dineharts. He insisted on marrying her despite the opposition of his father, and her people became his people. The Dineharts had acquired a few acres near a hamlet called Europe, and the young bridegroom, whenever he was asked about his wife, always gave the impression that he had wedded her while abroad.

Henry was only twenty years old when he defied parental authority and became part of West Copake. Six feet tall, broad-shouldered, strong muscled, with a chest which expanded to the country air, he was by temperament and physique adapted to the life of the open country. Such he was when he founded his "Rest Harrow" and set up his home under the lee of the Berkshires.

West Copake is five miles from the station of Copake Iron Works, in Columbia County. Near the furnace runs the Massachusetts line, and Connecticut is not far distant. The rounded hills and the rolling uplands make this section a garden-spot for mankind. Here it was that Henry bought two hundred acres and began the erection of "the Big House," which in every inch of its mid-Victorian form represents neighborliness. Its portals were opened wide to all until recent years, when advancing age made it necessary for Henry Astor to keep more within doors and to avoid the hurry and excitement of his earlier life.

When they were younger it occurred to the Astors of West Copake that it would be original and diverting to have a room paved with silver dollars—and they did. The coin was protected from the tread of mortals by thick glass through which the glittering disks could be plainly seen. When, however, various hotel lobbies and thirst refectories became tiled

in like fashion Henry Astor decided that the decoration was too bizarre for domestic use, and shortly afterward dollars began to rain in Columbia County. The stores had nothing else in the way of change for miles around. Henry Astor was liquidating the argentiferous floor. Some of those dollars are still unspent by the oldest inhabitants, being treasured as souvenirs of "the Big House."

The home of the Astors at West Copake is adorned with choice furniture from all parts of the world. There are chairs and tables of rosewood and mahogany and fine old rugs. Altho the owner has always been more a man of action than of reading, he has none the less a good library, in which are found the works of standard authors.

The forgotten Astor has always been true to his delight in the simple life of the farm, and his live stock has always been his pride. The Dineharts long have managed the horses and cattle. John C. Dinehart, who was established in business through the influence of his brother-in-law, has for years looked after the dairy herd of the farm of "the Big House." He has twenty-five cows of the finest breeds, which are the admiration of the county.

At the end of a winding roadway stands the Astor stable, where at least three horses are always kept. If there are more than that number the lord of the manor feels that there is not enough work for them to do. If a horse does not exactly suit him he will give it away to some deserving and appreciative friend.

When Henry Astor was active there was never any question about the horses getting a chance to keep their legs from stiffening. He had a private race-track built, half a mile in circumference. It is at the back of "the Big House," and until recently Henry Astor could be seen upon it at five o'clock every spring or summer morning driving a pair of trotting horses into a lather. A wonderful figure of a man was he. His ruddy face and his beard of flaming red, his shirt open upon his mighty chest, and his firm-thewed neck made him the picture of health and good spirits.

"It don't seem quite right now," one of the Copakers said the other day, "to take notice of our Henry being carted around in one of those limousine automobiles with a chauffeur in front. What he always liked was action, and he don't get it now for shucks."

Wherever Henry Astor went there was always something with a stir in it. He set things moving, especially when he arrived at country fairs and at barn-raising. For a submerged man he rose to the surface quite vigorously. One of his favorite amusements was to start amateur wrestling and sparring matches among his friends and neighbors.

When life grew a little tame on his farm he would have his men throw armfuls of straw into the barnyard and organize the Copake gladiators. He stood in the background and dispensed the prizes—\$5 bills. Once he started a tourney between two of his farm-hands, each of whom was provided with a garden-hose with good hydraulic connections. In the duel that followed he himself got entangled with the tubing and got more of a ducking than did the contestants, but what did he care? He stood dripping in the middle of his back-yard and, with his arms akimbo, laughed until the hills echoed.

Altho Henry Astor has always been on



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such terms of easy intimacy with his friends of the countryside, he has taken care not to be too complacent in money matters. He will not give money to the poor and needy—he lends it to them unsecured and on indefinite terms. In the same way Mrs. Astor has all these years made herself a help to the community. She is a motherly soul, several years the junior of her husband, and active in all good works. Until recently she attended to all her own shopping and marketing. Her one extravagance is the high-powered automobile in which she likes to speed over the country roads. The Astors might have imported a chauffeur to match their car, but they did not. They sent the son of one of the farm employees to New York City to learn the art of driving and he came back schooled in all the best traditions. The chauffeur also helps with the lawn-mower.

The Eden to which Henry Astor brought the gardener's daughter grows fairer year by year to them, and for twenty years, so far as any man in that region remembers, neither has been outside of the township. It has been more than two decades since Mr. Astor has seen anything of the Big Village. The reason for this is that New York has nothing which he really wants—not even money. He gets plenty of it, and his lawyer at Chatham looks after his business. Wealth is the last thing of which either Mr. or Mrs. Astor thinks.

"Money counts for little in this world compared with love and life," is one of the precepts of Henry Astor.

Altho he and his wife have passed beyond the three score and ten mile-stone, there still remains within them the romantic attachment of their youth. Above the mantel in "the Big House" may be seen the portrait of the pretty country girl for love of whom Henry Astor thought he had given up a heritage of \$30,000,000, and did it gladly.

And now something of the properties which furnish the income on which he has lived in his distant Land of the Great Abundance. The records show that the trust established for him was in 1869 recommitted to his brothers, John Jacob Astor and William Astor, and to Charles F. Southmayd, a well-known lawyer of this city. All of these are dead. They were succeeded by the present trustees, Henry Lewis Morris, Lewis Spencer Morris, and Charles A. Peabody. The fact that a few days ago they filed an account of their stewardship and asked for the approval of the courts disclosed to this day and generation the existence of Henry the Obscure, who is taking to himself the hire of such centers of the bright life of the metropolis as the Astor and Gaiety Theaters.

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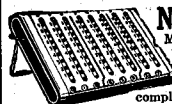
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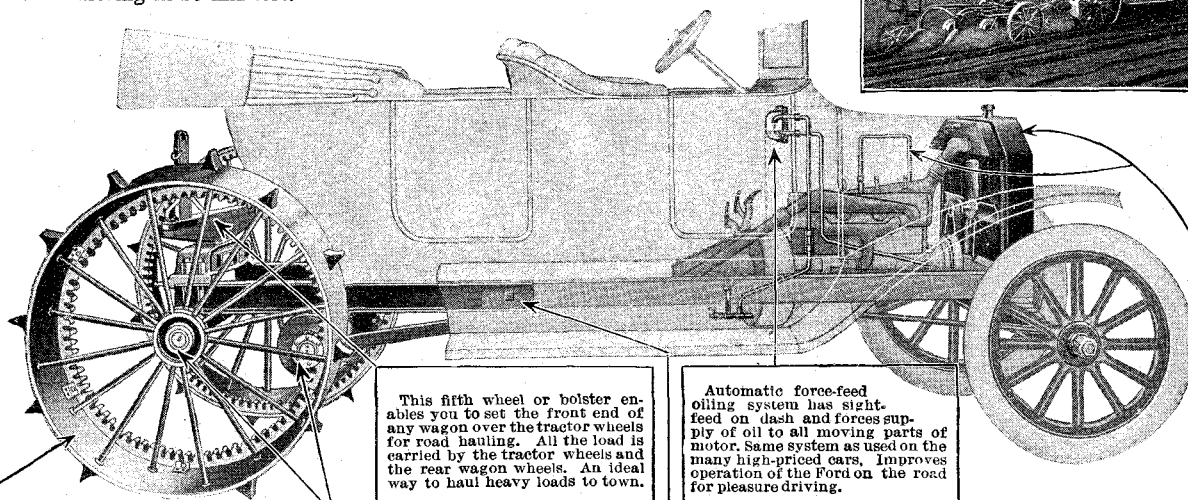
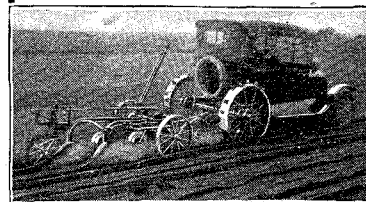
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#### Prices—Effective Aug. 25

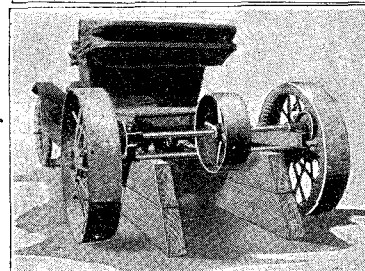
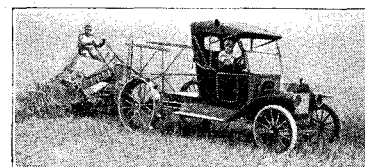
STAUDE Mak-a-Tractor with 6-tooth pinions, force-feed oiling system and new 1918 cooling system..... **\$225**

STAUDE Mak-a-Tractor with both 6 and 8-tooth pinions, force-feed oiling system and 1918 cooling system..... **\$240**

STAUDE Mak-a-Tractor with both 6 and 8-tooth pinions, force-feed oiling system, 1918 cooling system, and fifth-wheel attachment for hauling..... **\$260**

STAUDE Mak-a-Tractor with both 6 and 8-tooth pinions, force-feed oiling system, 1918 cooling system, fifth-wheel attachment and belt-power pulley device..... **\$285**

A youth or a woman can easily drive it in plowing or other field work, as it starts and runs entirely on high gear and steers more easily than on the road. When through work you can remove the tractor and replace regular rear wheels for pleasure driving in twenty minutes.



Belt Power Pulley Attachment

### Mail the Coupon for Facts!

Don't fail to immediately investigate the lowest-priced and most efficient farm tractor device on the market—proven satisfactory in every state in the Union. Mail the coupon for descriptive catalog and name of nearest dealer.

**E. G. Staude Manufacturing Company**  
2648 West University Avenue St. Paul, Minnesota

**E. G. STAUDE MFG. CO.,**  
2348 W. University Ave., St. Paul, Minn.

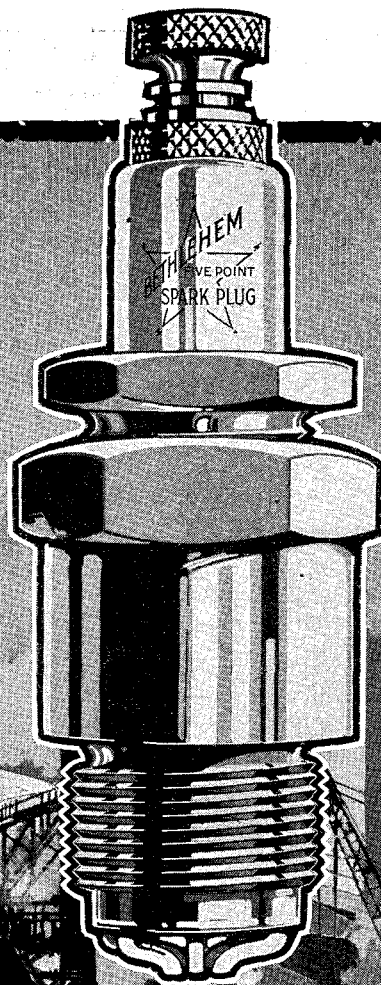
Please send me full particulars regarding your STAUDE Mak-a-Tractor and name of your nearest dealer.

Name.....

R. F. D.....

Town..... State.....





# BETHLEHEM

The best automobile engine in the world is only *partly efficient* without scientifically designed spark plugs.

Bethlehem Five Points put your motor on a maximum service basis.

*“Guaranteed for the life of your car”*

PRICE \$1.00

IN CANADA \$1.25

We will furnish you plugs if your dealer cannot supply you. State make and model of car.

**The Silvex Company, Bethlehem Products, South Bethlehem, Pa.**

*E. H. Schwab, President*

*“Made Where Steel is King”*



## HE IS "SOME TALKER"

"SOME talker!"

That was all the astounded chairman of a public meeting in a northern Minnesota town could say one night after listening to an address by Dr. George Edgar Vincent, President of the University of Minnesota. For Dr. Vincent has a reputation among despairing newspaper reporters for frequently breaking the oratorical speed limit. His record—according to the reporters—is something like 316 words a minute. But it is not alone because of his rapid-fire oratory that he is leaving the University at the solicitation of the Rockefeller Foundation, but because he is considered one of the big men of the country, says a writer in the *Minneapolis Journal*, who thus describes the bane of the Western shorthand man:

Hard-working people, whose medium is the press, and who toil off by night, who pride themselves upon the accuracy and rapidity of their work, have gone down to defeat before the verbal machine-gun fire of Dr. Vincent, fastest talker, they believe, of the known world.

For Dr. Vincent, genial, approachable, obliging, and appreciative, they have a feeling of fellowship. For Dr. Vincent, university president and wit, they have great respect. For Dr. Vincent, whom, as a sporting proposition, they will back to outtalk, on short time limit, any other talker that the sporting fraternity can produce, bar no one, anywhere, they have no love whatever.

When Dr. Vincent came to Minnesota six or seven years ago, from Chicago University, he had made his mark as an after-dinner speaker at a meeting of the Chicago Association of Commerce, at which he startled that organization by his theme, and his rapid-fire, forceful delivery. When he was introduced in Minneapolis by the venerable Cyrus Northrop, whom he succeeded, as the "new phrase-maker for the State," he started at once making phrases in quick-time enunciation.

Stenographers from the court, who boasted that no one could throw them down, "went against" Dr. Vincent, and many of them fell. Those who came through with an accurate record heaved great sighs and said, "Never again!"

Before Dr. Vincent went in upon the auditorium stage at a recent Liberty Loan mass-meeting in Minneapolis, his old enemies, the newspaper gang, asked him what he was going to say.

"Oh, just a few words, boys," he replied with one of his most winning smiles.

But when he got going, it being a patriotic occasion, and Dr. Vincent evidently having some deep feelings about the honor and integrity of the United States, he began to speed up in marvelous manner. Nobody was taking his speech verbatim. The men at the press-table were merely making notes for a general story of the meeting.

But when Dr. Vincent began to move about on the stage, as he rarely does, and words began to emanate from him in alarming bursts of speed, the whisper was hastily passed by one of the scribes who many times had covered a meeting where Dr. Vincent spoke, that a new high record was being made. So, hastily opening his

watch, one of the newspaper men timed the speaker for thirty seconds, and in that time this is what he said, as nearly as three men could get it down:

"—and when we consider what might have been the result had the Government acted differently, had there been desire for territorial aggrandizement, envy of the commercial position of another people, malice, hatred, love of war for war's sake, desire to oppress rather than desire to help, ambition to rule rather than willingness to let rule—had we gone into this great war against the more remorseless organization of human beings that ever existed for anything other than the defense of democracy against autocracy, we should have to think differently about our position. But we did not want this war, we did not seek it; we wanted peace and we want peace now, but we are in this thing, and now that we are in it we are in it to stay, to fight it out, loyally and bravely, to the end, however much we may have to fight, however great the burdens that we may have to bear."

Try that on your piano or ukulele.

A hundred and fifty-eight words in thirty seconds.

A rate of 316 words a minute.

Some speed!

Try this out, man or woman, if you are practising for that speech you are going to make at the next meeting of your lodge or war-relief sewing organization, or that dinner the fellows in the store or office are going to give for the boys who have enlisted.

Remember, every word must be so enunciated that it can be clearly understood, loudly enough to carry over a hall that seats 3,000 people. Unless you can get this out of your system in thirty seconds you are not in the Vincent class.

It takes 693 typewritten letters to set down what Dr. Vincent said in thirty seconds. Not counting the first dash and including the quotation marks and punctuation, it takes 717 typewriter characters to put this on record.

True, Dr. Vincent does not always talk as fast as this. In ordinary conversation he just trots along easily at about 75 to 100 a minute. Probably he hit top speed at the Auditorium meeting.

Into a northern Minnesota town one night went Dr. Vincent on one of the many trips he has made that has brought him acquaintance with the people of the whole State. It was a very small, remote town. The meeting was in the town opera-house. A dignified county judge who up to that time held the record for local oratory, and whose style of delivery was slow and ponderous, was followed by another speaker, of the Roscoe Conklin type, hand between first and second buttons of tightly buttoned black frock coat, gestures deliberate, words slow and measured.

When they had finished most of the audience was asleep. The ponderous chairman then introduced Dr. Vincent, saying of him that while he was a total stranger in that part of the State, he hoped the audience would enjoy him.

"We have been told he is a good talker," the chairman said. "We shall soon see."

When Dr. Vincent rose, he having ridden eight hours on a combination freight



**NEARLY TWICE AS MUCH IN USE  
AS ALL OTHERS COMBINED**

—Prove it's the Best

BUY

**CHAMBERLIN  
METAL WEATHER STRIPS**  
"THE STANDARD FOR 25 YEARS"

Installed **ONLY** by expert mechanics from our factory branches—an exclusive Chamberlin feature. Insures proper workmanship. **GUARANTEED 10 YEARS**—but outlasts your building. Chamberlin Strip installed over 20 years ago is as serviceable as new today.

We equip windows, doors, casements or transoms—wood or metal—in new or old buildings.

**WRITE** for illustrated, descriptive book and list of users in your vicinity.

**CHAMBERLIN METAL WEATHER STRIP CO.**  
Headquarters: 109 Dinan Building, Detroit, Mich.

**"Mum"**  
(as easy to use as to say)

does away with every odor  
of the body

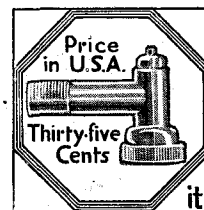
—from perspiration or any other cause. "Mum" is a snow-white, greaseless cream, harmless and stainless. It keeps body and clothes fresh and sweet—no matter how sticky and hot the weather. Just a touch is enough—applied in a minute—lasts the whole day through.

25c—at drug- and department-stores.

"Mum" is a Trade Mark registered in U. S. Patent Office.

"MUM" MFG CO 1106 Chestnut St Phila. Pa

THE STANDARD DICTIONARY is needed in every American home where education and culture are truly esteemed.



Don't say  
pumping up tires  
is too much trouble.  
with a  
**SCHRADER UNIVERSAL  
PUMP CONNECTION**  
it is no trouble at all.

If you pumped up your tires every time they fell below the pressure specified by the tire maker, they would last for the maximum distance.

You can't tell how many miles your tires can give you until you put them on a *regulated, measured* air diet.

Use a Schrader Universal Pump Connection and a Schrader Universal Tire Pressure Gauge and get 100% mileage out of your tires.

**A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc.**  
781-791 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y.



**NIXITE NIXITE NIXITE**

# LA FRENCH

## POWER



**NIXITE NIXITE NIXITE**

Here is an amazing new power plug that is revolutionizing automobile ignition !!

It is absolutely compression tight and indestructible from static heat.

It has no porcelain to break (the wonderful NIXITE insulation process used throughout is absolutely unbreakable).

The LaFrench Plug furnishes not only one spark but a consistent multiple series of sparks.

It is the only plug that burns low test gasoline with remarkable satisfaction.

The LaFrench Plug as proven by test increases power 29½% and mileage 25%.

The LaFrench is a "War Time" power plug, for its use means maximum ignition service with highest economy.

This wonderful plug takes the current with the least possible resistance so that it cannot be used to best advantage in connection with other plugs in gasoline motors—hence LaFrench Plugs are sold in complete sets only.

Exterior View of LaFrench Plug. Its "built-from-the-bottom-up" construction enables it to become tighter and more compression-proof the longer it is used.



**"BUILT FROM THE ALL OTHER PLUGS BUILT**



NIXITE NIXITE NIXITE

# LaFRENCH

## SPARK PLUG

### Five Super-Reasons Why The LaFrench Plug

Is Radically Different and  
Superior to all Other Plugs!!

#### 1. "Built From the Bottom Up" Simple in Construction Positively Leak Proof

The LaFrench Plug is built from the bottom up, not from the top down, with telescopic tapered parts forced independently within each other by means of hydraulic pressure. This means that high compression and long usage make LaFrench Plugs become tighter—instead of looser as is the case of other plugs.

#### 2. No More Broken Porcelain NIXITE Insulation Used

Because porcelain often cracks and therefore becomes leaky, it is generally admitted to be one of the weakest features in the average spark plug. But in the LaFrench Plugs the wonderful NIXITE process is used for insulation instead of porcelain. The NIXITE process is guaranteed indefinitely and is a real insurance against insulator troubles. It is the result of years of research work.

#### 3. A Multiple Series of Sparks

Extensive laboratory tests show that the LaFrench Power Spark Plug produces not only one spark like ordinary plugs, but instead, a multiple series of blue hot sparks (the hottest known), assuring perfect combustion. The construction of LaFrench Plugs is such as to transmit the current with the least resistance.

#### 4. The Only Indestructible Plug

LaFrench Plugs are guaranteed by the manufacturers for the life of the engine. They are indeed indestructible.

#### 5. 29½% More Power—25% More Mileage

In addition to all the other features, LaFrench Plugs offer the motoring public today an opportunity to secure 29½% more power, and approximately 25% more mileage with the same amount of fuel used in all instances. Can you afford to be without them when you consider these features?

If you cannot get LaFrench Plugs without difficulty, write direct to us giving make of car and we will see that you are supplied. See your dealer.

#### DEALERS AND DISTRIBUTORS:

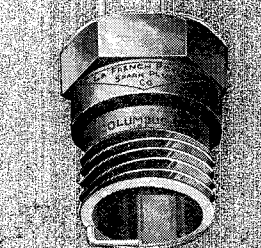
Write or wire regarding the particulars in connection with the LaFrench Plug today. We are planning a large national campaign to help you sell these plugs at a profit. Only a limited number of dealers and distributors can be accommodated within the next ninety days.

**LaFrench Power Spark Plug Co.**

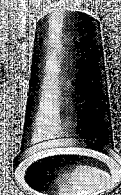
16 E. First Ave., Columbus, Ohio, U. S. A.



**"BOTTOM UP"  
FROM THE TOP DOWN**



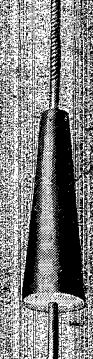
Tapered Outside Steel Shell



Tapered Inside Steel Shell



Tapered Nixite Insulator



Tapered Electrode

NIXITE

NIXITE

NIXITE



and passenger-train, and being somewhat cramped and pent up physically and mentally, and maybe just a little bit nettled by the ambiguity of the introduction, he leapt forward, as he always does, and opened verbal fire.

In thirty seconds every one was sitting up straight, and for thirty minutes the speaker sent his fire across. One who heard him said that the audience became so immersed in the wonder of the performance from the enunciatory standpoint that few could tell after the meeting was over what the doctor had been talking about.

When he ceased there was that momentary spellbound interval of silence that always precedes applause when a great impression has been made, and in that moment the ponderous chairman arose, waved his hand for silence, and advanced to the foot-lights.

Running his fingers around inside his collar and stretching his neck, pulling down his vest, adjusting his cuffs, and clearing his throat, the chairman in solemn stentorian tones, said:

"Some talker!" After which he sat down.

#### THE STORMY PETREL OF SINN FEIN

EAMONN DE VALERA does not have the true Celtic ring that one expects in the name of a leader of the Sinn-Feiners from County Clare, and yet this American-Spanish-Irishman is one of the men of the hour in "Old Erin," and his hopes are set upon an entirely independent Ireland. Like the rest of the Sinn-Feiners, he makes no secret of the fact that he is out to smash constitutionalism. The *Chicago Tribune* says of the active young leader:

He is most frequently described nowadays by others than his own following as "the Stormy Petrel of Sinn Fein." Even before De Valera had won his sensational election victory in East Clare, where he captured for Sinn Fein by a majority of 2,975 the seat that the late Maj. William Redmond, a popular hero, had held for the Nationalists, it had been predicted that this perfervid advocate of Irish republicanism pure and simple would soon supersede the venerable Count Plunkett as leader of the "Ourselves Alone" party. This on the ground that extreme movements always advance at the gait of the quickest marchers.

Now that in direct consequence of De Valera's triumph following the victories of Sinn-Feiners in South Longford and North Roscommon there is talk that the Irish Nationalist party may resign in a body and let the country as a whole express its opinion on the Sinn-Fein policy, Count Plunkett's supersession by his younger comrade is virtually certain. That kindly, elderly insurrectionist simply can not stand the pace set by Eamonn de Valera, the darling of the Jacobins of to-day in Ireland. De Valera will not even consider what in England is thought the Count's one cogent idea of an independent Sinn-Fein representation at the world conference which is to endeavor to establish firmly the foundations of peace after the World War.

De Valera's idea is that of an entirely independent Ireland, the world forgetting if not by the world forgot. In the contest that resulted in Eamonn de Valera's being elected to represent East Clare in the

imperial parliament the Sinn-Feiners made no secret of their aims. They are out, in the first place, to smash constitutionalism, for which the parliamentary party stands; and, in the second place, to wage war until, as they themselves have put it, "sovereign independence has been won by Ireland." They claim, and the result of the last three elections shows that there is some foundation for their claim, to be the strongest political party now in Ireland. Unrepresented by choice at the Irish Convention, they will decline to be bound by any decision at which it may arrive.

Eamonn de Valera, the new republican chief, was one of the few active Sinn-Fein leaders who escaped the penalty of death after the Easter-week rising in Dublin in 1915, where in the disposition of battle he was commandant of the ringside area. As picturesque a figure as the romantic Countess Markievicz, he was condemned, like her, to penal servitude for life, and, like her, released in the general amnesty to Sinn-Fein prisoners.

De Valera's Irish patriotism appears to be all the more intense by reason of the fact that he was born in New York and that his father, Vivian de Valera, was a Spaniard. His mother, however, whose maiden name was Kate Coll, came from County Limerick. America did not hold Eamonn long, as at the age of two he was taken to Ireland and dwelt with his mother's folk.

As he grew into boyhood he took every advantage of the somewhat limited schooling available, and afterward went to Blackrock College, where he was esteemed as much for his athletics as his scholarship. From Blackrock he gained a mathematical science scholarship for the National University. Mathematics is not romantic, but it had an overpowering attraction for the romantic De Valera.

A more violent passion than mathematics, however, seized upon him when he took up the study of the Gaelic tongue. It became with him an obsession, which was not lessened by his marriage in 1910 to Miss S. O'Flannigan, one of the most capable and enthusiastic propagandist members of the Gaelic League.

De Valera joined the Irish Volunteers when they were first formed, and later, when the split occurred, took sides with the intransigents against the constitutional body, the I. N. V., which followed John Redmond. Gaelic was then put aside as a central interest and De Valera took up military matters with the fiercest energy.

A friend and pupil of his, one of the most distinguished of the younger Dublin poets, says of De Valera at this time:

"He mastered all the science of war in a very few months. He used to discuss military operations with me with the eagerness of a child, and at home he would spend hours studying tactics with chess-men as soldiers."

The same friend adds:

"Personally, Eamonn is the most child-like and urbane of men. I could not conceive him hurting anything or any one wantonly. Like all the other leaders nurtured in Gaelic League idealism, Ireland is to him not so much a country as a religion, for which a man should shrink from no sacrifice."

Eamonn de Valera is thirty-four years of age. In appearance he has the ivory sallowness and deep, passionate eyes of his Spanish descent. He is very tall, very muscular, and full of nervous vitality.

#### FIRST WOMAN PASSENGER-AGENT

THE war is sending woman into so many new kinds of work that one is not now surprised to find her "on the job" in tasks to which heretofore only man has aspired. In the occupations on farm and in factory where mere brute strength is not an essential she is doing her "bit" with recognized success. In the world of business and finance she had made for herself an enviable place long before the exigencies of war called upon her to fill the ranks of the male laborer. The traveling saleswoman has been known long enough to have found a place in fiction, and now we have the woman traveling passenger-agent. But there is only one job of the sort in the United States, and Miss Orpha J. Moss, of Chicago, is holding it down successfully. The *Portland Oregonian* says of Miss Moss and her work:

Just what this position involves is best illustrated by the fact that her territory covers the country from coast to coast, and that she is on the job throughout the year. In winter her activities are confined chiefly to southern California.

Heretofore the traveling passenger-agents of the different railroads have all been men—those whose duties are to make things in general as easy and pleasant as possible for the traveling public; and for almost a score of years the Northwestern and its affiliated lines have successfully directed the vacation travel of thousands of people through this medium. But working on the theory that there is a class of passenger-traffic which can best be served by the opposite sex, the roads decided upon the unique plan of making a woman one of the chief members of its staff in the department of tours. Miss Moss's peculiar qualifications for the position at once recommended themselves, and she was invited to accept the place, with the result that she is to-day drawing real money—quite an envelop of it, in fact—for being first aid to those who find their chief recreation in travel.

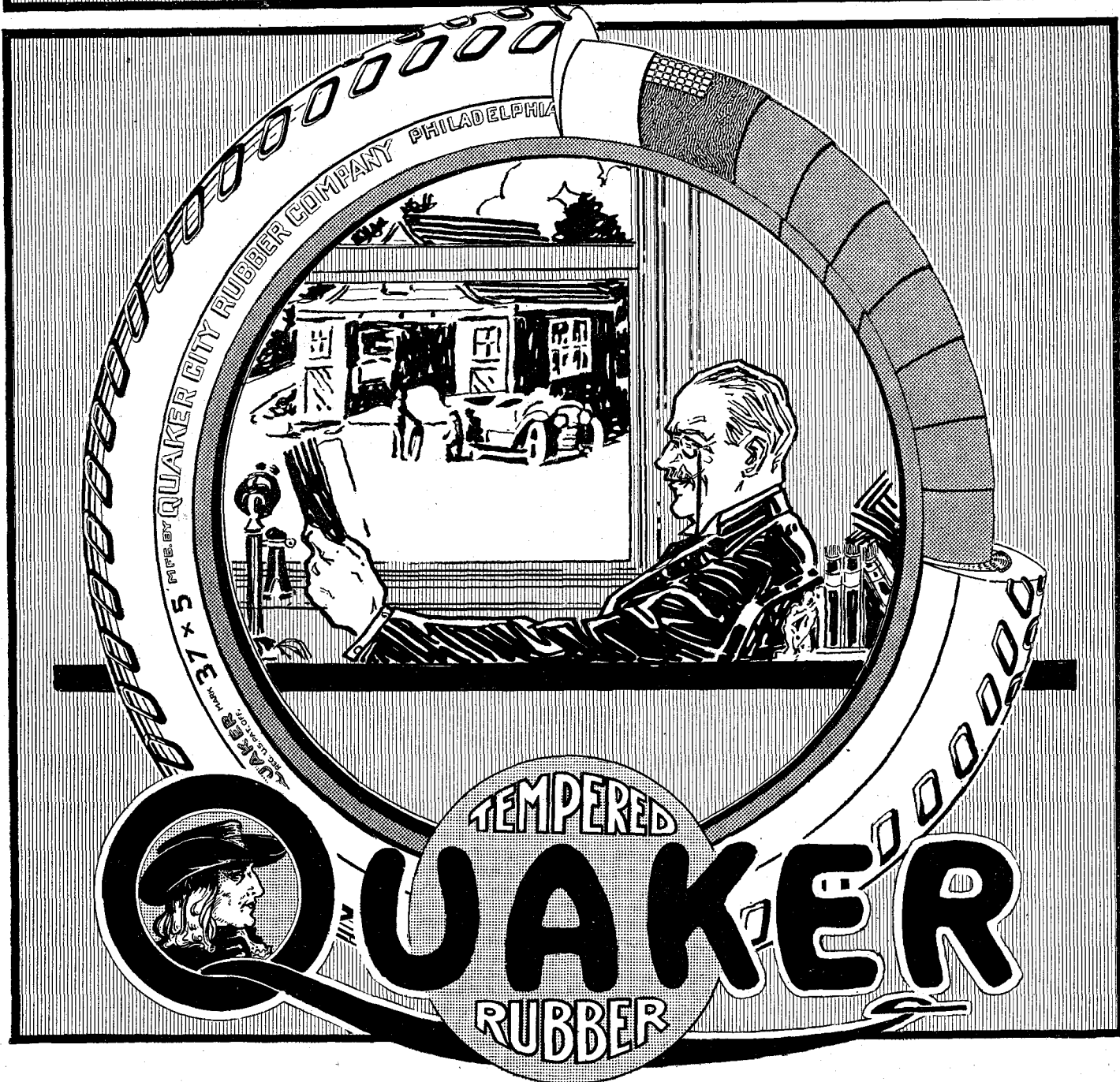
Miss Moss owes her present position partly to the fact that for a number of years she has spent her annual vacations in anticipating the now generally accepted gospel of "See America First," having visited many times all of our National parks and the scenic resorts of the East and West, thus accumulating an annual supply of extra information and energy, and partly to her extraordinary success in the advertising business. She is one of the few women in the advertising line who have been able to buy some of the space across the front page of the leading dailies of the country and insert advertising in red ink in that space.

Miss Moss's success in the business world is the story of hard work and intelligent persistency, which should be an inspiration to every young woman in this country who stands ready to enter a business career and do something for herself.

She comes from an old and conservative Iowa family, whose daughters have been prominent society women. Her early days were spent in an atmosphere where the idea of women in business was taboo. Unwilling to lead a life of idleness, she



# ADJUSTMENT GUARANTEE 5000 MILES



## “They certainly are ‘miles cheaper’”

Ordinarily the “dead line” of tire mileage is reached at 3000 to 4000 miles. That is why the usual “guarantee” is 3500 miles. The mettle of a tire is shown by mileage in excess of 3500 miles.

Quaker Tires are built to be good for several thousand miles after the “dead line” is passed. They are adjusted on a 5000-mile basis, but records show big excess mileage.

Quaker Tires on your car will mean good money in your pocket—money that Quaker mileage will save you.

Try one Quaker. “They certainly are ‘miles cheaper.’”

### QUAKER CITY RUBBER CO.

PHILADELPHIA, Factories  
PITTSBURGH, 211 Wood Street

CHICAGO, 182 West Lake Street  
NEW YORK, 53 Murray Street

Makers of Ironsides, Quaker City, Crown, Desert, etc., Rubber Belting; Daniel's P. P. P. Rod Packing, Daniel's Ebonite Sheet Packing, Daniel's Ebonite Steam Hose, Ringmeter Garden Hose and other Mechanical Rubber Goods.

Without charge, our belt experts will give you valuable advice on transmission, elevator and conveyor belt problems. Write us.

# ADJUSTMENT GUARANTEE 5000 MILES





**T**HE sawtooth roofs of these Remington Arms-U. M. C. buildings do not merely light them—they ventilate them in all weathers as well.

The upper lines of Pond Continuous Sash are hung from the top—not center pivoted,—hence rain or snow cannot blow over them. They are virtually unbroken from end to end, because of the weather-proof expansion caps that join their sections; and they overlap storm panels at the ends. Rain or shine, the workers beneath get fresh air and light in abundance.

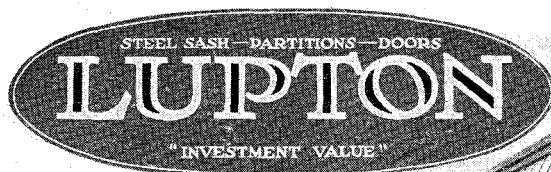
Notice also the ventilation and lighting of the Lead Casting Building shown below. Over the windows is a weather-proof inlet line of Pond Continuous Sash, supplying fresh air uniformly the entire length of the building, regardless of the whims of the workers in opening the windows. In the roof is a monitor (not seen), with four outlet lines of Pond Continuous Sash.

The greater the heat, the faster the air renews itself. And as for the lighting—it's almost like outdoors!

This is one of a number of ultra-modern plants described in a free booklet, "Air, Light, and Efficiency," which tells how unusual methods have obtained unusual results. Every factory executive will find it valuable.

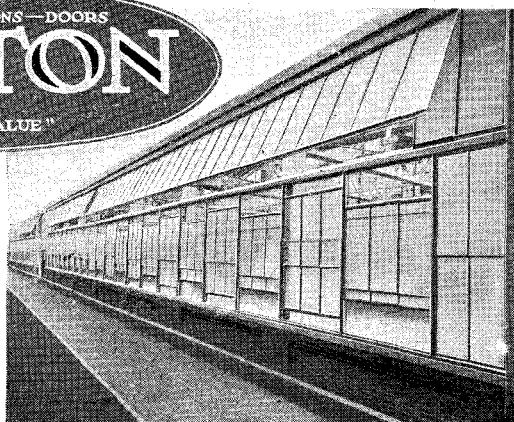
*Consult our Engineering Department about your lighting and ventilating problems*

**DAVID LUPTON'S SONS COMPANY**  
ALLEGHENY AVE. & WITTE ST. PHILADELPHIA, PA.



**UPPER PHOTOGRAPH**  
Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co. Machine Shop, Bridgeport, Conn. L. F. Hall, Works Engineer. Pond Continuous Sash in sawtooth.

**LOWER PHOTOGRAPH**  
Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co. Lead Casting Building, Bridgeport, Conn. L. F. Hall, Works Engineer. Pond Continuous Sash in roof peak and upper sidewalls. Lupton Steel Sash Counterbalanced Type in lower sidewalls.



entered the business world, beginning as a clerk in the office of *The Merchants' Trade Journal* at Des Moines, at a salary of \$10 a week.

Success was not hers for the asking. She was willing to begin small and work for everything she won. After working as clerk for a year and later as assistant to the advertising manager of *The Journal*, there came a time when it seemed necessary for the publication to put new life into its outside advertising solicitors. Here was where Miss Moss recognized her opportunity, and she went immediately to the manager of the paper and asked why he didn't send her out. The manager said nothing at the time, but evidently he was impressed, for the next morning he called Miss Moss into his office and, without any preliminaries, asked, "Where do you want to go—Chicago or New York?"

"I guess I'll go to Chicago," replied Miss Moss. "You see, it won't be so far to walk back."

Miss Moss never did walk back. As a matter of fact, she has made her headquarters in Chicago ever since—that was ten years ago—rising rapidly from one position of importance to another with some of the largest concerns in the Middle West.

Last year Miss Moss, while on her vacation in the Yellowstone National Park, met Howard H. Hays, manager of the tours department of the Northwestern and Union Pacific. It didn't take Mr. Hays long to recognize the young woman's extraordinary ability, and when he went back to Chicago he set into motion the machinery which resulted in Miss Moss's present unique and, according to her own statement, ideal position with the great railway system by which she has been so signally honored.

#### A WOMAN DIPLOMAT

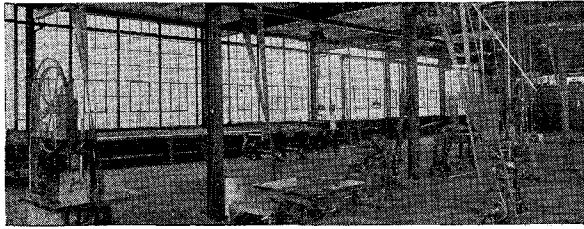
**N**OTHING in the nature of feminine tasks is surprising since the advent of women Congressmen, women barbers, women soldiers, and women porters. It is merely diverting to learn that a woman was sent as one of the six British official representatives to the recent Anglo-German Conference at The Hague on prisoners of war. Of her personality and qualifications *The Daily Mail* (London), says:

Mrs. Darley Livingstone, the first woman to sit at a table of diplomatic negotiation, successfully devoted all her not inconsiderable diplomatic talent to diverting conversation from her unique experience.

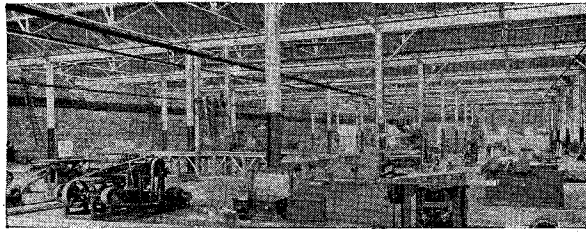
Young, charming, vivacious, an American married to a British officer, she has been a member and Hon. Secretary of the Government Committee on the Treatment by the Enemy of British Prisoners ever since it was formed two years ago. Until then she had never taken part in public work of any kind. To-day she has at command the vast detail of a far-reaching and highly confidential organization, and can produce at a moment's notice the record of experiences of every British subject who has been a prisoner in any theater of war.

There is probably no one in England to-day who has a more extensive knowledge of the actual conditions in prisoners' camps in Germany and elsewhere. In the early days





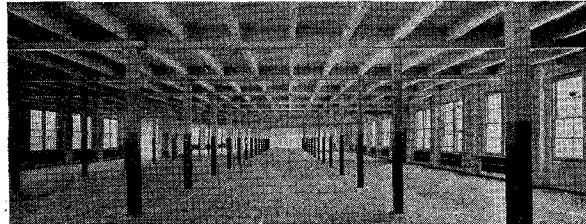
No. 1—Storage or Light Manufacturing; Built in 30 Working-Days



No. 4—Sawtooth; Built in 60 Working-Days



No. 2—Foundry or Heavy Machine Shop; Built in 30 Working-Days



No. 8—Mill-Type Multi-Story Building; Built in Quick Time



No. 3—'Universal Type'; Built in 30 Working-Days



No. 9—Concrete Multi-Story Building; Built in Quick Time

## More Floor-Space in 30 Working-Days Austin Standard Factory-Buildings

**I**T will take but 30 working-days from the date of your order—subject, of course, to prior sale—for us to erect an Austin Standard No. 1, 2 or 3 on your land, complete and ready for occupancy. We guarantee the time, and in many instances we've beaten it. Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7 are built in 60 working-days. Nos. 8 and 9, multi-story buildings, require a little longer.

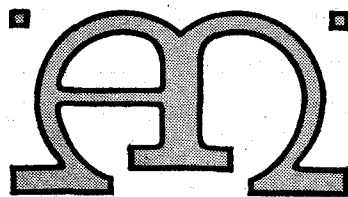
All are good-looking, substantial structures for permanent service—embodying the best suggestions of experts in many lines, and providing efficient housing for many widely varied industries.

Plans are ready. Structural steel, ready fabricated, is in stock. Other materials are on hand or under contract. Operation is standardized. Skilled superintendents and foremen, trained in organizing crews, make the construction move like clockwork. You can positively count upon completion on or before the day stipulated.

Fixed as to unit cross-section, Austin Standard Factory-Buildings are variable in length, and susceptible of many combinations. They are illustrated and described in the Austin Catalog, which we shall be glad to send free to owners on request.

**I**N addition to the Austin Standards we offer a thoroughly comprehensive service in the design, construction and equipment of individual buildings or complete plants. Our engineering department embraces six geographical centers where instant service is available. We furnish preliminary sketch-plans without cost or obligation.

The Austin Company is the largest organization in the United States designing, building and equipping industrial buildings exclusively. Our highly specialized experience is at your service. For a quick estimate, write, wire, phone, or call in person.



### The Austin Company INDUSTRIAL BUILDERS

Cleveland, Ohio

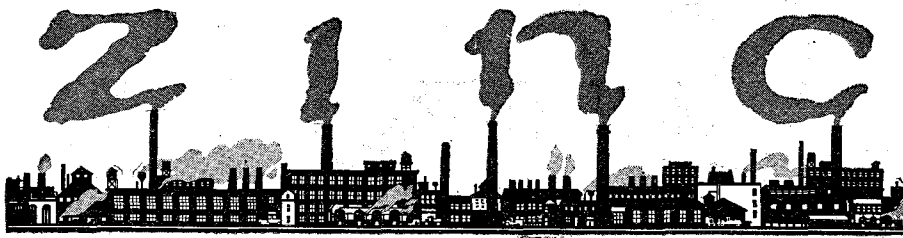
Philadelphia

Bridgeport, Conn.  
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Export Representative: American Steel Export Co.  
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**T**HE best paint manufacturers use zinc in their best paints. They have no prejudice for or against any ingredient of paint. They just want to make the best paint they know how. Long experience and exhaustive tests have taught them that

# New Jersey Zinc<sup>o</sup> in paint

adds much to its appearance and durability.

Zinc carries paint deeper into the wood it protects, giving it a stronger, tougher texture and a finer, smoother finish. Zinc grips into the fiber of the wood and anchors the paint film firmly down. As a result, zinc decreases the cost of painting in the best and surest way—by lengthening the life of the paint.

If you buy prepared paint, get zinc paint. If your painter mixes his own paints, see that he mixes zinc in oil with his lead in oil. If you want to know the right proportion of each for any painting job, write us and we will send you our painting specifications worked out by an expert.

Our booklet "Zinc-in-paint" tells more about zinc. A copy is yours for the asking.

**THE NEW JERSEY ZINC COMPANY**

55 Wall Street, New York

ESTABLISHED 1848

Branch: Mineral Point Zinc Co., 1111 Marquette Building, Chicago

of the war, Mrs. Livingstone used herself to do all the interviewing of the sick and wounded prisoners who were returned periodically; to-day it is done by a large staff of voluntary workers. But she still makes a point of personally interviewing all escaped prisoners of war. Her daily office-hours are from 10 to 7.30, and the nearest approach to a holiday she has had in two years were her recent visit to The Hague and two official trips to Switzerland.

"Yes, people did seem surprised to find a woman among the British representatives," she said to a *Mail* reporter. "I am sure I don't know why, because there is really nothing that women are not doing in England to-day, is there? I had no means of telling what the German representatives thought, because, of course, we didn't talk to each other—not socially, I mean. Indeed, it would be quite impossible to give you an adequate idea of the extreme formality of the proceedings.

"I was there merely to assist Sir Robert Younger, our chairman, with information which as secretary of the committee I naturally have at command. It was real hard work all the time, and both parties were concerned solely with the welfare of the prisoners. Questions concerning them were the only ones discussed, and I think the agreements concluded will be found to be very satisfactory.

"The only other thing I can tell you is that with Baron van Vredenburg, the Dutch diplomatist who presided, we were thirteen in number. But, of course, I'm not a bit superstitious really."

## BRITISH NAVAL HEAD "MADE IN AMERICA"

**A** GENERAL created overnight out of the whole cloth of a civilian business man may well be pardoned for not knowing his manual of arms. And if, like Sir Eric Geddes, Britain's new First Lord of the Admiralty, he happens to be "an inveterate hater of threadbare tradition and red tape," the chances are that he never will know it very well. However, there are contingencies, as Sir Eric has discovered, when a knowledge of red tape is handy. The *Manchester Guardian* tells the following "legend" of the newly made officer, ending with the spiteful comment of an old-time army man which is typical of the *ante-bellum* attitude:

Military rank was given to Sir Eric when he went to France. He became in one day a major-general. The story is that he was pacing up and down in front of his headquarters thinking out his railway plans that did so much for the victory of our army, and every time he passed the sentry presented arms. After a bit this got on Sir Eric's nerves, but he did not know how to stop it. At last a corporal with whom he had some dealings delivered a letter to him, and Sir Eric remarked to him that the sentry kept on lifting his rifle every time he passed, and that it must be a nuisance. The corporal tactfully replied that the sentry would stop presenting arms if the general acknowledged it in the usual way (demonstration with arm). The general duly made the acknowledgment and the sentry ceased from troubling. This story was told at one mess to the delight of every one except one middle-aged



# DARLING

DISCRIMINATING minds agree upon certain features as being ideal in motor cars.

These features are: Power, strength, light weight, low hung, length, balance, easy riding, standardized units, speed with safety, durability and body designs that are graceful individual, distinctive.



Every one of these features is incorporated into Darling Motor Cars, at a price which gives you a custom-made automobile at a moderate figure. Literature may be had upon request.

## The Darling Motor Company

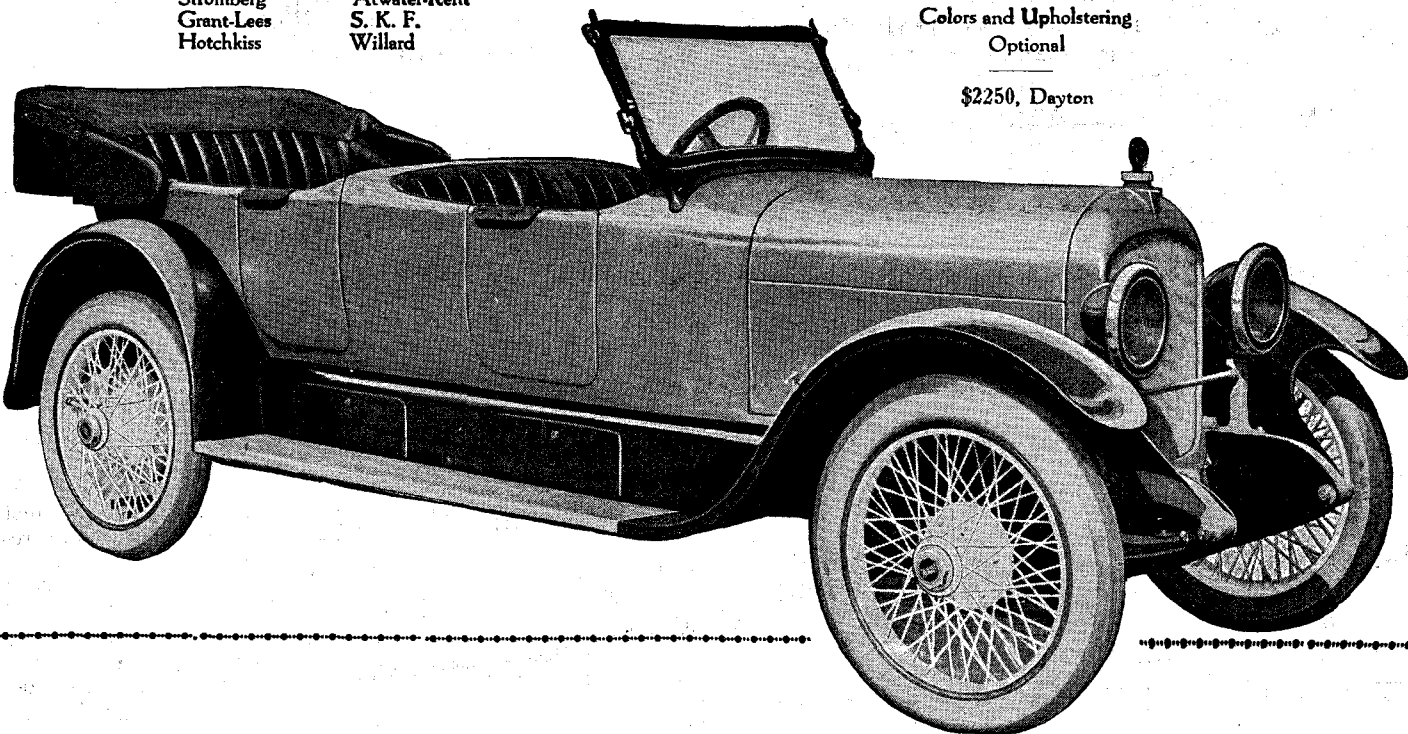
DAYTON, OHIO, U. S. A.  
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Darling Sixes, 2, 4 and 6  
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Colors and Upholstering  
Optional

\$2250, Dayton





# The Untiring FEDERAL

Night and day, winter or summer, bad weather or good, you will find the Federal saving time, human energy and money on the big jobs of haulage,

—haulage that requires a certainty of performance which brooks no excuses for delay—on-time deliveries which are assured only by the sound mechanical construction of a proven motor truck.

Federals are used by firms which can be depended upon for results. With them, the untiring Federal is an asset written prominently among the profit-making factors of their business.

*One to Five Ton Capacities.  
Write for Federal Traffic News*

**Federal Motor Truck Co., Detroit, Michigan**





lieutenant of the old army, who, whatever his gifts, had apparently not been appreciated by his seniors. He was very angry, and, striking the table, said, "And that's what comes of making a damned railway porter an officer."

The *Boston Transcript*, in an article which it goes out of its way to name "Geddes, England's Opposite of Daniels," dwells upon this fact that the suddenness with which Sir Eric's planet has swum into the political ken is not without its staggering aspects to such Britishers as have preserved their moldy ideas of advancement. According to this journal:

He is one of the men in British business life which the war proved up as superior to those who happened to be running Governmental affairs because their vocation was politics, or because their backing was influential. It will be noted that his training has been considerably like Hoover's—practical field-engineering in out-of-the-way places—where he got rough-and-ready experience in tackling jobs that were without plan or tradition to go by and carrying the work through. Promotion by sheer merit, the giving of responsibility to "men hitherto unknown and obscure," or "without political or social past," as the phrases go, but for the reason that they have demonstrated personal capacity, is still so novel in Britain that the typical comment on the Geddes elevation is that "it will appeal to the American fancy."

In an article in the *New York Tribune*, Mr. Arthur H. Pollen comments on this attitude of the London correspondents:

A man proved, with possibly two exceptions, to be the ablest in the British Empire has been given the most important war-job in the world. This fact is described by the London correspondents as surprising, because the appointment marks a complete break with the traditions of the past! Sir Eric, it seems, is not a politician—he is only a genius.

The job Sir Eric has before him, as summarized by *The Transcript*, is to:

(1) Reduce or suppress the menace of the German undersea boats.

(2) Tighten the mesh which the British Grand Fleet can draw about German ports.

(3) Roll up the red tape, cast out "precedent" and barnacle "policies," and release the impulse for initiative in naval action.

(4) Utilize in a reorganized board the staff brains of the fleet and not compose it of favorites, or on the basis of seniority, length of service in revolving office-chairs, or executive command afloat, but from officers who have become proficient in the greater problems of naval warfare.

(5) Adopt and apply non-pull methods of promotion; new devices, and encourage new strategies.

(6) Squelch with practicalities the "lawyer-politician delusion that paper agreements are as good as a squadron" in stopping neutral contraband trade with the enemy.

And the man of whom all this is expected was unknown before the war, "a plain, self-taught engineer in distant lands,

unrecorded in any biographical directory, not even in the 'Biographical Directory of Railway Officials,' and knighted only within the year."

Geddes was born of Scottish parents in India, and is said to have left school in England at fifteen years of age to come to America. He worked in the logging-camps of West Virginia, we are told, and was employed for one year by the Homestead Steel Works at Pittsburg, and for three years by the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company. *The Transcript* quotes a letter from an officer of this railway as follows:

The only information which I have been so far able to develop was that he had been employed in a minor capacity, possibly as a station agent, in the West Virginia and Pittsburg district in his early youth. I have been informed, however, that Sir Eric was employed by the Nicola Lumber Company at Nicolette, W. Va. Nicolette is on the Little Kanawha Railroad, about fifteen miles from Parkersburg, W. Va.

In 1897 Geddes returned to India, this journal goes on to say, and at twenty-one he cut through the jungle to lay a railway there, and for the way he did that was summoned to England to the North Eastern Railroad. He was assistant manager of that railroad when Kitchener came in contact with him on the matter of mobilizing railways for war, and, says *The Outlook*:

Kitchener recognized in the young man a natural soldier with no war-experience. Kitchener needed men to supervise the transportation of troops. He enlisted the services of young Geddes, and so distinguished did those services immediately become both in the War and Navy Departments as to lead last year to a knighthood.

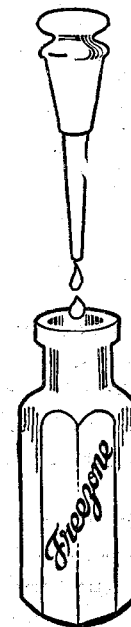
After the battle of the Somme he was sent to France to help the French Government reorganize the frightfully congested railroads in a time when hustling meant much, and in the words of the *Manchester Guardian*, such was the "suddenness and rightness of his work," that Sir Douglas Haig insisted on keeping him on the staff in France as director-general of transportation.

When a special department for the control of munitions was organized in 1915, Geddes was appointed by Lloyd George as deputy director-general of munitions. Subsequently, when it was necessary to quicken ship-building, he was called to fill a new office at the Admiralty under the revived title of Controller of the Navy. It is little wonder the question was put with some asperity in Parliament: "Is there so great a dearth of able men that Sir Eric Geddes has to be chosen for every new post that is created?" On the occasion of his appointment as First Lord of the Admiralty, the *New York Tribune* said of his naval work:

The machinery of the administration answers in his hands as the piano answers Paderewski, or the mridiron Braid. Where Geddes goes, there are no vested

## Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward. Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

Small bottles can be had at any drug store in the United States or Canada.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.  
—Advertisement

**STEWART'S IRON FENCE**

IMPROVE YOUR PROPERTY WITH AN IRON FENCE  
Write today for catalogue of designs for residences, country estates, parks, cemeteries and all other purposes. Artistic, indestructible. Local Representatives Wanted. The Stewart Iron Works Co., 125 Stewart Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

**INSYDE TYRES Inner Armor**

for Auto Tyres. Double mileage, prevent blowouts and punctures. Easily applied in any tire. Used over and over in several tires. Thousands sold. Details free. Agents wanted. American Accessories Co., Dept. 316 Cincinnati, O.

There's something about it you'll like.

**Herbert Tareyton**  
London  
Smoking Mixture

1/4 Pound 50¢

Sample upon request.  
Falk Tobacco Co. 56 West 45th St. New York.



**Was \$100  
Now \$49**

**LATEST MODEL — BRAND**

# YOUR Profit From Our Reduced Selling Costs

The price of the famous Oliver Typewriter has been cut in half!

That is the answer of the Oliver Typewriter Company to present-day demands for intelligent economy and national efficiency.

Just before the United States declared war, the officials of the Oliver Typewriter Company, anticipating international changes, set about to put their business on a new and patriotic basis.

They had long known that the American people were paying too much for typewriters. Too much was being spent for distribution costs.

## Changed Conditions

For several years during the infancy of the typewriter industry, it was necessary to educate people to the use of the writing machine. But that time is past.

The use of typewriters is nearly universal today and more and more are being used yearly. The time is coming when everyone will use a typewriter in business and at home.

## Half for Selling

The officials of the Oliver Typewriter Company found that it cost \$51 out of every \$100 to sell a typewriter.

Some of it went to maintaining an extensive sales force of 15,000 men and agents. Some of it went to paying for expensive offices in 50 cities. Some was tied up in idle stock. Costly subsidies demanded a portion.

**\$2,000,000  
Guarantee  
That This  
\$49 Typewriter  
Was \$100**

In a dozen ways the people were paying \$51 to have someone sell them an Oliver.

It was found that \$49 was a fair basic price.

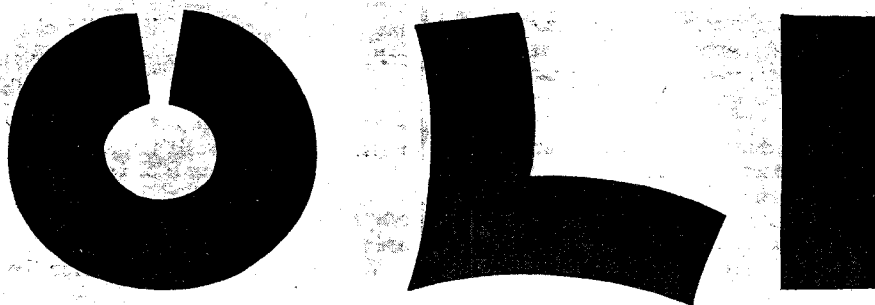
## A Great Sensation

On March 1st the Oliver Typewriter Company proclaimed its revolutionary selling plan. Henceforth, it announced, typewriter purchasers may be their own salesmen. They may keep the \$51.

Thus the Oliver Typewriter Company saves the American public millions of dollars annually.

Since the introduction of this new plan its success has been phenomenal. Business men and others have commended this Oliver rebellion. They say it is the most radical change in selling in recent years. It benefits all.

One remarkable feature that impresses



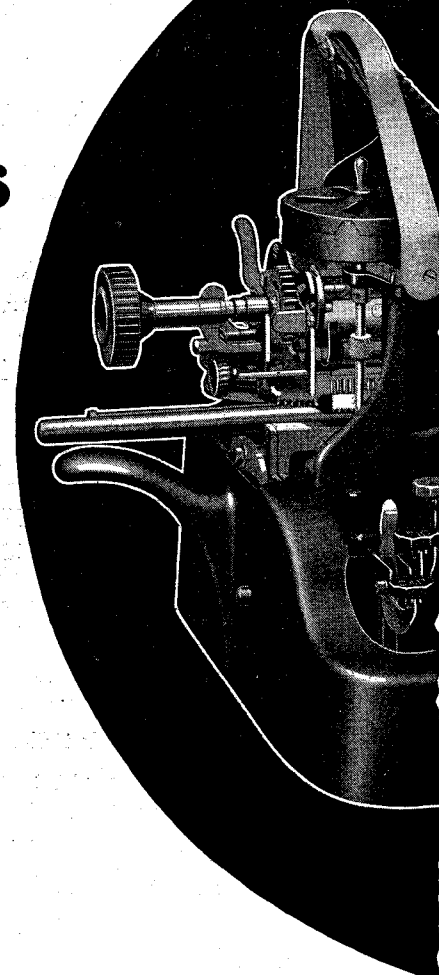
everyone is that this new offer includes simply a change in the sales policy without the slightest change in the typewriter.

## The Same Machine

We offer the identical model—our latest and best design—the Oliver Nine. It is the exact machine that was formerly priced at \$100.

We do not offer a second-hand nor a rebuilt Oliver of an earlier model. We call your attention to the fact that this advertisement is signed by the Oliver Typewriter Company itself.

That means a \$2,000,000 guarantee that this typewriter is the same that was formerly sold for \$100.



This is the first time in history that a \$100 typewriter has been offered for \$49. All by ending a monstrous selling cost.

## What Is Your Answer?

Who now wants to pay \$100 for a brand new typewriter? Who wants to go back to old wasteful methods? Who wants to pay \$51 merely to listen to a salesman's story?

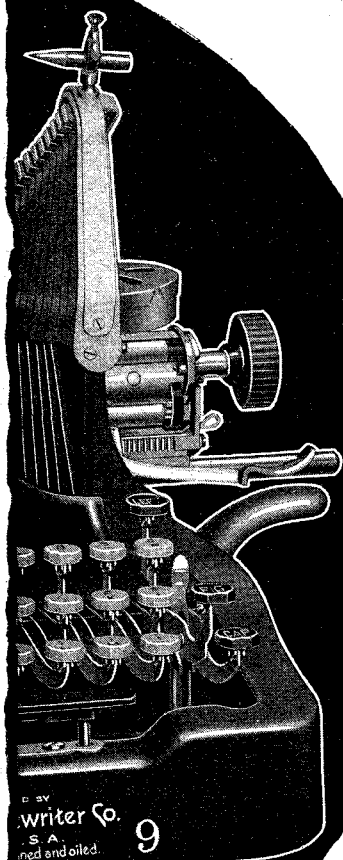
Wouldn't you rather be your own salesman and pocket the \$51 yourself?

On the next page we explain our plan in detail. It is very simple.

**Read the facts and mail the coupon TODAY.**



NEW—OVER 600,000 SOLD



# Free Trial No Money Down Over a Year to Pay

Save  
\$51

Merely mail us the coupon and we will send you an Oliver Nine direct from the factory to you for free trial. Try it at your office or at home for five days.

Put it through every test. Compare its workmanship. Note its universal keyboard and how easily any typist may turn to the Oliver.

Examine all its superiorities. Be your own salesman. And judge for yourself. There will be no one to influence you.

## Two Ways To Pay

When you have decided that you want to save \$51 and own this incomparable typewriter, you may pay us \$49 at the rate of \$3.00 a month, or a discount for cash.

Should the Oliver not win your complete approval, you may return it. We even refund the transportation charges you paid.

That is all there is to our new simple plan.

It has been in operation for six months and thousands of people have purchased this way. None would go back to the old plan.

## The Latest Model

It is the same commercial machine used by thousands of great business houses and corporations—including U. S. Steel Corporation, Pennsylvania R. R., Montgomery Ward & Co., Saturday Evening Post, Standard Oil Co.

## Startling Facts

If you want to know more about the Oliver before ordering one for a free trial, you may check the coupon for our startling book entitled "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." One copy will be sent free to each inquirer.

This sensational book discloses typewriter facts heretofore unknown by the general public. We show how inflated prices may be cut in two. And where the \$51 used to go.

## One Copy Free

This is the most amazing document published in the business world for a long while. It is a treatise of modern efficiency. Every business man should read it.

This advertisement is our salesman. To get an Oliver for free trial or to get our book, mail us the coupon below.

So check it now for whichever you wish, and mail at once.

Fill  
Out This  
Coupon and  
Mail It Today

Note that this coupon has two places to check. The top portion, if checked, will bring you an Oliver for five days free trial. The lower portion, if checked, will bring you our startling book and our catalog.

Check one or the other. But do not turn over this page nor plan to come back to this ad until you have clipped the coupon. You will be saving yourself \$51. In sending this coupon to us you do not place yourself under the slightest obligation.

# OLIVER

## To Concerns Who Use Many Typewriters

While this advertisement is addressed to the individual user, it also applies to large concerns. Where individuals may save \$51, you will save hundreds and thousands of dollars when you purchase many typewriters. You are entitled to our installment plan, or you make a further saving if you pay cash.

An absolutely new, latest model Oliver, fully guaranteed, at these prices, presents an offer unparalleled in the history of the industry. You may now save 50

per cent without the value being lessened. You know the Oliver. It is famous for its good workmanship and adaptability. It is simple and durable. It has a universal keyboard and any typist may turn to it and her output will be greater and better.

We suggest that purchasing agents or buyers whose concerns use typewriters in quantity, get in touch with us immediately. It means a big saving for you and increased efficiency.

**THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY**  
103-B Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago

**THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.**  
103-B Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay \$49 at the rate of \$3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

My shipping point is.....

This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalogs and further information.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....



## "Nothing Can Bring Peace

## But the Triumph

## Of Principles"

The ideals and aims of the democracies carrying on this great war find full vindication in the principles expressed by the greatest, broadest thinkers the world has known. The man or woman who is called upon to speak or write or think about the great questions of the day could have no more enlightening, inspiring, and useful work than the record of the thoughts of history's great thinkers on the subjects which are of such paramount importance now. Here is the finest work of this kind on the market—

## Hoyt's Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations

JUST REVISED

The above quotation from Emerson is only one of dozens contained in this book under the topic PEACE. Over one hundred quotations are given under the topic WAR, and every other subject of interest is represented by expressions of the great writers and thinkers of all time.

### Over 30,000 Choice Quotations

are collected here in alphabetical form which makes it possible for you to put your finger instantly upon any one of them. This volume is a storehouse of the greatest thoughts of the world's greatest thinkers. All the familiar phrases and sayings of which our language is so full are included. For inspiration and illustration in your writing and speaking and conversation, this collection is priceless. In every case the author is named and the book, page, and line of the quotation are given.

There is a concordance of eighty-six thousand lines to locate easily just the passage you want. There is also an appendix containing a list of the authors quoted with valuable information about them, proverbs from foreign languages, etc.

### When You Talk or Write About the War—

or about anything else, this work will be of the greatest help to you, for it treats every worthwhile subject imaginable. It will furnish arguments and illustrations and view-points expressed in the most appealing and convincing way.

If you want to find a quotation that will express some idea of your own, or if you want to be sure of the exact wording of some passage you have in mind, or if you want to identify a quotation someone else has used, here is the means of doing it quickly and accurately. It is hardly possible to overestimate the value of an appropriate quotation in a speech or composition. With it you can clinch your argument by adding the final touch of authority or drive home an important point with some vivid phrase, or strengthen your appeal by connecting it with some familiar saying. If you are developing a certain line of thought, this work will be full of valuable suggestions on the subject, for it will give you dozens of different view-points and new ideas.

## NEW View-points Ideas Expressions

Editors, speakers, lawyers, ministers, writers, advertising men, and all others who must watch and understand the day's developments, will find this work of great value in showing things in their true light and expressing them in a telling way.

Hon. Joseph H. Choate called this work the "most complete and useful book of the kind."

It is a large volume, 10x7 inches, with 1205 pages; bound in handsome and durable cloth with gold decorations.

### Only One Dollar Down—Money-Back Guarantee

Send the coupon below with only one dollar and this fine volume will be sent to you for examination. If you do not wish to keep it, return it to us and your money will be refunded in full. If you keep the volume, pay us one dollar a month for five months (\$6.00 in all). Send the coupon NOW.

----- Sign and Send This Coupon -----

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-60 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Send me a copy of "Hoyt's Cyclopedia of Practical Quotations," Revised Edition. I enclose \$1.00 and will send you \$1.00 per month until I have paid \$6.00 in all, if the book is satisfactory. If it is not satisfactory, I may return it at your expense within ten days after receipt, you refund money paid and I owe you nothing.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

DATE..... STATE.....

interests, no office rights, no privileges, no traditions; the highest and the lowest just have to work. A large part of his success has consisted in removing the obstacles which human perversity has created, as if to make good work and quick impossible; a still larger part is the surprized delight that he excites in his subordinates when they find, not that their work is easier, but that it is infinitely more successful. Naturally enough, the naval officers at the Admiralty have been perfectly enchanted by his methods. They knew something themselves about efficiency on board ship. They have long complained, but without success, at the inefficiency of Whitehall.

### WHY "TOM" LIPTON LIKES AMERICA

"SPEED up, America! Speed up!"

This is the message "Tom" Lipton—that is what he calls himself—sends to the United States, or, as he says in emphasis: "Hustle!" For he likes that word; in fact, he admits that American slang strongly appeals to him. The English sportsman, whose teas and yachts are well known in America, has been the host of American doctors and nurses and soldiers and sailors at his handsome country place near London where Edward Marshall, a correspondent for the New York Sun, recently interviewed him.

Sir Thomas is jubilant over the entrance of the United States into the war, declaring that "the only reason I am not a naturalized American citizen is because there is so slight a difference between good Britons and good Americans that to me it seems foolish, by becoming a voter in your country, to abandon my right to challenge for the America's cup."

Just why he likes America and the Americans he tells frankly in his characteristic manner. He says in *The Sun*:

I have specialized in two things. First of all, I am a merchant—a purveyor of food. Well, the United States is the greatest food-purveyor in the world. That makes me like her and that makes me glad that she is in the war. Secondly, I am a sportsman, and in the United States I have found the finest sportsmen in the world. That makes me like her and makes me glad that she is in the war.

It pleases me to have a chance to talk to my good friends. And the message that I especially would wish to send to them may be summarized in your own word "hustle." It's a fine word and I know just what it means to those who know as well as I do. I hope I have made them "hustle," and I know that they have made me "hustle." That they have always "hustled" fastest gives me courage and delight at this time, for those who in building yachts and sailing them have been able to beat the best boats and the best men I have been able to get on this side surely will be able to "hustle" fast enough to help us beat the Huns in the Great War.

Now is the time for you to show your speed. My good friends in America have joined us as competitors in the greatest race the world ever has known—the race of civilization against barbarism, the race of sportsmanship against Hunnishness, the race of liberty against oppression.

I welcome you to our side, as you ever welcomed me to yours, and I am proud and glad that we are sailors in the same good crew straining to win the same great race—straining to win it and, also, sure that we are going to win it.

\*A fine quality in Americans is that they recognize hard facts. They know, thank God, that a successful war means a war conducted with as few delays as possible. They know that a hundred men sent to us to-day will be as valuable as a thousand men sent to us twelve months hence; they know that one ship launched to-day will be of greater moment than a fleet launched eighteen months from now.

One of the many things I trust implicitly in the American is his sense of values. You are a fast people. I have learned that to my cost. Sometimes I have wished that you might slow down for a bit, till I had "lifted" the great cup and got it safely to this side; but now I'm praying that you won't slow down. Speed up, America! Speed up! That's the message of your old friend and one of your best wishers—Tom Lipton!

I've seen your vessels in British waters with their war-paint on. It did the sailor's heart in me deep good. More power to you! Some of us know the magic work your sailors did the first week they were in action. Even the general public, which for a time must get its news censored so that the enemy may not find out too much, knows that your sailor boys and the good craft they sail in magically reduced the sinkings by enemy submarines within seven days of their arrival. It is impossible for this British people to be half grateful enough to you for the marvelous results which you have already accomplished—and you won them in the Yankee way. You won them quickly. And you have only just started.

Personally I have been sorry that the good work of the American fleet has not been more extensively made public. But we sha'n't be unfair. Some day the story will be told and it will be told by Englishmen. They'll give credit where it's due. That's true of Englishmen. They "play the game." We Anglo-Saxons all and always play the game—you on your side, we on ours. One of the big things this war may accomplish is a thorough understanding of Americans by Englishmen. That never has existed. The English are not enterprising. They are not curious. They are great travelers, but they travel in their own great empire. Most of them feel slight curiosity about America, while one of the best traits in every American is his keen curiosity about England and every other part of the globe. It explains why you learn so much and are so wise. You come here by thousands, but not many Englishmen go to you. I hope that after the war this will be changed. The more Englishmen come into contact with Americans the more they will like them.

One of the most agreeable things which I have got to look back upon is that I rather early learned to know and love America. I learned, among other things, that if you do an American a good turn he will repay you a hundredfold—or die in the attempt. An Englishman does rather well if he asks a visiting American to lunch. An American feels that he is inhospitable if he doesn't take a visiting Englishman home to stay a month with him—and when the month is up the Englishman probably will find his luggage



# PRINCE ALBERT

*the national joy smoke*

**Prince Albert's quality puts a new and keener edge on your smoke-appetite—and never tires it!**

You'll take to Prince Albert, *naturally*, because it fits-in-fine with your personal-pet scheme of joy'us contentment! P. A. makes smokes via a jimmy pipe your first-call indoor and outdoor sport, *because*, its flavor is so delightfully refreshing; *because*, P. A.'s fragrance is so enticingly agreeable—and *acceptable everywhere*; *because*, P. A.'s freedom from bite and parch makes it one-two-three easy for men to smoke their fill without a comeback, no matter how sensitive their tongues may be!

Every puff punches in the evidence of Prince Albert's quality; every puff tells you *why* Prince Albert has never offered coupons or premiums! You know instantly that their cost goes into the quality that makes Prince Albert so exceptional in goodness, so very much the pipe smoke *standard* all over the civilized world!

Prince Albert will pass any tobacco test with colors flying! It pans-out-pleasure that will make it your little old "steady" for the future *because it has the quality necessary to not only make smoke-pals but to keep them!* You will not tire of Prince Albert at any stage of the game!

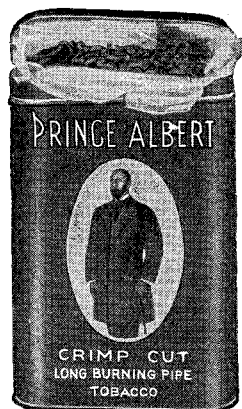
Satisfaction that Prince Albert hands you in such cheerful fashion is not accidental. It took three years and a fortune to perfect the patented process that removes bite and parch! This process is owned exclusively by us. Behind the process stands quality—a combination that has made Prince Albert

*the national joy smoke*; tobacco that meets the taste of practically every man who has smoked it!

You certainly owe it to yourself to find out how Prince Albert will set on *your* smoke-system before you are an hour older! Before you get-under-way put your ideas pretty high as to the amount of fun that's to be yours! Put fine flavor, fragrance and *real* coolness and freedom from bite and parch all in a bunch, or, figure on any one to the tip-top of your smokeappetite, then load up a jimmy pipe and set back and puff and realize how the best-bet-desire you ever generated in the smoke line is beaten-to-bits by the joy'us goodness of Prince Albert!

You can't any longer stand this enjoyment passing you by like you were anchored! We know so well what Prince Albert means to thousands of men in all walks of life everywhere that *we know what happiness it must give you*:—smokes unlimited; tongue in perfect trim, and, tobacco contentment to beat-the-band every-time-the-clock-ticks!

You'll find Prince Albert yours to command anywhere you happen to drop off the long-distance train, *for, it is in universal demand!* In toppy red bags and tidy red tins. Then, there are handsome pound and half-pound tin humidors—and—that clever, practical pound crystal-glass humidor with sponge-moistener top that keeps the tobacco in such perfect condition!



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nailed to the floor by a host who hopes  
that he may have to stay a second month.  
No other people ever was so hospitable.

I hope that from now on England will  
take toward Americans that attitude  
which Americans long ago took toward  
Englishmen. When an Englishman has  
landed on your side you have made him  
feel at home. There are signs that English-  
men may copy in the future the American  
hospitality, and if they do the inevitable  
result will be very much worth while. I  
would say this if the nearest American were  
a thousand miles away. Don't feel that  
I am saying it because it is to be quoted  
in an American newspaper. Britain must  
learn to welcome you from the United  
States as members of her own great  
family. We have treated you as if you  
were mere foreigners.

No one man from this side, I imagine,  
has had much more experience with the  
Americans and the great land they live  
in than myself, Tom Lipton. I'm proud  
and pleased that on your side so many call  
me "Tom." I have traveled within your  
boundaries as a poor boy must travel,  
and I have traveled there as princes  
may. Thus I have learned that you  
respect a man not for what his wealth  
amounts to but for what he himself  
amounts to.

You have been my winning opponents.  
I have had the best designers that this  
side could produce, and I have spent what-  
ever money could be spent to beat you,  
but you've beaten me. "Hard luck,"  
your people always say to me. I know it's  
not hard luck, for every time I have been  
beaten by a boat better than my own. My  
hat is off to you. If I hadn't taken it off you  
would have taken it off for me. It's no won-  
der that I'm mighty glad you're in this war  
with us. Heaven knows I'm quite aware  
that you're a really great people.

There's a great Stars and Stripes hang-  
ing in the hallway of my home. It was  
made for me by some delightful American  
women; I like to stand before it and salute  
respectfully. I am mighty glad that it is  
flying now on the same side I am working  
for. I didn't like to see it hanging neutral.  
It always made me so uncomfortable  
when it was flying on the side which was  
against me in yacht-races. To me the  
word "America" means "winner." Can  
you blame me?

But that was sport and this is deadly,  
grimly, splendidly serious. In serious  
things we work together. We always  
shall, I hope, sailing not as competitors, but  
as a team. Thank God for those ideals of  
decency which animate alike both branches  
of the Anglo-Saxon race. If they had  
animated all the world there never would  
have been a war like this.

I am glad to have the American Fleet  
in these waters, for a good many reasons.  
One of them really has nothing whatever  
to do with the fact that the presence of the  
fleet here is a vast safeguard to our food  
and a guaranty that we shall win the  
war. I have said that Britain knows less  
about America than America knows about  
Britain. The presence of the American  
Fleet here means that she will have a chance  
to learn more.

A few years ago I had a party of Ameri-  
cans on my ship. Among them were  
Edward Morris and his wife, of Chicago,  
and Lady Hendry. We were looking at  
the British Fleet and the Americans were  
interested, but not profoundly impress-  
ed. This attitude annoyed me and I started

to see what could be done. A vast bulk  
of battle-ship which I could not identify  
hove into sight as we sailed along, and I  
saw in it my chance. There was a ship  
which must astonish even an American.  
It astonished me. I didn't know that  
Great Britain had so great a ship.

"That will shake those Yankees up!  
A British ship like that will rouse them!"  
I thought, grinning. I returned to my  
friends from the United States.

"There you are! How's that for a real  
fighting-machine?" I said proudly. "There  
you have—"

At about that moment we came along-  
side of the mighty vessel. She was, indeed,  
a mammoth fighting-craft, the greatest of  
the world's battle-ships. But her name was  
*Delaware* and she flew the American flag. I  
stood gaping, and my state was somewhat  
emphasized when one of the Americans  
turned to me and said as if casually:

"Can't imagine what our people could  
have been thinking of to send one of our  
littlest ships across to show you. Now,  
wouldn't you have thought that they'd  
have sent a really big boat?"

The quarrel of 1776 is over now, altho  
it really lasted from its start till this year  
of our Lord. I hope some people on your  
side are glad that it has ended. I know  
that I, on this side, and I am one of thou-  
sands, am gladder over that than over any  
other thing which has occurred since the  
beginning of the war.

When I think of what America can do  
in the way of food-supply I like to think  
of that which she already has done in the  
way of a munition-supply. Your iron- and  
steel-production was a mere commercial  
matter till the war came. But your  
capacity increased immeasurably under the  
stimulant of the needs of righteousness.  
It will be the same with food. The world  
didn't know your vast importance till this  
war came. When our young men marched  
away, leaving the farms bare and the  
growing workshops hungry for more men,  
not only in the home country but in the  
great dominions, you loaded up our ships  
with your great surplus magically multi-  
plied and sent it overseas in such a mighty  
quantity that not even the Hun sub-  
marines could starve us or Krupps' fifty  
years of preparation swamp us. Thus you  
saved us even before you entered the war.

I know the wonders of your great food-  
packing-houses because I myself was one of  
your American packers. Didn't know that,  
did you? Well, for a long time I was the own-  
er of one of the big Chicago packing-houses.

It is fortunate for civilization that  
America is organized for food-supply.  
You have developed an especial genius  
for that. The great necessity is that  
you should increase your food-produc-  
tion so that you still can supply your  
own needs while figuring on more for  
the Allies. Food from America is more  
important than 16-inch guns from any-  
where, and we thank God that the food-  
producing capacity of the United States,  
with its vast reach from the Atlantic to the  
Pacific, is unlimited. You have the men,  
you have the land, you have the imple-  
ments and the skill. Agriculture in the  
United States has been scientized beyond  
anything that has been done elsewhere.

Under the stimulant of our great need  
your production will be wonderfully in-  
creased. As a matter of fact, we are proud  
to make acknowledgment of the fact that  
we are singularly dependent upon you.  
When the war has been won it will be found





# *Now is the Time to Use* **CONCRETE**

War Bulletin No. 2, of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, says:

"Iron and steel should be used only when the requirement is unavoidable. Every effort should be made to use wood and concrete in place of steel whenever this can be done, and construction and development work requiring steel should be postponed wherever possible . . . cement may be had in quantity for concrete work."

Says Cass Gilbert, the New York architect:

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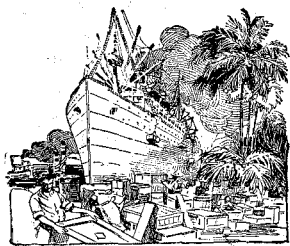
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You have an especial genius for the invention of labor-saving agricultural machinery; everything of the sort on the farms of Europe is of American origin.

And you have another great advantage. You have Hoover. In his work for Belgium he has had more experience in feeding millions than any other man in all the world. That he has been placed in charge of the great task of furnishing food from America for the Allies is a guaranty of high efficiency. He will find his new job easier than his old one, for he will be dealing with friends, while his task in Belgium, of feeding the starving victims of German ruthlessness, meant not only that he had to supply and distribute the food, but that he had to do so while working in conjunction with bitter, tho veiled, enemies. And there, too, he had to feed a starving population directly. America has been the greatest food-purveyor in the history of the world since this war began, and Hoover is the greatest food-general in the world's history. For a man on this side to suggest American procedure would be an impertinence.

An immense thing has occurred in the establishment of what amounts to an offensive and defensive Anglo-American alliance. Two of the greatest and the most unselfish nations of the world have combined for unselfish greatness; that in this union France, the cradle of European freedom, forms a third is an additional glory and a guaranty.

England has done much for the world's progress; America has done much. Neither works in this war by the motive power of greed. By acting conjointly they will be able and will have the wish to see to it that the smaller Powers are treated fairly in the future and that the world is a safe place to live in.

That there ever should have been the slightest friction between Britain and America has been as unnatural as it has been unfortunate. Never has there been a year for a long time which did not pour millions sterling (and a million sterling is \$5,000,000) from the pockets of American tourists into England, Ireland, and Scotland. The most palatial business and hotel establishments in England would have been closed long before the war had it not been for the patronage of Americans.

You are far more up to date in your trade methods than the Englishman ever has learned to be. Let me give you an illustration which will show you how easy it will be for you to capture German trade after the war. It will be difficult for England, because she is less adaptable.

In India the hens lay little eggs, which in a British egg-cup sink so low as to be hard to handle. Often I had noted this and wondered why English manufacturers had not made little egg-cups for use in India. One day in Benares I saw a small-mouthed egg-cup which held the egg well up, conveniently. Enterprise at last, I thought. I was right. But it was German enterprise. That's a tiny illustration of the sort of chances which an adaptable people like those of America can find in all parts of the world. Trade? There are uncounted quantities waiting everywhere in the British Empire to be picked up by you.

Germany tries to sell folk what they want; England tries to make them buy



# Now Is the Best Time to Buy a Hudson Super-Six

*Today's Prices are Based on Last Year's Material Costs. Present Markets Have Already Forced 51 Makers to Add \$100 to \$700 to Their Prices*

Former \$1200 and \$1400 cars now cost about as much as a Hudson Super-Six.

No changes warrant such an increase. They are practically the same as the cars which recently sold at \$200 to \$300 less than the Hudson Super-Six.

Cars in the \$2000 class and up have increased from \$350 to \$700. That removes them further from the Hudson Super-Six price.

Increased cost of material is responsible for the higher prices.

Hudson prices have not increased this year. Our materials were contracted for months ago. When present supplies are exhausted then Hudsons, too, must cost more. Until then Hudson, because of its value, is the lowest priced car on the market.

Here is an indication of how prices have been affected. Consider just one item.

The principal material in a fine automobile is steel. All steel is made from iron.

For 25 years before the Great War the average price of iron was a few cents over \$16 a ton. In December last it was \$30 a ton. It now is \$54 a ton.

Makers who bought materials this year must get more for their cars than for those built of materials bought last year.

## **Good Fortune for Hudson Buyers**

Even when other cars sold at \$200 to \$300 less, Super-Six sales exceeded those of any two makes in the \$1200 or \$1400 class. Now that there is no such difference in price you can realize how much greater will be the demand for Hudsons. The present supply won't last long. Then Hudsons, too, must cost more.

There can be no preference now that former cheaper cars cost as much as the Super-Six.

Super-Six endurance makes it the preferred among fine cars. In every revealing test it has proved endurance unequalled by any other car.

## **All Due to the Super-Six Motor**

Hudson leadership is due to the Super-Six motor. No other motor is like it. It minimizes vibration. That increases power and lengthens motor life. Vibration is the most destructive force in a motor. All Hudson tests

show how by minimizing vibration endurance is obtained. The Super-Six is the most powerful automobile motor of its size known.

No owner has yet discovered the real limits of Super-Six endurance and almost 40,000 Super-Sixes are now in daily service.

Endurance is the most wanted quality of a motor car. A car should not wear out soon. It should not require frequent mechanical attention. That Hudson has proved.

## **You Need No Greater Proof for Hudson**

A double transcontinental run with a seven-passenger phaeton broke every previous record each way. Pike's Peak, up the highest and longest mountain road in the world, was climbed by a Super-Six special in less time than any other car. Twenty-two of the world's fastest special cars contested. A stock chassis established the record for the fastest mile. Carrying driver and one passenger, a car fully equipped traveled 100 miles at an average of 74.67 miles per hour.

A stock chassis made the greatest 24-hour long-distance run on record. It covered 1819 miles in that time and at the stop showed nothing to indicate that its endurance had been reached.

But these tests were not enough to reveal the limits of Hudson endurance. Then special racing cars were built that they might compete on the speedway with the world's fastest, most carefully built automobiles. The same principle that accounts for Hudson endurance in the stock cars is included in these.

The American Speedway record for 200 miles was established by one of them at an average speed of 104 miles an hour.

That speed for that distance calls for endurance beyond that which ordinarily is needed in a lifetime's requirements. These are proofs of Hudson endurance. They indicate the service you may expect from a Hudson Super-Six. If such tests mean nothing to you because of their extremes, then think what the service to almost 40,000 users means. There can be no greater assurance than that.

There is no advantage now in buying another car, not even the apparent saving in the first cost price.

But the number of Super-Sixes that can be built from last year's material purchases is limited. If you are to get your car at the present price it must be from that number. You must decide soon.

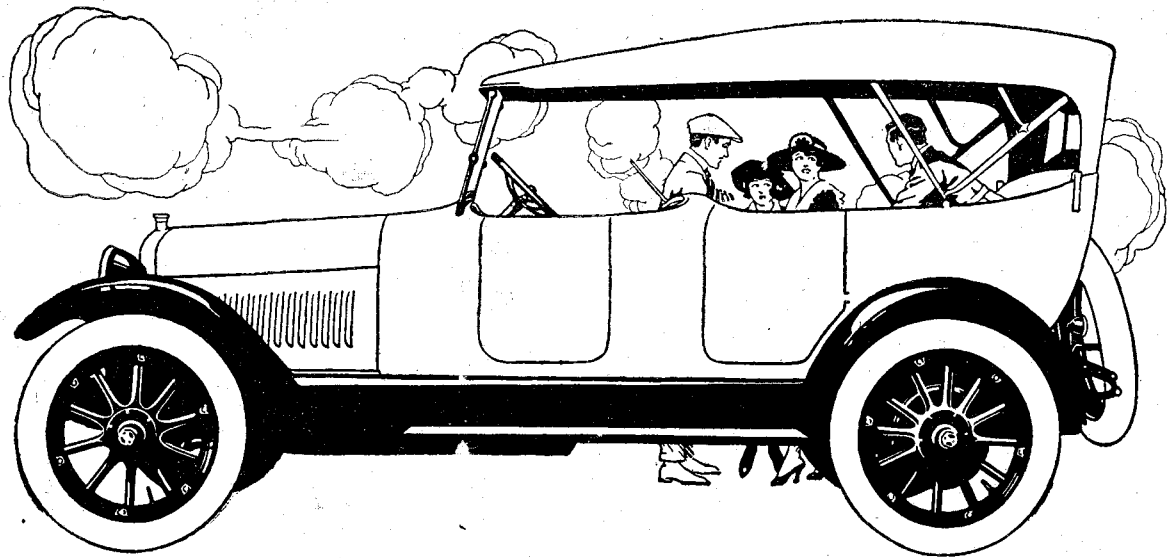
*The Phaeton costs \$1650, f. o. b. Detroit. There are seven other body designs of open and closed models.*



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There are perhaps several reasons, all of which would appear very clearly if you had the opportunity or took the time to analyze the history and business policies of the automobile industry. But there is one big basic reason which to you as a motorist is the essential reason, and that one reason is this—that ever since the first Chandler car was designed and built and marketed four years ago last month, the Chandler has offered the finest of design, construction and equipment at the lowest possible price.

The Chandler today offers this excess of value, this dependability of service, just as distinctly as at any time in the four years past.

And how distinctly the Chandler has won its place in the very front rank of fine motor cars is reflected in the Chandler sales records of Nineteen-Fourteen, Fifteen, Sixteen and Seventeen.

Month by month and season after season thruout these four years the Chandler has moved forward and forward, until today its leadership could hardly be questioned.

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This leadership has been built on the Right Car at the Right Price.

The whole country has marveled at the Chandler motor, at its power, its flexibility, its life and get-away, and its endurance. The whole Chandler chassis has come to be recognized as a great mechanism.

Chandler leads because, starting with the right type of car, the Chandler Company has stood firmly by this type of car. It has continued to develop this car thruout these four years until today it approximates perfection in construction and performance.

We cannot convey to you in the printed page any full conception of the superiority of the Chandler motor, but any one of nearly forty thousand Chandler owners could put you alongside him at the wheel and show you Chandler superiority.

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that which she wants to manufacture. But Germany scrimps and saves and tricks to the detriment of quality. Your chance is to study foreign fields while this war progresses and after it is over, and with your admirable methods and adaptable psychology to find new fields which will produce astonishing millions.

An Englishman suggested in one of your interviews last winter that the newspapers of the two nations should arrange reciprocating visits. That plan would be admirable. There is something for one of your very rich men to finance.

There are no people in the world better than Americans. Some Englishmen have not always thought so, and the frills they have put on with you have been very sad affairs. They have begun to take them off. They will be all off, I am certain, ere the war ends. They never would have been put on at all if Englishmen had known you better, any more than your fierce twisters would have twisted our poor lion's tail if they really had understood the basic truth that we are all alike, that we are just the same sort of people, prone to err but trying hard in the main to do the right thing.

Our principal difference in psychology is that you in the United States never feel that you have nothing more to learn. Another difference is that you in the United States always do your "level best." I like that expression, as I like much of your slang. An Englishman defeated for Parliament very likely may say with truth that if he could but try it over he would work harder. An American defeated for Congress never can say that. Always he has done his "level best." You'll do your "level best" in this great war, and the level of that best will be a high one.

At the close of the interview Sir Thomas was asked what, in his opinion, was the real reason for English distrust of the Americans that had prevailed for so many years. There was a twinkle in his eyes as he replied: "Perhaps your great success."

#### WOMEN CORRESPONDENTS UNDER FIRE

THE up-to-date newspaper woman is as willing to take chances quite as sensational as her brothers of the press in obtaining first-hand news of world-stirring events in order that eager readers at home—who give no thought to the dangers that have been braved—may enjoy a mental thrill with their morning coffee. Ruth Hale, in the New York *Tribune*, tells of an occasion when a party of newspaper correspondents were under fire during the bombardment of a German airplane. Here is her story, breezily making light of the dangers through which they passed:

We had set out to make a day of it, under the guidance of the French *Maison de la Presse* in the "devastated region" of France, so lately taken back from the Germans. We were five newspaper women and we were to be improved, instructed, given our fill of those first-hand impressions of the trail of war that we had been so stoutly clamoring for. Then we were to be returned to our parents, our husbands, or our newspapers, according to where

guardianship of us was vested in the records of the gallant French officials. And, above all, we were to do the thing safely and calmly, as ladies should, and have no shocks and no alarms with which our hosts would have need to reproach themselves. We wound up, an hour after we started, in a mercifully spacious dugout (which our attendant officer called a "dukout," because he spoke English), in a wrecked sugar-factory, now being used as a store-yard for munitions, while the French "seventy-fives" from a few miles to the left of us fired shell after shell at a marauding German aeroplane directly over our heads, and the remnants of burst shell peppered the earth around us and toyed around the corners of the stacks of new munitions.

It was an untimely end for Ladies' day at the front. Dear knows when there will be another one. But if the thrill was extemporaneous, it was none the less a good one.

We had coursed through burned and pillaged towns, we had climbed to the observatory of Prince Eitel Friedrich, we had visited the roadside grave of the aviator McConnell, oddly decorated with the fragments of his machine. We had heard the guns booming, and had been somewhat stirred by them—tho not to the extent we were letting on, nor anywhere near so much as we were trying to be—and we had said a little solemnly to each other: "Here we are in it—this is war, and there are the guns we have read about for three years." But the distant boom, however majestic, lacked menace for us.

Then as we were leaving the grave of the aviator, some one looked up at the singularly blue and beautiful sky and said: "The clouds just there look very queer. They are almost like those steam plumes over New York City."

"Those are bursting shells," said our officer. "They have sighted a German aeroplane, probably, and they are shooting a white circle around him."

"How many miles away?" somebody asked.

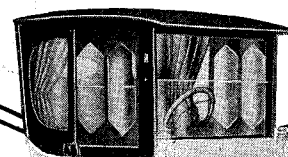
"The guns are pretty far away," was the reply, "tho the front-line French trenches just here are only eight miles away, and the aeroplane is probably over them."

Our spines perked up a little at this and showed promise of a little active shivering later on. But we went back to our waiting motor-cars, and rolled along toward the wrecked sugar-factory with pulses about at the normal and interests about at the academic, while the distant pealing of the big guns grew momentarily less affrighting as we got used to them.

We left our motors at the roadside and climbed a low slope of rubble to the gates of the former sugar-factory. Our soldier guards and chauffeurs, four in number, waited near the cars, and our attending officer of the General Staff led us up through the forbidding entrance, past the three or four huge South-of-France soldiers who were patrolling the way, and we stopt for a look at a great pile of shells.

The booming of the guns had droned off to nothing. We were full of computations of the probable death and destruction stored so compactly before us, when—

There is no describing the sound of a "seventy-five" going off next door. One went off at just that moment, and it was as if all the sound in the world were slam-



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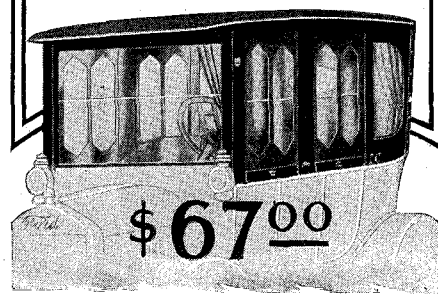
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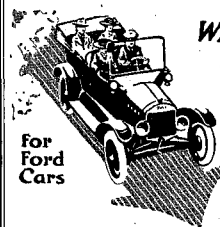
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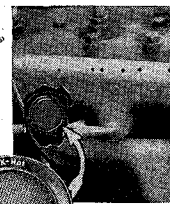
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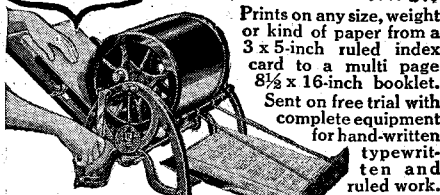


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banging at our ears, then crackling straight off overhead in a futile attempt to reach heaven. The first report and the rip-roar that follows separate themselves in the effort to recall them, but then they sound all of a piece, and a whale of a big one.

Our first startled look was back toward the motors. We saw the archetype of the "blue streak"—four French soldiers leaving the open roadside in search of cover in the field. We looked then farther into the sugar-factory—and we were just in time to catch the stooping shoulders of the fourth and last patrol as he dived into a hole after his brothers. Meanwhile, our deafening "soixante-quinze" was not waiting, even for our fleet *poilus* to find holes. The shots came as incessantly as a pulse-beat. Our officer looked at us very gravely.

"There is a *Boche* aeroplane just overhead," he said, "and our guns are after it. It may be there to bomb these stored shells, but we shall probably frighten it away. I regret deeply that this should have happened. And now, if you will all be good enough to come with me, we shall join the patrols in their cave."

We joined the patrols. Once there, we tried to make light of our danger.

"Of course, it is wiser to come in, but there is almost no chance of a shell coming here, so?"

Whereat the most solemn and guttural of the patrols replied: "There were three wounded here yesterday at five o'clock, when a burst shell came down."

The next round from the "seventy-five" had a more vicious sound than the others. We remembered those three wounded. Then we perked up again.

"But perhaps the aeroplane is in a different position this afternoon," somebody said. And "Plonk!" a fragment of shell answered us, falling within twenty yards of where we prest our noses out of the dugout, and wondered when the end would come.

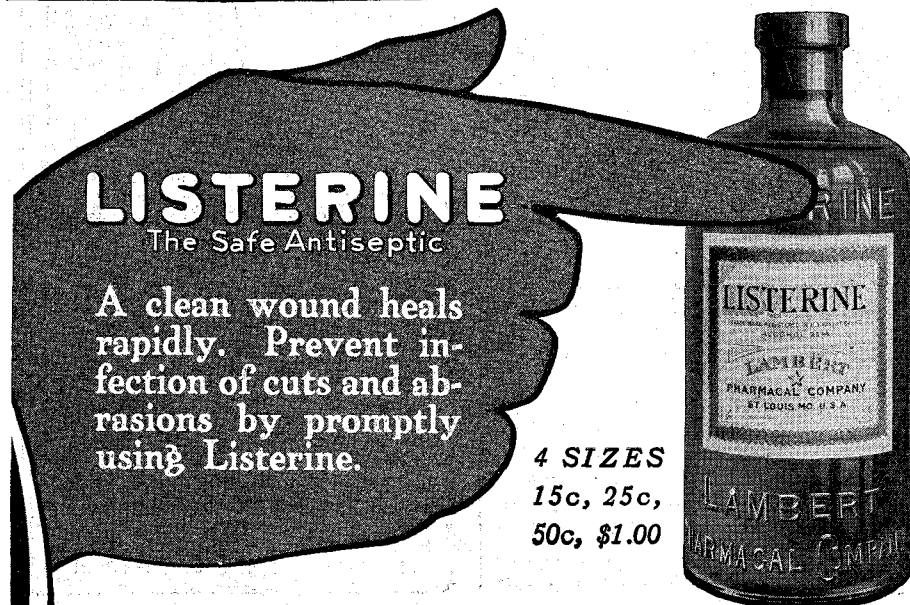
"If a piece lands in the shell-stacks this dugout is a goner," was somebody's blithe comment.

But everybody's luck was good that day, even the *Boche* aviator's. He got behind a cloud finally, and the "seventy-five" abandoned its chase for him. The din of the shooting died away, we came out of the "dugout," our motor-soldiers emerged from the fields, the patrols went chipperly back to their jobs, and the only shooting we could hear was the cozy, interesting "Boom, boom!" in the distance.

We were by way of being a chastened lot when the motors took up their way. We no longer wished for more when we edged up on the danger-zones. It was touching to see with what a rosy glow a brush with a "seventy-five" could cover the more statistical pleasures of our inspection tour.

And then to be taken down into the German first-line trenches was an experience not to be sneezed at. It is true that the Germans have been out of those trenches since April, and that the poppies are growing over them. But, then, poppies grow over the face of France under the very heel of war. And if the *Boches* have been out of those scarred earthen runways for three months they were in them for nearly three years, and the mark of their occupation is nowhere near removed.

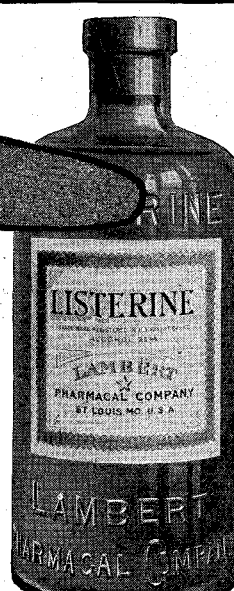
As we sauntered through them, looking at the tidy German way they had been built and at the ingenious German way



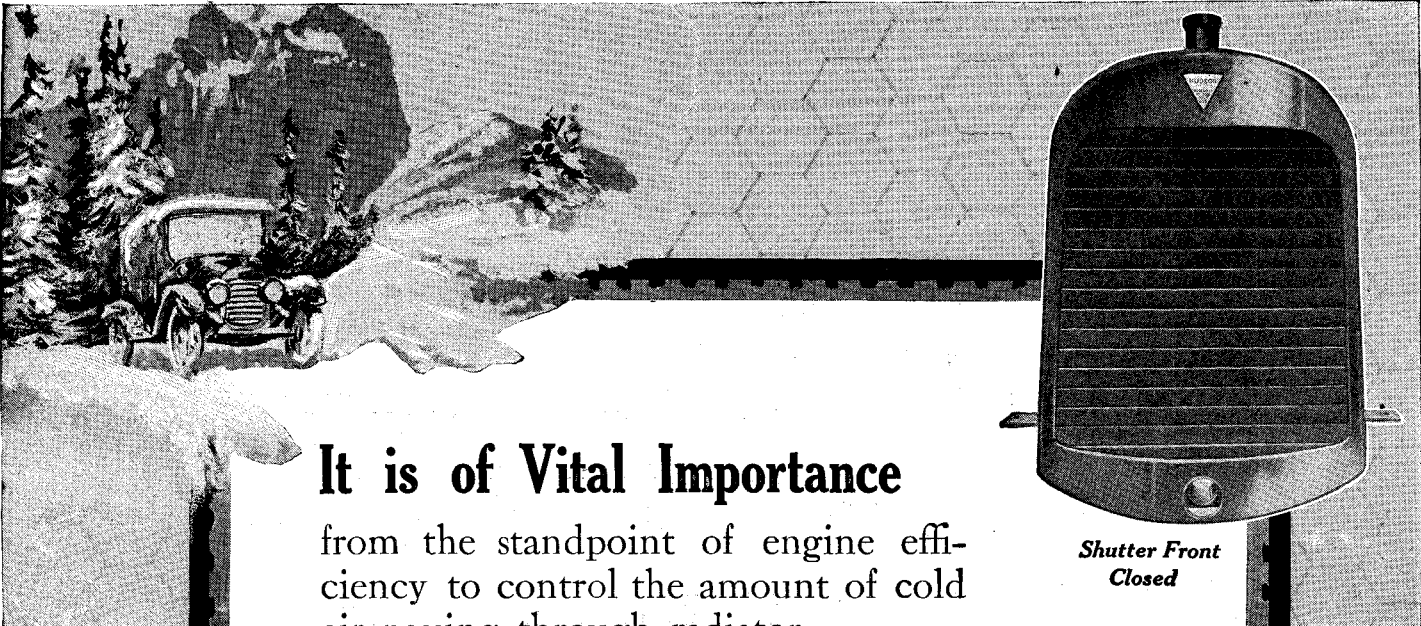
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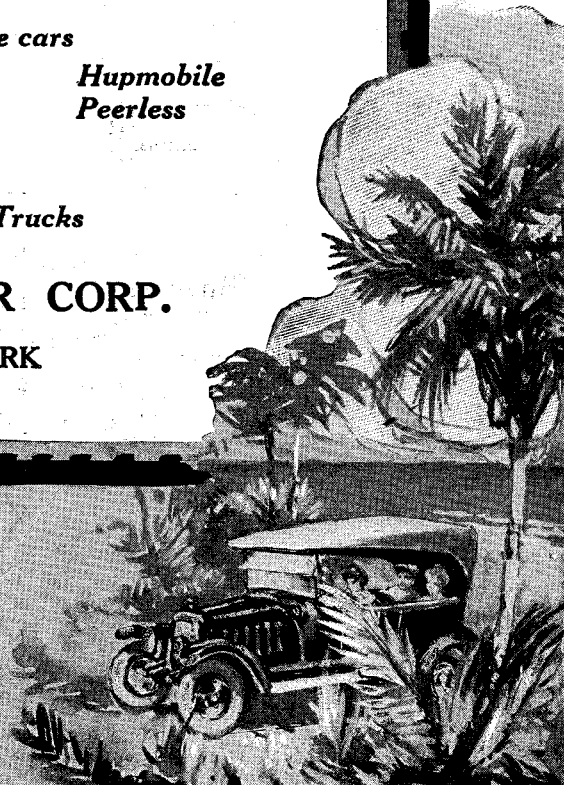
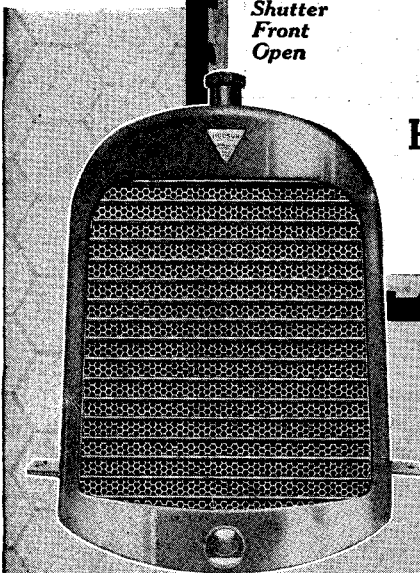
*Shutter  
Front  
Open*

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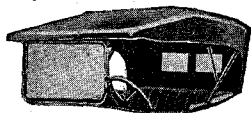
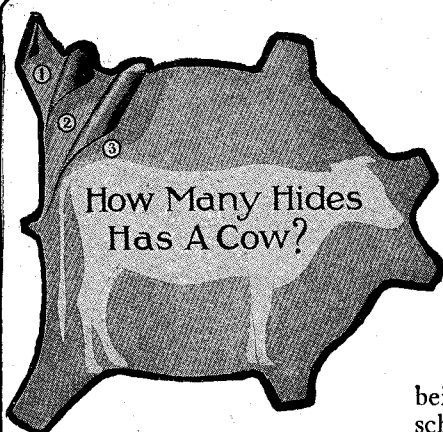


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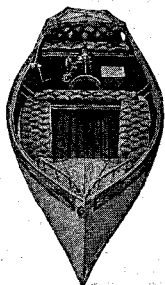




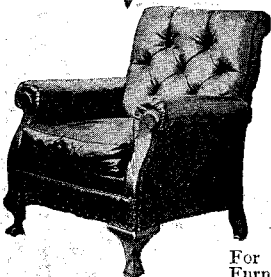
# DU PONT AMERICAN INDUSTRIES



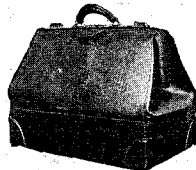
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Tops and  
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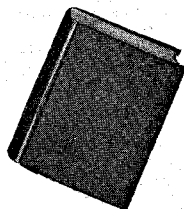
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## Uncle Sam Knows the Real Answer: **NOT ENOUGH!** Save Leather for Soldiers

To make America's hide supply go as far as possible, hides are being split into five or more thin sheets; but even this saving scheme fails to meet the requirements for soldiers' shoes, harness, equipment, ship upholstery, factory needs, etc., chiefly because too much hide leather is used by the public in places where high grade leather substitutes will serve as well or better.

For instance, the leather upholstery of one average size automobile would make twenty pairs of soldiers' shoes. For years America's largest producers of automobiles have successfully used Motor Quality Fabrikoid for upholstering their cars. Thousands of owners never even knew their cars were not upholstered in leather, because Fabrikoid looks and feels just like the finest leather, and actually wears better than the coated split leather most used for upholstery of automobiles not covered with Fabrikoid.

Again, the furniture you buy with leather upholstery is probably covered with split leather that will not give service equal to



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That "genuine cowhide leather" suitcase of yours will probably reveal on inspection that its covering is only a pasted-on piece of split leather not much thicker or stronger than this sheet of paper.

It is true that some few high priced automobiles and pieces of furniture are upholstered in genuine grain leather of good quality, and bags and suitcases are to be had at a price that are made of thick grain cowhide.

But the pride of possession of luxurious, expensive leather should now yield to patriotic preference for satisfactory substitutes that will divert this leather to more necessary uses.

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What Uncle Sam has found by experience and tests good enough for the Government's severe requirements should be good enough for every loyal American.

### How You Can Help

If you are a manufacturer using leather, probably part or all of your requirements can be met by some grade of Fabrikoid. While not feasible for every use of leather, the illustrations herewith show its wide range of utility.

If you use leather in your home for any purpose, try the proper grade of Fabrikoid instead.

When buying an automobile, boat or piece of furniture prefer Fabrikoid upholstery. Help the manufacturer conserve leather by patronizing those who use good leather substitutes like Fabrikoid.

Every hide displaced by a good substitute helps supply our armies with shoes, our farms with harness and our factories with belting—it helps win the war.

Manufacturers! write us your requirements and let us cooperate with you. Americans everywhere! write for samples and names of manufacturers of the article you want who use Fabrikoid and of stores near you selling it by the yard.

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they had been used, we came upon many little upright sticks, with drab and faded red rags tied to their tops. These we veered round with deep respect—they marked where the unexploded hand-grenades had fallen. The French have cleaned up their recovered land with an amazing thoroughness, but they have not yet cleared the deserted trenches. It is rare that a visitor goes near them—then only under careful escort. And the soldiers have run up the red rags as sufficient warning to the initiated.

But tho the ruined towns are nothing but heaps of brick and plaster, the streets are cleared through them. The start has been made. France will come back.

### JAPAN'S FIRST WOMAN BANKER

WHEN Asa Hirooka was a little girl she wanted to be a boy. That was because she believed all the privileges she wished to enjoy were confined to the other sex. Asa Hirooka is now a Japanese woman, and early in life she rebelled—that was some fifty years ago, she admits—rebelled against the conventions of her country. As she grew older she determined to throw off the shackles of custom that bound the Japanese woman of her younger days. She succeeded so well that she became the first modern banker of Japan, and took on coal-mining and life insurance as side issues. Later in years she became interested in the study of philosophy, and to-day is an earnest Christian and social-reform worker. Lucia B. Harriman tells the interesting story of the life of Madam Hirooka in *The World Outlook*. She says:

It was in the garden of her home in Osaka, that central dynamo of industrial Japan, that Madam Hirooka told me the story of her life, a record of the ever-fascinating struggle for the expression of individuality, made doubly difficult here in the Orient, where the individual—particularly if she has the ill-luck to be a woman—is lost in the family, the real unit of society.

Throughout the interview—which was carried on through the medium of an interpreter, a charming girl student of Doshisha Girls' School, a representative type of the coming woman of Japan—it interested me to observe that the term "woman's movement," which we used frequently during our conversation, was always exprest in English. Another expression that was never translated but used by Madam Hirooka at frequent intervals was "strong will."

These two expressions form the key-notes to her entire career. She possess the latter, doubtless an inheritance from a male ancestor, and she believed from her childhood in the former, altho it has only been within the past few years that she gave it a name. To-day she is Japan's foremost exponent of the woman movement. Her entire life has been a protest against the inequalities of the sexes as emphasized by the laws and customs of her people.

"When did you resolve to assert yourself?" I asked her early in our conversation.

"Early in my girlhood," she replied. "The more I thought about it the more determined I was that a girl should be

treated as a human being—not as a slave. No expression of this feeling escaped me, however. Outwardly I was a typical Japanese girl, meek, submissive, dutiful, self-effacing. Then at the age of seventeen came marriage and deliverance of a sort. To the average Japanese woman marriage is only a shift in the obediences, from that of one's own parents to that of the husband and his parents.

"My husband was nine years older than I and the nominal head of the great firm of Hirooka, which, like that of my father's family, carried on the financial affairs, the money-lending, etc., of the Daimios—the feudal lords of the nation. Actually, my husband regarded money-making as vulgar and beneath his notice. With others of his kind he spent the greater part of his time at the fashionable tea-ceremonies and at geisha entertainments.

"This gave me my opportunity. As soon as my husband left in the evening, I would begin my studies. I taught myself to read and write the Chinese characters. I purchased a *soroban*, and taught myself mathematics. I bought books and devoured them. There were comparatively few to be had, for we were still a hermit nation, shutting ourselves in, and the West, and all it had to give us, out. Science, politics, industry, Western literature, and arts were all closed books to us before the Restoration, for under the Tokugawa shogunate there had been 300 years of isolation from the rest of the world, with emphasis laid on luxurious living and elaborate social customs to while away the time of the rich and idle.

"One of the few books that I was able to obtain explained the American banking system to me. I knew that our business was in the same state as that of many another big family—on the verge of dissolution; that unless some one undertook its management and directed it with close attention to detail, it was bound to fall. I knew I could do this. I tingled to show my ability, to use my newly acquired knowledge.

"But that a woman should engage in business, particularly that which related to money matters and high finance, was unheard of, unwomanly, disgraceful. I knew it would mean ostracism, jealous criticism, ridicule, and opposition from every side. But I knew that I was strong enough to battle against even these, and I set myself to my task with the consent of my husband, who was both skeptical of my ability and indifferent to my ambitions."

What Madam Hirooka was able to accomplish is writ large in the history of Japan's modern business development. She not only put her husband's business in excellent condition, saving it from failure at the time of the Restoration in 1868, when all about them went to the wall, but developed it into a modern banking business on Western lines—the first in the history of the nation, which now has more than 5,000 national and private banking establishments.

Not content with this demonstration of her business ability, Mme. Hirooka, with far-sighted wisdom, forecasted the development of Japan's industries, her cotton- and silk-manufactories, her railways and shipping interests, and advanced the idea of the necessity for the development of Japan's coal-mines, specifically those on the Island of Kyushu.

This met with stubborn opposition from

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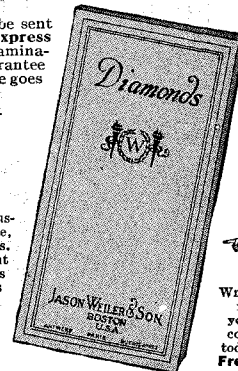
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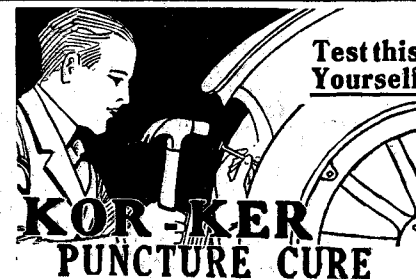
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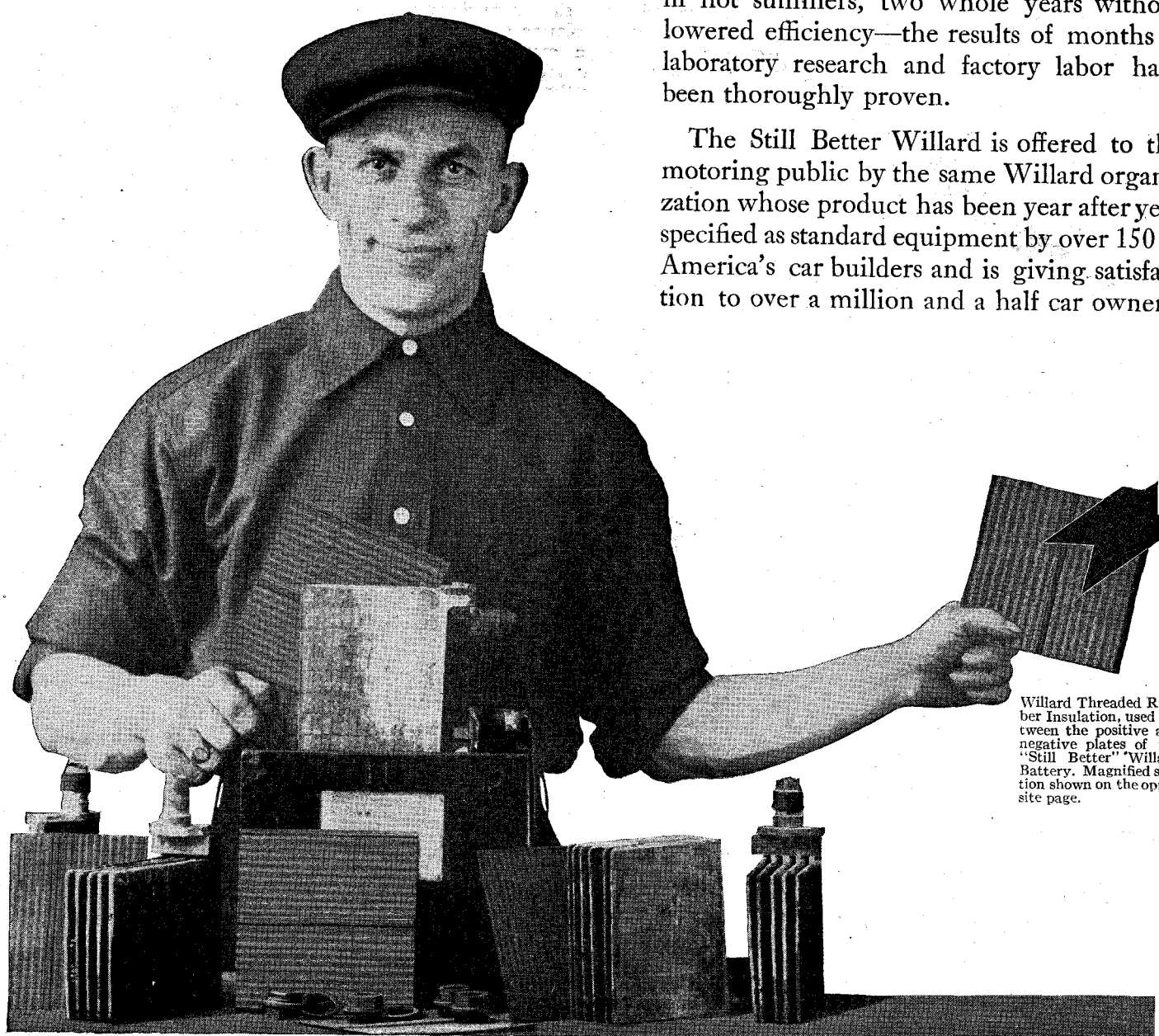
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we announce this

## Still Better Willard Battery

For the past two years 35,000 cars have been equipped with a Still Better Willard Battery, which represents marked advance over anything heretofore achieved in the *vitally important matter of proper insulation.*

Now after every test of service—dependable starting in cold weather, long running in hot summers, two whole years without lowered efficiency—the results of months of laboratory research and factory labor have been thoroughly proven.

The Still Better Willard is offered to the motoring public by the same Willard organization whose product has been year after year specified as standard equipment by over 150 of America's car builders and is giving satisfaction to over a million and a half car owners.

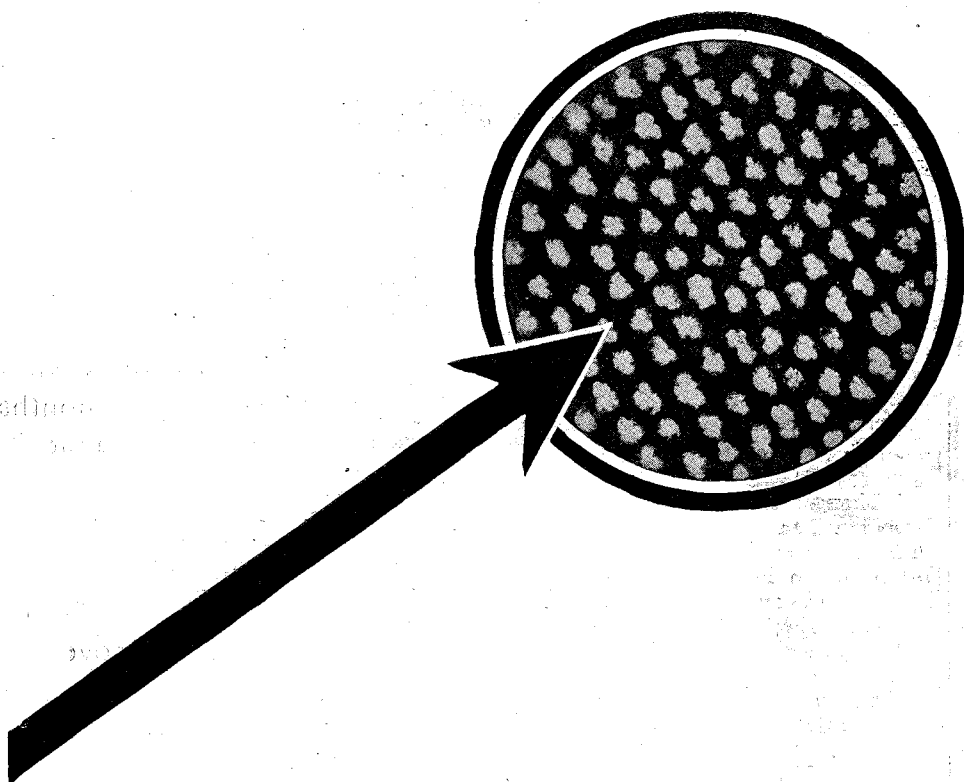


Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation, used between the positive and negative plates of the "Still Better" Willard Battery. Magnified section shown on the opposite page.



# WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY

## Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation



## How 196,000 Little Threads Solve a Big Problem

Magnify Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation, and you'll see that its surface is covered with little dots.

Each is the end of a tiny thread, only 1-32 of an inch long.

They have made possible something that battery engineers have wanted for years, an automobile starting and lighting battery with *satisfactory rubber insulation between plates*.

The two most important elements in a battery are, the plates which must deliver the current when you need it, and the proper insulation of these plates, on which their life and usefulness depend.

No battery will last forever, some day it wears out, and the first sign of that wear *has always come with the breaking down of the insulation*.

Anything, therefore, that gives *better, longer-lasting insulation* means a better battery.

Rubber is the ideal material in resistance and durability, but for years no one was able to find a practical way to use it for insulating the plates of automobile starting and lighting batteries without either decreasing the voltage necessary to turn over your motor in cold weather, or increasing the size of the battery beyond the usual limits.

The threads have turned the trick. The solution passes through them by capillary attraction, but the destructive short-circuit is barred.

The Still Better Willard costs more, but it is truly the most economical battery you can buy.

For sale by car dealers, garages, and all Willard Service Stations and Factory Branches.

Write for Booklet B-5, "The Story of 196,000 Little Threads."  
Sent free, postpaid, on request to

**WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY**  
Cleveland, Ohio



her business associates. Mining was looked upon with the same scorn that an Englishman looks upon "trade"—not to be mentioned in polite society. Not being able to overcome the antagonism of her family and associates, Mme. Hirooka determined upon the undertaking without the aid. She went to Moji, and, inspecting the land, leased it from the Government and personally directed the development of the mines. This was in 1879, when she was but twenty-eight years old.

Despite the predictions of failure, for mining without modern machinery and trained men was regarded as a great speculation, Mme. Hirooka's venture proved an unqualified success and in ten years she was able to sell out the greater part of her business to the Mitsui company at a large profit, reserving a small share which she recently sold to the Government for a half-million yen.

Another enterprise in which Mme. Hirooka has been a pioneer is life insurance. The closing out of her mining interests left her free to return to Osaka, where she enlarged the bank and formed a life-insurance company, called the Asahi Company, with a capital of 2,000,000 yen. This has since been consolidated with other companies and is now known as the *Vai-do Seimei Hoken Kaisha*.

To-day Mme. Hirooka, at the age of sixty-five, altho as keenly interested as ever in her business, has relinquished much of its personal supervision to her son-in-law, who, as a *yoshi* (an adopted son), carries on the family business and perpetuates the family name, which he adopted on his marriage to her only daughter.

At sixty Mme. Hirooka began the study of philosophy. At sixty-one she became interested in Christianity, studied its message and accepted it. To-day she has pledged herself to spend the remaining years allotted to her in disseminating its truths and working for the advancement of the women of her country, who, she assured me, needed more than any other one thing "to develop strong wills."

Many men in Japan, Mme. Hirooka confided to me, favored Christianity except for its moral code and its attitude toward woman. Once, in a conversation with the late Prince Ito, he had assured her that he thought Christianity "good on the whole, but too strict in its moral standards." She had come to realize, she told me, that "only Christian ideals would lift women to the place they had a right to occupy, side by side with men."

Within the past year, to the surprise even of herself, Mme. Hirooka has launched forth as a public speaker. She is forceful and dynamic; her talks to the hundreds of women, whose secluded lives have been the practical working out of that same book of morals which Mme. Hirooka so despised in her youth, are along Christian and practical lines.

Mme. Hirooka many years ago adopted Western dress, and just as she demands that her frocks be foreign, so has she built her house—a handsome mansion in the suburbs of Osaka. She has made concessions to the family by adding Japanese rooms, where her grandchildren spend much of their time when they are not studying under an American governess.

"How long will it take to bring it all about?" I asked.

"At least fifty years," she replied. "I shall not be here to see it, but it will come."

## THE SPICE OF LIFE

**Accommodating Husband.—WIFE—**"Can you let me have a little money, John?"

**HUB—**"Certainly, my dear. About how little?"—*Boston Transcript*.

**Unnecessary.—**"If you want a comfort in the house, get one of these instantaneous heaters. It keeps the whole family in hot water all the time."

"Don't need it. My wife attends to that."—*Baltimore American*.

**The Joke Recoiled.—**Riggs (facetiously)—"This is a picture of my wife's first husband."

Diggs—"Silly-looking guy! But say, I didn't know your wife was married before she met you."

Riggs—"She wasn't. This is a picture of myself when I was twenty-five."—*Boston Transcript*.

**Keeping Up with Science.—**DOCTOR—"What? Troubled with sleeplessness? Eat something before going to bed."

PATIENT—"Why, doctor, you once told me never to eat anything before going to bed."

DOCTOR (with dignity)—"Pooh, pooh! That was last January. Science has made enormous strides since then."—*Christian Register*.

**A Thoughtful Cook.—**There is a certain Brooklyn man who takes a great interest in his household. So the other day, just before he left his office, he telephoned to his wife to ask whether she wanted him to bring anything home.

"Yes," said the wife. "I wish you would stop and get some tea. And you might as well, while you're about it, get a set of china, too."

"China?" gasped the husband.

"Yes. Of course, we've got some, but cook says there's not enough to last the week out."—*Harper's Magazine*.

**New French Town.—**The geography lesson was about to begin, and the subject of it was France.

Accordingly, the teacher started off with the question: "Now in this present terrible war, who is our principal ally?"

"France," came the answer from a chorus of voices.

"Quite right," said the teacher, beaming. "Now can any of you give me the name of a town in France?"

A small boy at the back of the class almost fell over in his eagerness to tell; "Somewhere," he said, breathlessly.—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*.

**Not So Easy.—**Here is a story our wounded boys have brought back from the front about Sir Douglas Haig.

Sir Douglas was, some few weeks ago, in a great hurry to get to a certain place. He found his car, but the chauffeur was missing. So Sir Douglas got in the car and drove off by himself. Then the driver appeared and saw the car disappearing in the distance.

"Great Scot!" cried the driver, "there's aig a-driving my car!"

"Well, get even with him," said a Tommy, standing by, "and go and fight one of his battles for him."—*Tit-Bits*.

**A Literal Shopkeeper.—**"What have you in the shape of cucumbers, this morning?" asked the customer of the new grocery clerk.

"Nothing but bananas, ma'am," was the reply.—*Christian Register*.

**Up-to-Date Wedding Gifts.—**"Well, what sort of wedding presents did you get, girly—the usual assortment of berry-spoons and pickle-forks?"

"Not on your esteemed life. I got a sack of potatoes, four dozen fresh eggs, a peck of onions, and a Liberty bond."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

**A Guarded Statement.—**A village butcher, a big man, possess a deep voice, and he was exercising it at the local concert organized for the children's school-treat by singing several unapplauded encores.

"My!" exclaimed the school trustee's wife; "hasn't he an extensive repertory?"

"Well, I shouldn't like to say that," said the local dressmaker; "but he certainly is getting rather stout!"—*Tit-Bits*.

**Following the Text-Book.—**A teacher asked her class to write an essay on London. She was surprised to read the following in one attempt:

"The people of London are noted for their stupidity."

The young author was asked how he got that idea.

"Please, miss," was the reply, "it says in the text-books the population of London is very dense."—*New York Globe*.

**All in the Shuffle.—**A Government official was discussing the morality of certain war-profiteers.

"Their morality reminds me," he said, "of a professional gambler who always won at cards, whereas at the races he always lost."

"Oh, pshaw, George," his wife said to him one day, "you make me tired. Why is it you always bring home a horse-collar roll when you play poker and turn up broke when you play the horses?"

"My love," said George quietly, "I don't shuffle the horses."—*Washington Star*.

**A Young Financier.—**A pretty young schoolmarm who teaches a first-grade class in a school of the northwest section of the city is telling a funny story on herself that happened just before the close of the term. She had some visitors on the afternoon in question, and thought she would show them what a good class she had. Calling on a bright little fellow at the rear of the room, she said to him: "Johnny, if I gave you two cents and your father gave you three cents, how much would you have?"

"Seven," promptly replied Johnny.

The teacher blushed painfully, but thought she would try again: "You can't have understood me, Johnny. Now listen, and I will repeat the question. If I gave you two cents and your father gave you three, how much would you have?"

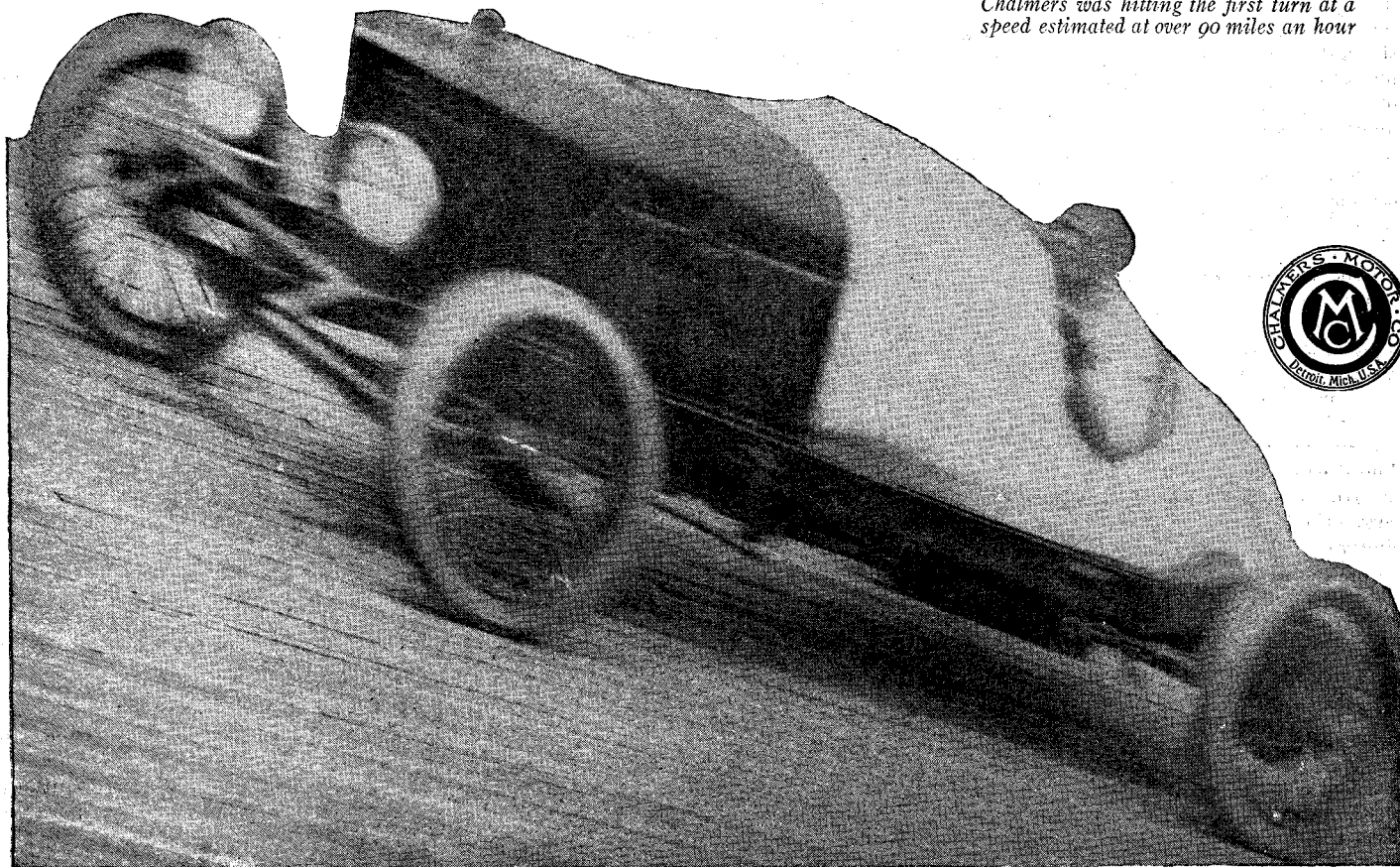
"Seven," said Johnny again, and with the same promptness.

"I am surprised at you, Johnny," said the teacher. "How on earth would you have seven?"

"I got two in me pocket," said Johnny.—*Chicago News*.



*This is reproduced from a motion picture photograph (not retouched) when the Chalmers was hitting the first turn at a speed estimated at over 90 miles an hour*



## CHALMERS HANGS UP FIFTEEN NEW SPEED RECORDS

(ALL OFFICIALLY APPROVED BY THE AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSOCIATION)

| NEW MILE RECORDS |          |            |            |
|------------------|----------|------------|------------|
| 1 mile           | 44.37    | 15 miles   | 10:58.55   |
| 2 miles          | 1:27.44  | 20 "       | 14:30.30   |
| 3 "              | 2:11.80  | 25 "       | 18:15.67   |
| 4 "              | 2:54.61  | 50 "       | 36:12.93   |
| 5 "              | 3:39.83  | 75 "       | 54:32.45   |
| 10 "             | 7:16.80  | 100 "      | 1:12:10.17 |
| NEW TIME RECORDS |          |            |            |
| 1 hour           | 83 miles | 12 hours   | 957 miles  |
|                  | 24 hours | 1898 miles |            |

Travelling farther and faster than any human being has ever travelled on land, sea or air in 24 hours, Joe Dawson in a stock Chalmers Speedster Chassis has smashed all Speedway records by covering the astonishing distance of 1898 miles in a twice-around-the-clock race against time on the Sheepshead Bay Speedway.

The old twenty-four hour record was 1819 miles, held by a Hudson. Chalmers bettered this wonderful mark by 78 miles.

The old one hour time of 77 miles, also made by a Hudson, the Chalmers bettered by six miles.

The 100 mile record, also held by a Hudson stock car, is 80 minutes, 21.40 seconds. Chalmers covered this distance in 9 minutes, 35.42 seconds less time.

The 12 hour mark of 953 miles made by a Hudson was bettered by the Chalmers which ran 957 miles in 12 hours—four miles farther.

The Contest Board of the American Automobile Association has approved and accepted these performances as official records. The trial was made under its supervision and was timed with the automatic electric timing device.

Great as was the performance of the Hudson in establishing such wonderful marks, the achievement of the stock Chalmers Speedster Chassis was all the more wonderful, particularly because it had a much smaller engine—slightly over 28% smaller. The piston displacement of the Chalmers engine is 224 cubic inches against 288 cubic inches of the Hudson.

1898 miles in 24 hours—that is approximately the distance from Chicago to San Francisco.

In the first hour the Chalmers covered 82 miles; in the twenty-fourth hour over 81 miles; and for the entire distance the average was 79-1/12 miles per hour.

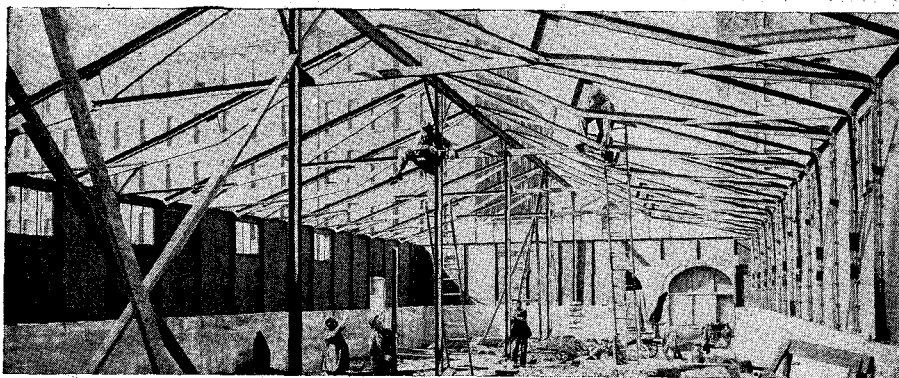
Any engine that can travel at this terrific speed day and night for 24 hours on a day that averaged 90 degrees in temperature and without the slightest mishap is certainly an engine to marvel at.

For sheer endurance, for ability not only in speed but in sustained speed, this performance is without equal in history; and yet it is a regular stock Chalmers engine.

Come and see the Autumn and Winter Chalmers—there are ten of them.

CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN





## More Space Quickly

Manufacturers, business men, railroads, cities, and the nation itself, today face the problem of providing *more space quickly*.

Truscon Steel Buildings are being erected everywhere to meet just such emergencies. These are not temporary, makeshift structures, but strong, permanent, *all-steel buildings*—well-ventilated, weather-tight, fireproof, and splendidly daylighted.

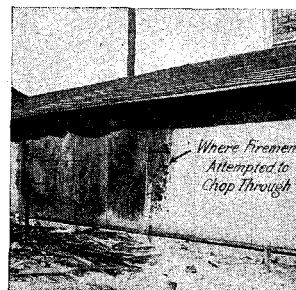
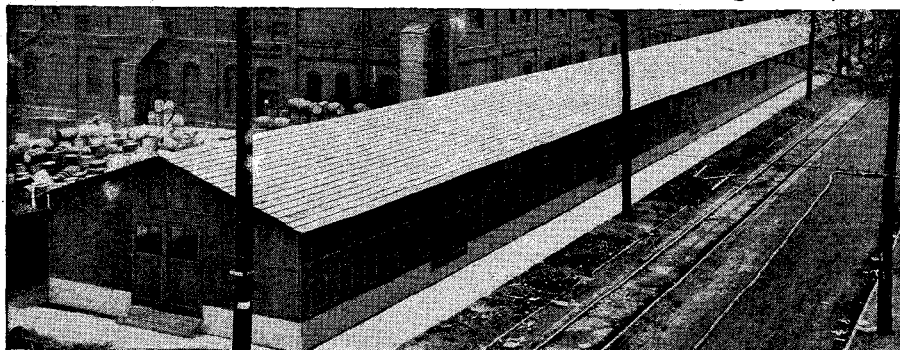


are provided with steel sash, steel doors and steel-tile roof. Easily portable—can be taken down and re-erected in a new location with no loss or depreciation. The interchangeable steel units are quickly assembled by means of a simple locking device. Standard buildings are practically all widths and all lengths.

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**TRUSSED CONCRETE STEEL COMPANY, Youngstown, Ohio**



Truscon Steel Warehouse. The Jos. N. Smith Company's plant, Detroit, after fierce fire. Inflammable contents of building uninjured. Note where firemen attempted to cut their way through.

## CURRENT EVENTS

### THE GREAT WAR

#### AMERICAN OPERATIONS

August 9.—In a telegram to the Governors of all States, Provost Marshal-General Crowder declares that unfair advantage is being taken of the Draft Law in its interpretation of "dependents" and warns that if exemptions are not cut down new regulations will be necessary. Exhaustive orders to local and district boards are also issued by General Crowder, calling to the colors 200,000 of the 687,000 registered men, beginning on September 1.

To man the 35,000 aircraft to be turned out by the Government for European service, a call for 100,000 men has been issued, 20,000 of whom will be trained for officers.

August 10.—President Wilson signs the Food-Control Bill and presents the pen to Herbert C. Hoover, it being the forty-third birthday of the newly created Food-Administrator. Mr. Hoover at once issues a statement outlining his policies.

The three men constituting the Exemption Board of Division No. 99 of New York City are removed on charge of irregularities, and the drafted men examined and exempted by them will be reexamined.

Secretary Baker refuses to comment on reports that the German General Staff had succeeded in locating the position of General Pershing's expeditionary force in France.

Secretary McAdoo urges Chairman Kitchin of the Ways and Means Committee to frame at an early date the necessary legislation for an additional bond-issue of \$6,000,000,000, to be known as the "Second Liberty Loan of 1917."

President Wilson leaves for a cruise on the *Mayflower*, during which it is expected that he will endeavor to solve the price-fixing problem.

Following an agreement with Henry Steers, Inc., by which the corporation will hereafter employ only union men on its Government building-contracts, labor authorities call off the strike of carpenters, and the work on the Army and Navy cantonments will go on. In order to prevent the interruption of war-contracts by labor troubles in the future, the Council of National Defense announces that a Labor Adjustment Commission will be appointed.

Further trouble in the Shipping Board is indicated by the resignation of the entire legal staff. Other resignations are said to be pending, Washington dispatches state, because of the delay on the part of Chairman Hurley and Admiral Capps in proceeding with the building of ships.

Colonel Roosevelt issues a vigorous statement in which he demands that the German-American press be muzzled at once, and that laws be framed forbidding the printing of newspapers here in German or the language of other hostile countries.

Bills are introduced in Congress that will compel men and officers of the Army and Navy to allot a minimum of \$15 a month out of their pay to be paid to dependent wives and children.

August 11.—The Shipping Board authorizes construction to begin at once on fifty ships, both steel and wooden, to cost \$25,000,000.

A "peace"-resolution introduced in Congress by Senator La Follette is regarded

## HOW FAR DOES the MIND INFLUENCE the BODY?

The answer to this absorbingly interesting question will be found in the books of Paul Dubois, M.D., Professor of Neuropathology at the University of Berne, Switzerland, who has made a lifelong study of the subject. This eminent authority approaches the problem both as a psychologist and a physician, yet in a style so clear that it presents no difficulties to the layman. All six books are sane, well-balanced, and instinct with an optimism that will be found contagious.

### THE PSYCHIC TREATMENT OF NERVOUS DISORDERS

Translated by Smith Ely Jelliffe, M.D., and William A. White, M.D. In this strong, optimistic book Dr. Dubois discusses the philosophy underlying the position he holds and describes clearly and charmingly the exact methods by which he has achieved such notable success. 8vo, Cloth, 471 pp. Copious Index. \$3.00; half leather, \$4.50. By mail 25 cents extra.

### NERVOUS STATES—THEIR NATURE AND CAUSES

Authorized translation by Edward G. Richards. Points out that neurasthenia is not a new disease created by the conditions of modern life, but is due to fatigue brought on by psychic debilities and can be cured by the education of the mind and strengthening of the will. 12mo, Cloth. 75 cents; by mail 80 cents.

### THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ORIGIN OF MENTAL DISORDERS

Authorized translation by Edward G. Richards. A sympathetic and intensely human book, showing how mental disorders are caused by commonplace factors of everyday life, which precipitate the individual into an abnormal state, and how just as these conditions are formed, they can be reformed and normal health regained. 12mo, Cloth. 50 cents; by mail 55 cents.

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### REASON AND SENTIMENT

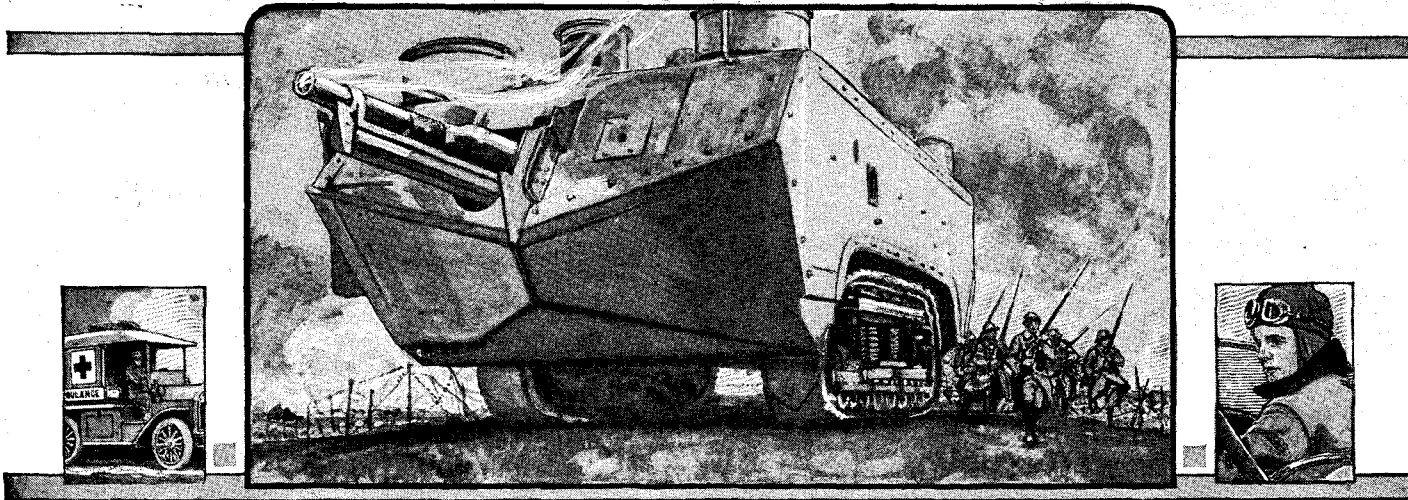
Authorized translation by Edward G. Richards. A delightful and charmingly written essay, setting forth when sentiment and when reason should determine our line of conduct. Will be found specially helpful in directing the minds of parents toward the proper molding of their children's intellectual life. 12mo, Cloth. 50 cents; by mail 56 cents.

### THE INFLUENCE OF THE MIND ON THE BODY

Translated by L. B. Gallatin. An intimate and clearly expressed talk on this much discussed subject that every physician, nurse, or layman who is interested in the mutual reactions of mind and matter, should read with care. It contains a wealth of inspiration and help, and points the way to a healthier and happier life. 12mo, Cloth. 50 cents; by mail 54 cents.

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*"It Makes a Difference"*

All the functions of correct lubrication are vigilantly performed by this great oil. Its high car-conservation qualities are delivering important service at this critical hour when it is imperative that every mechanical resource be skilfully and wisely guarded.

A high-class lubricant must do four things:

1. It must keep rubbing surfaces safely apart.
2. It must have sufficient body to form a perfect seal between the piston rings and the cylinder walls, so that no gas can escape from the combustion chambers.

3. It must also be able to stand up under the intense heat of the engine.

4. It must be so graded that it will perfectly meet the requirements of worn parts and of the less accurately fitted parts of some cars.

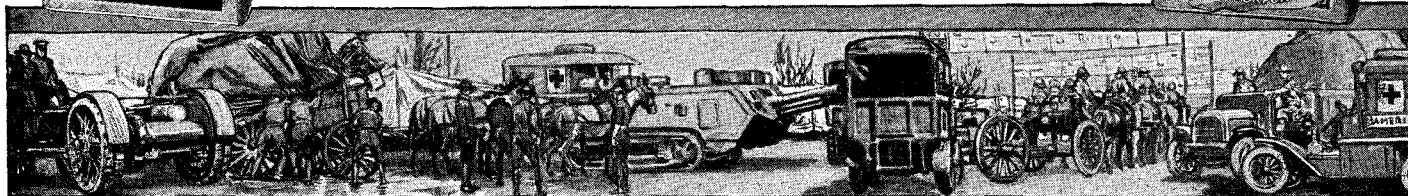
The three grades of Havoline Oil—HAVOLINE MEDIUM, HAVOLINE HEAVY, and HAVOLINE LIGHT—fill every possible requirement of automobile and tractor lubrication.

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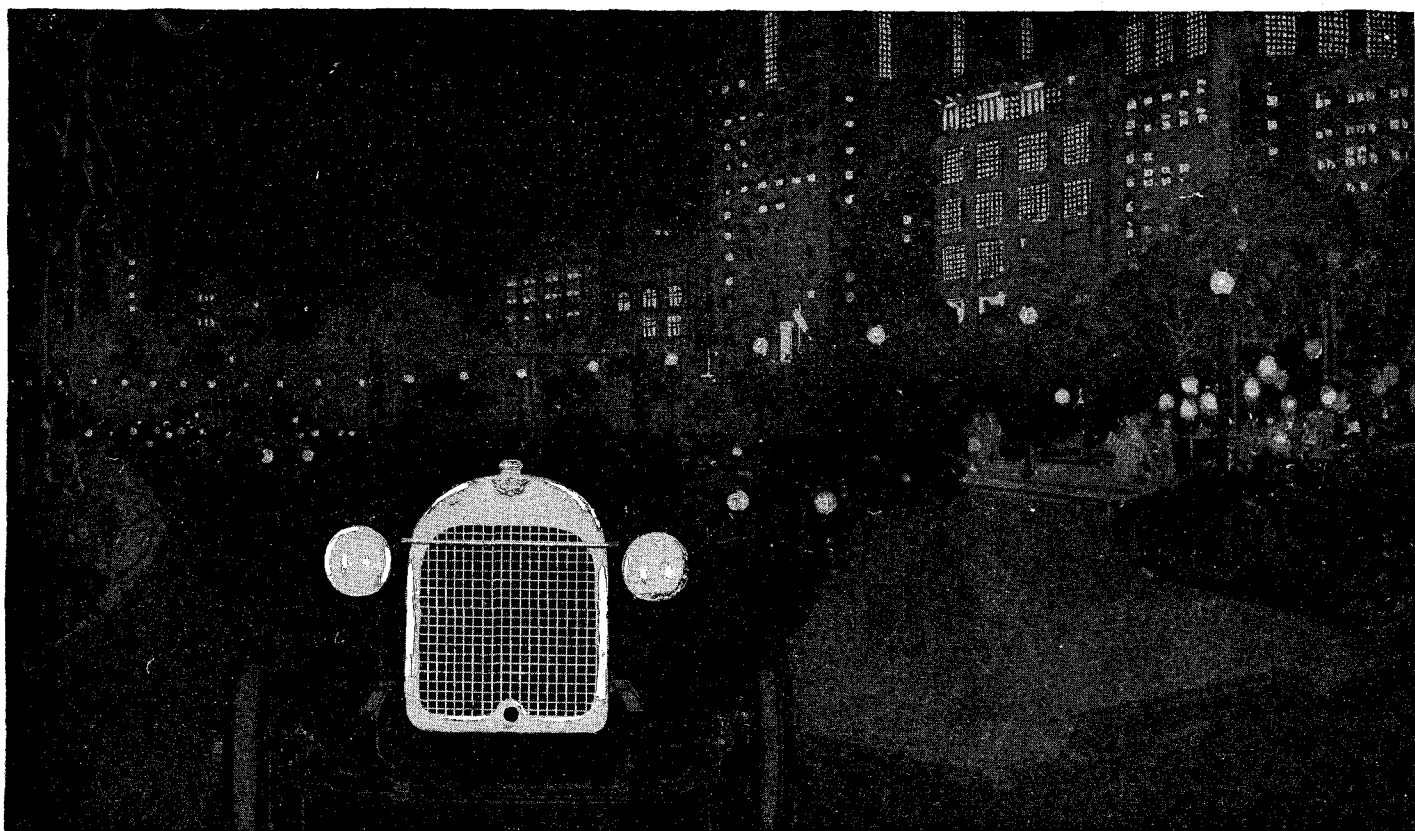


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THE ownership of a Pan-American spells distinction. For the Pan-American is unlike any other car in America.

A long line of mediocrity—and then the gleam of a *white radiator*—a little touch that in itself differentiates the Pan-American from all other cars on the market.

Pick out any assemblage of medium priced cars. Note the close similarity in design and appearance. The lack of distinction. Then compare the new Pan-American—"The American Beauty Car." The modern, low-slung design means not only the acme of beauty of appearance—but far greater riding comfort. You ride *in* a Pan-American—not *on* it.

### Superb Coach Work

THE coach work of the Pan-American is equalled only by a few of the more expensive motor cars. For instance, the hand-rubbed coach finish which every Pan-American receives—the choice, too, of four distinctive shades of body paint!

The Pan-American has style, class, beauty in every line—beauty comparable only to a few of the most expensive motor cars.

And underlying this beauty of appearance you will find sturdiness, endurance and stamina proven under the most trying conditions of cross country travel—and in the most gruelling race track tests.

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THERE is not an unknown quantity in the Pan-American—the specifications read like a blue book of Motordom materials! The famous Reuter six-cylinder, 40 h. p. motor and such standard equipment as Timken axles and bearing, Warner transmission, Gray Davis Starting and Lighting equipment, Firestone rims—names that in themselves are ample assurance of the unquestioned performance of the Pan-American—"The American Beauty Car."

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*With all that the Pan-American offers you the price is a "happy medium" one. \$1500 F.O.B. Decatur. Write today for the beautiful Pan-American book. The Pan-American Motors Corporation, Decatur, Illinois.*

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# Pan-American

## "The American Beauty Car"



as the platform on which a National Peace party is about to be formed.

August 12.—Washington dispatches announce that the plans of the Food-Administrator contemplate the purchase of the entire 1917 wheat crop of the country, the licensing of elevators and mills, the appointment of a committee to fix the price to consumers, the abolition of trading in wheat futures on the Exchanges, and the absolute control of all exports.

August 13.—Orders issued in Washington provide that the 687,000 men composing the first increment of the Army-draft forces will be under training early in October. The first 30 per cent. of the quota of each district will entrain for cantonments on September 5; the next 30 per cent. on September 15; the third on September 30, and the remaining 10 per cent. as soon as possible after that date.

In reply to the denials made by the German press that the Emperor on August 14, 1914, sent a private message to President Wilson through Ambassador Gerard, in which the Emperor declared that the neutrality of Belgium had to be violated, the Department of State makes public the text of the Kaiser's note.

Provost Marshal-General Crowder rules that conscientious objectors will not necessarily escape the draft, as such persons will be sent to mobilization-camps and later assigned to non-combatant branches of the service.

August 14.—Troops from the National Guard of twenty-six States and the District of Columbia are being organized into a division to be known as the Forty-second and which will be sent to France soon under the command of Brig.-Gen. W. A. Mann, of the regular Army. The only regiment from New York included in the order is the "Fighting Sixty-Ninth."

Secretary McAdoo informs Chairman Simmons, of the Senate Finance Committee, and Chairman Kitchin, of the House Ways and Means Committee, that the present session of Congress will be asked to authorize a new bond-issue of \$10,000,000,000 and to add another \$1,000,000,000 to the \$2,000,000,000 carried in the Revenue Bill now pending in the Senate.

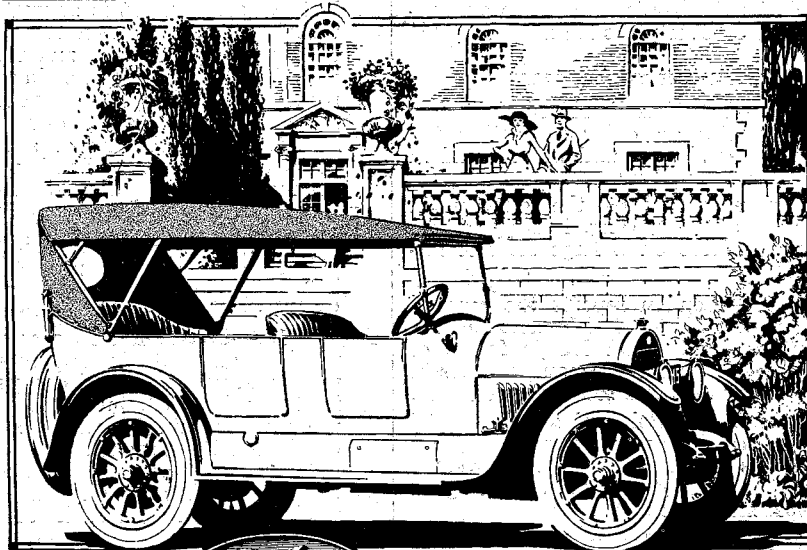
The Russian Mission, headed by Elihu Root, is established in New York, where they will discuss their individual reports before submitting them to the State Department at Washington.

President Wilson sends to the Senate for promotion the nominations of nearly 200 officers in the National Army, including officers of the regular Army and the National Guard.

August 15.—Elihu Root severely denounces German propagandists in America before the Union League Club and advocates their execution upon conviction.

The London Foreign Office issues the text of the Pope's appeal to the belligerent nations to end the war. The appeal is assuming greater international importance in Washington as it promises to become—according to dispatches from the capital—a new and perhaps final chapter in the history of the war.

To obviate technical difficulties, the work of the Wheat-Control Board will be carried on through a corporation, incorporated in Delaware with a capital of \$50,000,000, all the stock being held by the United States Government. The President issues a proclamation giving Mr. Hoover authority to control grain-prices and the licenses of those engaged in the storage and distribution



The



—adhering firmly to the policy of "nothing good enough but the

best"—adds another tribute to

## Genuine Pantasote

The most expensive and the most serviceable

### TOP MATERIAL

The adoption of Pantasote by Cadillac together with the endorsement of the cars listed below is conclusive proof of the intrinsic value of this top material.



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Cole  
Westcott



Avoid misrepresentation—even though it be unintentional. Look for this label on tops represented as Pantasote

**THE PANTASOTE COMPANY**  
1700 Bowling Green Building, New York, N. Y.



of grain. At a meeting of more than a hundred representatives of the grain and elevator trade resolutions approving the Hoover plans are adopted.

#### WITH AMERICA'S ALLIES

August 9.—The Canadian Food-Controller promulgates an order restricting the use of beef, bacon, and white bread in public eating-places.

London reports that the gun-fire in Flanders is increasing, indicating that another drive on a large scale is impending.

August 10.—London reports the renewal of the great battle in Flanders and the capture by General Haig's forces of practically all the German positions in the sector east and southeast of Ypres.

Workmen's and Soldiers' and Peasants' Delegates decide to convoke a great congress to discuss means to avert a Russian military *débâcle*. Petrograd dispatches announce.

August 11.—King George sends a message to Prime Minister Kerensky of Russia assuring him that the British will never relax their efforts against the common enemy.

London reports that six violent attacks by the Germans on the new positions won by the British southeast of Ypres on Friday are repulsed.

British naval airplanes drop several tons of explosives on the German airdrome in Ghistelles, Belgium, and also on the Zuidwege railway-siding and the Thourout Railway Junction, the British Admiralty reports.

August 12.—London reports that in the British drive in Flanders, beginning on August 10, 454 prisoners have been taken with six cannon. In the air-fighting three German machines are downed and four others driven down out of control. Germans attacking Glencorse Wood in the face of heavy machine-gun fire resulting in serious losses make some advance in furious hand-to-hand battles.

A battle on a large scale is raging all along the Roumanian front, Petrograd reports, the Russian troops putting forth their best efforts to check the Mackensen offensive.

August 13.—Replying to a question in the House of Commons, Foreign Secretary Balfour states that Greece is now definitely at war with Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, and Turkey.

A dispatch from London states that airmen on the front in Flanders report that they have never seen the ground so heaped with German dead as on the battle-field at Glencorse Wood, the enemy being absolutely reckless of losses in the attempt to regain positions on Westhoek Ridge. The terrific artillery-duel shows no sign of diminishing from Ypres to the North Sea.

London dispatches state that two of the enemy aircraft that raided the southeast coast watering-places of England were brought down by British airplanes. Reports of pilots indicate that London was the objective of the raid.

A new Japanese Mission to the United States reaches a port on the Pacific coast. Viscount K. Ishii, Ambassador Extraordinary, declares that they come as allies in a common cause, and "as comrades in a gigantic struggle which involves the liberties and sacred rights of mankind."

August 14.—Pope Benedict addresses to belligerents and neutrals an appeal for peace. He suggests the restoration of Belgium, Serbia, and Roumania, and a peaceful solution of the problems of

Alsace-Lorraine, Trente, Trieste, and Poland, according to reports from Vatican sources. It is suggested that there be no annexations nor indemnities, except in special cases, and that Germany's colonies be returned in exchange for the occupied departments of France, freedom of the seas, disarmament, and the establishment of a supreme court of arbitration. London regards the move as a "German trial balloon."

London reports the artillery-duel in Flanders as again rising to great violence with much activity in the air. The German report admits that "strong enemy attacks are being prepared."

August 15.—Canadian troops smash forward over a front of nearly three miles north and northwest of Lens, penetrating to the depth of a mile, and capturing the famous Hill 70, which has been considered impregnable. London dispatches telling of the drive state that the City of Lens, an important railroad and coal center, is completely dominated.

Petrograd reports the secret removal of the former Emperor Nicholas and his family from the palace at Tsarskoe Selo, where he has been held under guard since the revolution in March. It is said that the royal prisoners are on their way to Tobolsk, in Siberia.

A falling off in the British tonnage sunk during the past week by German U-boats and mines is indicated in the Admiralty report. Following is the official statement: Arrivals of all nationalities, 2,776; sailings, 2,666. British merchantmen of more than 1,600 tons sunk by submarines or mines, 13; under 1,600 tons, 1. Merchantmen unsuccessfully attacked, 8. Fishermen sunk, 13. This is the lowest record since unrestricted submarine warfare began on March 1.

#### THE CENTRAL POWERS

August 11.—Lieut.-Gen. Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven, Chief of the Supplementary General Staff of the German Army, in an article printed in a German newspaper, admits the falsity of the German pretension that the violation of Belgian neutrality in 1914 was due to military and defensive necessity.

August 12.—Reports reach Washington naval circles that the German High-Seas Fleet has formed plans to elude the British cordon and strike with maximum power in American waters.

Twenty-three persons are killed and fifty injured when twenty German airplanes bomb Southend, Margate, and other towns on the English coast.

The Navy Department announces the sinking of the American steamship *Campana*, Standard Oil tanker, by a German submarine and the probable capture of the captain and four of the naval guard.

August 13.—Latest official reports to the War Department at Washington indicate that Germany has launched a campaign to force the Swiss Government to actively assist the German cause. The first move is the seizure of the *Freie Zeitung* by the police of Bern because it indorsed President Wilson's stand in the war.

#### FOREIGN

August 10.—As a result of the developments at the Labor Conference, Labor Minister Henderson is expected to resign from the Cabinet, London dispatches report. A dispatch from Petrograd states that Premier Kerensky has declared against the Stockholm Conference.

August 11.—A cable from Paris to the official French bureau of information, New York City indicates that M. Frederico Tedeschini, under-secretary of state of the Vatican, has succeeded Cardinal Gasparri as Pope Benedict's prime minister. Cardinal Gasparri's resignation is said to be due partly to ill health and partly to the Pope's desire to institute a new German policy.

Minister Henderson resigns from the British Cabinet following a Labor conference which, after an address by M. Henderson, decides to send delegates to the Socialist Peace-Conference at Stockholm. Premier Lloyd George, accepting the resignation, says that M. Henderson's attitude had taken the Cabinet by surprise.

August 13.—George Nicoll Barnes, Minister of Pensions, is appointed to replace Arthur Henderson as Labor member of the British War-Cabinet. The Government announces to Parliament that had been decided not to grant passports to delegates to the Stockholm International Socialist Congress.

The State Department hears that if Americans were lost when the steamship *City of Athens* struck a mine near Cape Town, South Africa.

August 14.—The attitude of Arthur Henderson, the Secretary of the Labor party, who resigned from the British War-Cabinet, is indorsed at a joint meeting of the executive committee of the National Labor party and the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades' Union Congress. It is resolved to ask the Government to withdraw its order prohibiting the issuance of passports to Stockholm delegates.

August 15.—Members of the official Dutch Mission, which is expected to sail for the United States this week, declare that if they fail to persuade the American Government to permit a continuance of the supply of grain it will mean misery and the economic ruin of Holland.

#### DOMESTIC

August 11.—Secretary Lansing, Washington dispatches state, definitely announces that the United States Government will refuse passports to Americans desiring to attend the Stockholm Conference.

The commission investigating the economic situation reports that any advance beyond ten cents a ton on September 1 will be totally unjustifiable. Washington also announces that the first definite move as to price-fixing under the Food Control Bill will be a reduction in price to the consumer.

August 12.—Officials of the Philadelphia Reading Coal & Iron Company declare there is no intention of increasing the price of coal more than ten cents a ton on September 1, the usual raise.

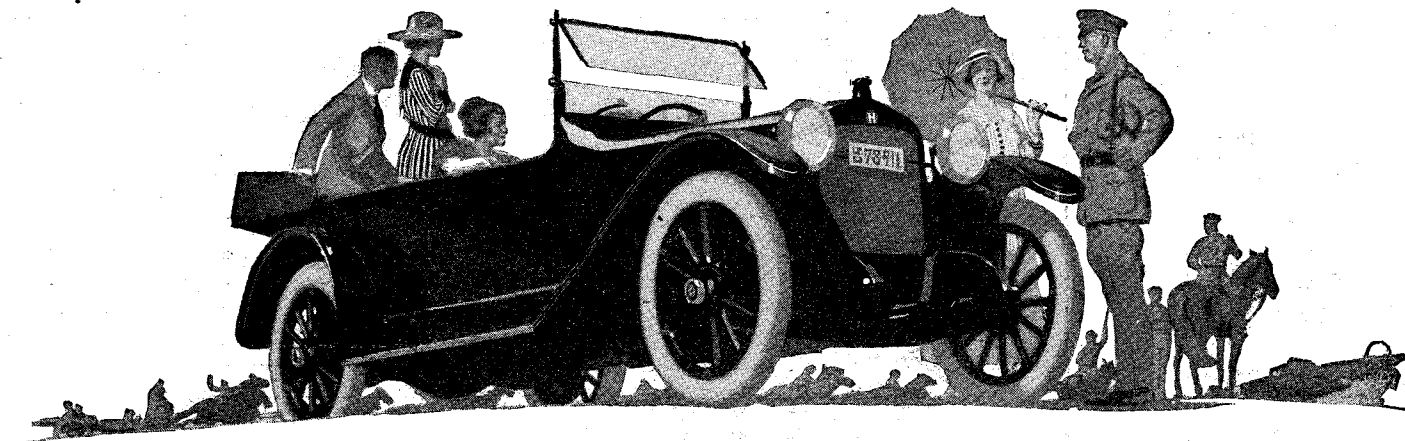
**Not the Camera's Fault.**—"These photographs you made of myself and husband are not at all satisfactory and I refuse to accept them. Why, my husband looks like an ape!"

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**An Automatic Check.**—BILTON—"Are you spending too much?"

Mrs. BILTON—"No, dear; you don't make enough for me to do that."—*Life*.





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## INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

### WHAT THE WAR COSTS

**A**PPROXIMATELY \$90,000,000,000, we are told, represents the total financial cost of the war to all the belligerents from August, 1914 to August, 1917. To carry it on at the present stage, the warring nations are facing a daily expenditure of \$117,000,000. The cost to the United States from the time we entered the war until August 1, was \$1,629,000,000, of which \$1,337,500,000 has been advanced to our Allies. These figures, based on the testimony of leading European statesmen and on official reports of our Government for the four months from April to July, inclusive, are published in *The Wall Street Journal*. This paper goes on to say:

"It has been estimated in Washington that the cost of the war to the United States to June 30, 1918, will be \$17,000,000,000, of which \$7,000,000,000 will consist of loans to the Allies. Expenditure of \$17,000,000,000 for sixteen months would mean an average daily bill of \$37,000,000, but allowing for \$7,000,000,000 to be advanced to Britain, France, and other members of the Entente, our own daily cost would be lowered to \$21,700,000.

During the past winter Britain's daily cost ran up to almost double this latter figure, or about \$40,000,000, but it was stated by Chancellor of the Exchequer Bonar Law in July that recently these costs had declined about \$5,000,000 daily, bringing current costs down to about \$35,000,000. This of course represents a great increase in the expenditures of Great Britain on account of the war over the early period of hostilities. But those lower costs at that time were when fewer men were under arms, materials were cheaper, and use of ammunition consequently less. As her armies have risen in numbers and her volume of equipment and munitions has multiplied, her daily war-expenditures have mounted.

In our own case we are going to have to do much as the United Kingdom has done. While we may not have to raise as many millions of troops, it is necessary for us practically to start at the beginning and build up. It appears to be planned to put at least 1,000,000 troops in the field with all that that means in the way of equipment and supplies, and expenses of transportation of men, munitions, and materials overseas at a time when costs are everywhere away above the early stages of the war.

Important figures of France's expenditures are contained in the account given by André Tardieu, of the French Commission in the United States. These figures bear out the estimates made by Dow, Jones & Co. of the war's cost to our sister republic. Last May it was stated in the Chamber of Deputies by a member of the French Cabinet that France's war-expenditures to September 30 next would amount to approximately \$18,000,000,000. This was brought out in the introduction of the budget for the September quarter, aggregating \$1,968,600,000.

The following tabulation sets forth aggregate cost of the war to August 1 for the leading nations of the two groups of Powers, daily current rates of expenditure, and the grand total of cost to all the nations engaged, less advances made by various Powers to their Allies and dominions:

### ENTENTE ALLIES

| Expenditures        | Aggregate        | Present Daily |
|---------------------|------------------|---------------|
| United Kingdom..... | \$26,705,000,000 | \$35,000,000  |
| France.....         | 16,530,000,000   | 18,500,000    |
| Russia.....         | 14,250,000,000   | 15,000,000    |
| Italy.....          | 5,050,000,000    | 7,000,000     |
| United States.....  | 1,629,000,000    | 19,100,000    |
| Other Allies.....   | 3,250,000,000    | 5,000,000     |
| Total.....          | \$67,414,000,000 | \$99,600,000  |
| Less advances.....  | 7,992,500,000    | 22,900,000    |
| Net total.....      | \$59,421,500,000 | \$76,700,000  |

### TEUTONIC ALLIANCE

| Expenditures             | Aggregate        | Present Daily |
|--------------------------|------------------|---------------|
| Germany.....             | \$19,750,000,000 | \$25,000,000  |
| Austria-Hungary.....     | 9,700,000,000    | 13,000,000    |
| Bulgaria and Turkey..... | 1,450,000,000    | 2,000,000     |
| Total.....               | \$30,900,000,000 | \$40,000,000  |
| Less advances.....       | 600,000,000      | .....         |
| Net cost.....            | \$30,300,000,000 | \$40,000,000  |

### GRAND TOTAL

|                      |                  |               |
|----------------------|------------------|---------------|
| Entente Allies.....  | \$59,421,500,000 | \$76,700,000  |
| Teutonic Allies..... | 30,300,000,000   | 40,000,000    |
|                      | \$89,721,500,000 | \$116,700,000 |

Last February it was stated by the German Finance Minister that the cost of the war already exceeded \$75,000,000,000, of which the share of the Teutonic Powers was only \$25,000,000,000, which would leave \$50,000,000,000 as the burden of the Entente. Over \$5,000,000,000 has since been added to the costs of the Germanic allies, while about \$9,500,000,000 has been added to the bill of the Entente.

### THE RAILROADS' SHARE OF PROSPERITY

The question whether the nation's railroads are enjoying their fair share of the nation's present prosperity is brought to the front again by the publication of the gross revenues of our railroads for the first half of the current calendar year. These figures, compiled by no less an authority than the *New York Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, are based on the monthly returns which the railroads are required to file with the Interstate Commerce Commission at Washington, and they "fall but little short of representing the entire steam-railroad mileage of the country, the exact length of line covered by the railroads in our tables being 249,663 miles." While these figures reveal a great increase in gross revenue, *The Chronicle* reminds us that "on account of the rise in operating costs and the resultant tremendous increase in expenses the showing as to the net results [for which full returns are not yet available] is going to be of a much different character." Stated in brief, says this leading organ of railroad finance, "gross earnings of United States railroads in the first six months of 1917, as compared with the corresponding six months of 1916, increased over \$200,000,000, the amount of the gross for 1917 being \$1,929,222,058, and for 1916, \$1,727,649,704." We read further:

"This is a gain of 11.60% and would be a noteworthy result standing all by itself. It derives additional significance from the fact that it follows an even more noteworthy expansion in revenues in 1916 as compared with 1915. The truth is, the showing in that respect in the previous year had been in every way a remarkable one. In commenting at the time upon the magnitude of the gain in the first six months of 1916, we remarked that the



statement was an extraordinarily favorable one—that the record in that regard was unique, the improvement over 1915 being of such exceptional dimensions. We pointed out furthermore that in amount of gain the record had never been equaled, while to get equally large ratios of improvement it would be necessary to go back several decades, to the period following the resumption of specie payments on January 1, 1879 (when as a result of that step the country's industries became completely rejuvenated and development proceeded by leaps and bounds). In brief it appeared from the figures then presented that the steam railroads of the United States had earned fully \$324,219,430 more gross in the first six months of 1916 than in the first six months of 1915. The ratio of improvement was 23.48%.

"Thus the further improvement in 1917 comes on top of this tremendous gain in the previous year, and the two combined make a record of improvement of prodigious proportions. That is to say, by adding the \$201,572,354 increase now shown for 1917 to the \$324,219,430 increase registered in 1916, we have an expansion for this six months' period in two years of \$525,000,000. Obviously to add in the brief space of two years such a huge sum as \$525,000,000 to the gross earnings of United States railroads in this six months period is an achievement of no ordinary character.

"On analysis it will appear that the further gain in 1917 is of greater import even than was that of 1916, inasmuch as the 1916 gain, notwithstanding its great magnitude, represented in considerable part a recovery of previous losses, whereas the 1917 gain represents entirely new gain to that extent. For the first half of 1915 our compilations registered a decrease of \$41,423,035. For the first six months of 1914 the record was yet poorer, the loss then aggregating \$84,601,109. We may go a step further and assert that as a matter of fact there had been little permanent growth in railroad revenues in the first six months even of the years immediately preceding; 1913, with its increase of \$136,097,376, recorded a fairly satisfactory addition to gross earnings, but this addition was less significant than it otherwise would have been, inasmuch as it followed only a moderate increase in 1912 and an actual loss in 1911. For the first six months of 1912 our compilation registered an increase of no more than \$51,012,535, or 3.99 per cent. In the first half of 1911, as stated, there was an actual falling off in gross earnings, the amount of the loss reaching \$26,557,747, or 2.03 per cent.

"The situation then is that after a long period of poor and indifferent, or only fair, results the railroads in 1916 again came into their own, and at one bound, under the stimulus of the European war demand for all of the country's goods and products, retrieved themselves, while in 1917 under the continuance of the same stimulus they distinguished themselves still further by registering additional expansion of very exceptional proportions."

Turning to the other side of the picture *The Chronicle* reminds us that operating expenses and cost of material and construction have grown even more rapidly than have the railroads' gross revenues. It says:

"The average passenger receipts per mile have declined from 2.019 cents in 1896 to 1.997 cents in 1917, and the average freight receipts per ton mile have declined from 8.06 mills in 1896 to 7.14 mills in 1917, but meanwhile the cost of every item entering into service has increased. Railway revenue comes about 6 per cent. from mail and express contracts, and 94 per cent. from freight- and passenger-service. Labor alone is over 40 per cent. of

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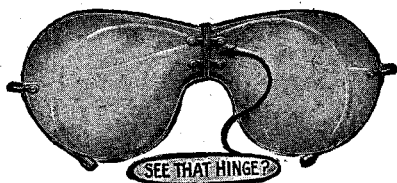
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service cost, and that has risen over 48 per cent. in the term covered; in the last ten years the cost of labor has risen 33.5 per cent., that of fuel has risen 8.11 per cent., and that of material has risen 52.63 per cent. Except taxes, which have increased absolutely 100 per cent., and in 1916 took 4.46 per cent. of operating revenues, against 3.21 per cent. in 1906, these figures of percentage increase are approximations.

"It would be a great mistake if the public should hastily adopt the complacent idea that the roads are doing excellently. In asking cooperation from the various supervising officials in the States, the railway War-Board says that the present emergency has imposed on the roads 'a very unusual strain in transporting men, food, coal, munitions, and materials in augmented quantity.' This burden, while cheerfully undertaken, 'requires every ounce of energy, every unit of rolling-stock, every dollar of capital, every bit of supplies and coal which the railroads can command.' Therefore, under this great exigency which permits no denial, the Board earnestly recommends that during the war the railroads be required by the public authorities to make improvements and carry out projects involving the expenditure of money and labor only when they are absolutely essential for war-purposes or public safety."

"The significance of this ought not to need pointing out; the mere statement should suffice to cause people to do some serious thinking. The request is that the roads be required to increase improvement outlays only when the demands of the war or the paramount call for public safety require; for all beyond, wait till the war is over. Where is the increase in carrying facilities which have ordinarily been no more than sufficient and now are not equal to the calls upon them? Where is the development which ought to be, as it inevitably must be, the prime factor in opening up new territory to habitation and productive industry? The degree to which the policy of repressive regulation has gone is not realized. We have been starving our railway work-horses, and now they must strain every sinew under the augmented load."

"We are already paying for this foolish conduct, altho we may not realize the fact. No small part of the high cost of necessities comes from the inadequacy of transportation; we have kept rates down, but we have not kept prices down. We need new settlement and new crops from soil practically virgin, because we need more abundance. We have fettered the carriers until their securities are comparatively unattractive, because investors doubt their future."

"It has not been a profitable course, based upon clamor and time-serving politics. Hard experience may be about to teach us, and meanwhile it would be a further indulgence in folly to suppose that apparent railway prosperity is real and that fetters increase strength and growth."

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## THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"D. B.," Fossil, Ore.—"Does good usage require us to use the word *rise* in the sentence 'The bread *rises*,' or should we use the term 'raises' as domestic science experts so frequently do?"

Definition 4 of the verb *rise* is: "To swell upward, as by increase of quantity or extent; as a river *rises*; bread *rises*." Therefore, "The bread *rises*," is correct.

"E. L. E.," Wellesley, Mass.—"Kindly define the slang term *highbrow*."

A *highbrow* is a person observed or imagined to take a superior attitude toward the generalities of mankind, or any person of the intellectual classes."

"W. S. W.," Alexandria, Va.—"Is this sentence correct: 'This table is round, this one is rounder, but this is the roundest of the three (referring to three tables)'?"

The sentence you submit is correct.

"H. W. G. O.," Georgetown, Ky.—"Is the adjective 'elegant' permissible in the following: 'That was an *elegant* sermon?'"

Such a use of *elegant* is colloquial.

"J. A. G.," Grand Junction, Colo.—"What is the correct pronunciation of the word *magnet* as applied to the instrument used for producing an electrical spark for igniting in a gasoline motor? The pronunciation 'magneeto' is almost universally used among those connected with the automobile industry as well as the users of the automobiles."

*Magneto* is pronounced *mag'net-o*—a as in *fat* e as in *get*; o as in *obey*; or, *mag-ni'to*—a as in *fat*; i as in *police*; o as in *obey*.

"J. C. M.," Richland, Mont.—"Is it correct or permissible to use the words *all* and *right* as a compound word, as *alright*? If it is, must it be spelled with one or two i's? Will not the same rule hold here as in *already*, *always*, etc.?"

The correct form is *all right*; this is the form commonly accepted to-day. Formerly *alright* had some vogue and like *already* was formed of two words, but altho *all ready* was displaced early in our literature (1380) by *already*, *all right* did not meet with the same fate.

"S. L. S.," Chicago, Ill.—"Is the following sentence correct English: 'One is more careful when writing formal English than when he is speaking in ordinary conversation'? Exception has been taken to the use of *he*."

Dr. Vizetelly in his "Desk-Book of Errors in English" under *one* says: "Used sometimes as *ir* writing narrative instead of 'I,' 'he,' or 'a.' Bair ('Higher Eng. Grammar') says: 'One should be followed by *one* and not by *he* (nor for that matter by *I* or *a*); as, 'What *one* sees or feels *one* can not be sure that *one* sees or feels.' (To begin with *one* and to continue with any one or the substitutes suggested would not only be incorrect but would confuse the reader.' According to this, therefore, the sentence should read—"One is more careful when writing formal English than when *one* is speaking in ordinary conversation."

"W. E. A.," Pittsburg, Pa.—"A dispute has arisen here as to the proper use of the words *depository* and *depository*. It seems that a bank in this city is advertising itself as a 'U. S. *Depository*.' There are some of us who think this is wrong, but we find some of the dictionaries apparently give authority for it. Please advise us which is correct."

The New Standard Dictionary prefers the form *depository*, but gives *depository* as a variant.

"M. G. L.," New York, N. Y.—"Kindly straighten out the following: (1) Are the words *wicked* and *atrocious* synonymous, altho the latter perhaps a trifle stronger than the former, viz.: is a *wicked* man or a *wicked* action necessarily an *atrocious* man or an *atrocious* action? (2) Is it correct book English, that is to say, English as spoken by a great orator or printed in your paper, to say: 'It was a *horribly good* concert,' or 'The dinner was *terribly good*,' or 'She is an *awfully fine* artist,' viz., strengthening the value of an adjective by the addition of an adverb?"





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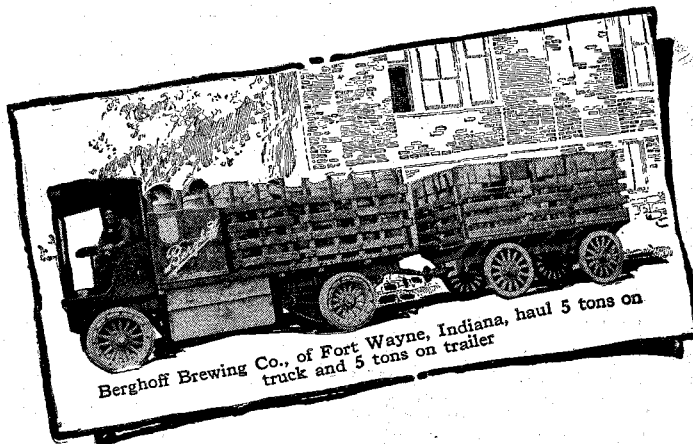
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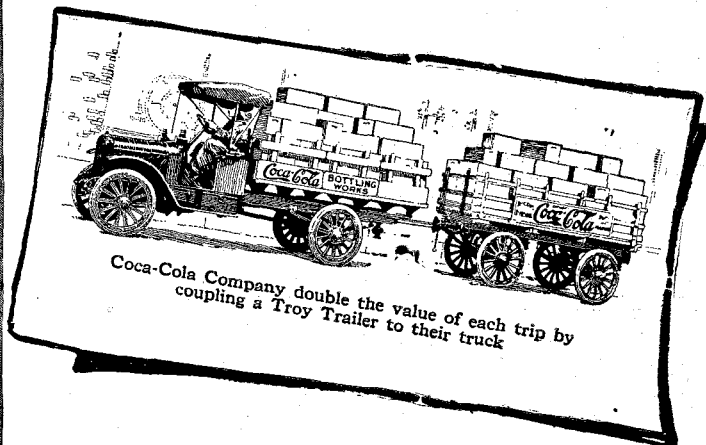
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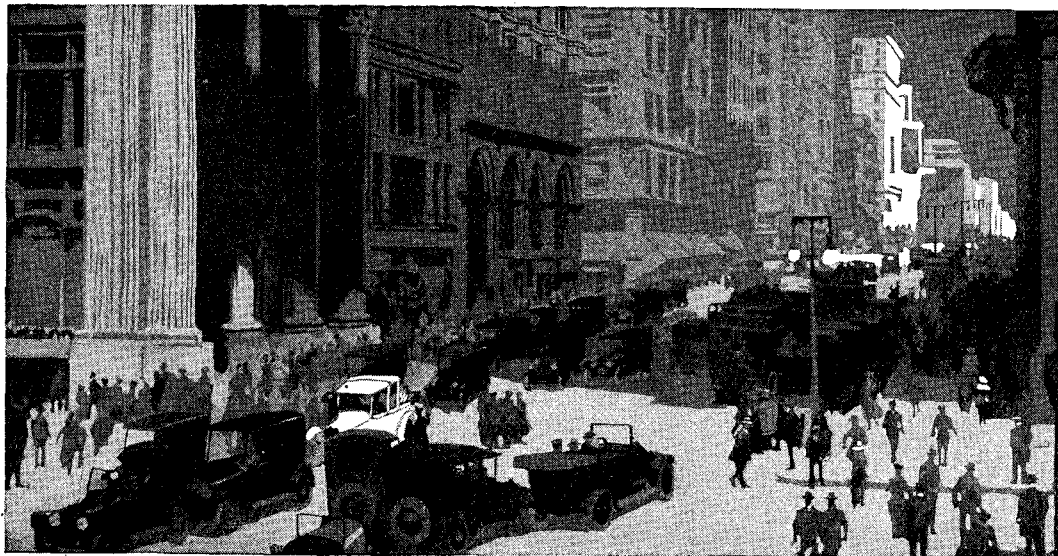
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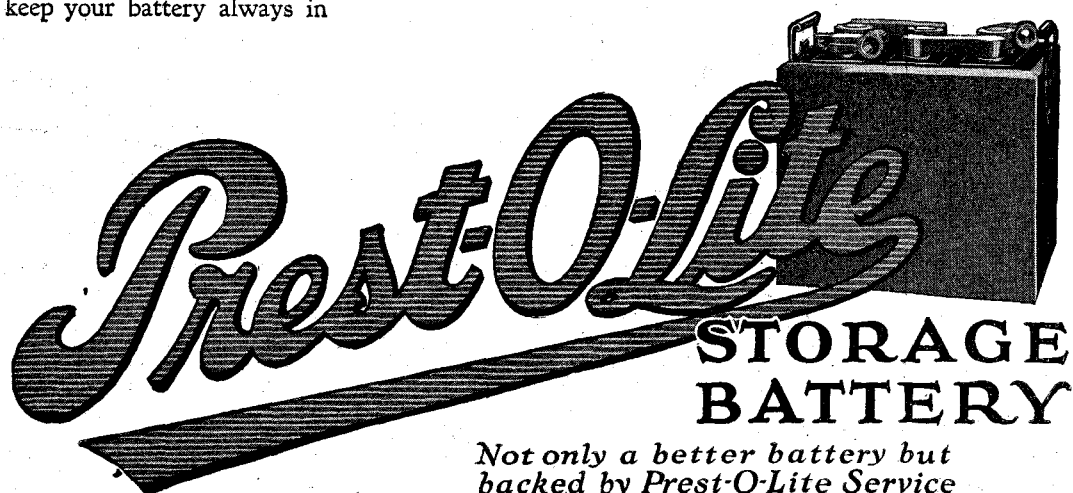
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expressing almost the opposite of what is intended to be conveyed by the adjective?"

(1) The words *wicked* and *atrocious* are by no means synonymous. It is wicked to steal a loaf of bread, but it is by no means atrocious. Of course, *atrocious* always includes the idea of *wicked*. (2) Such phrases as "horribly good," "terribly good," and "awfully fine" are totally inadmissible.

"G. R., Lancaster, Pa.—"In the Sermon on the Mount, as recorded by St. Matthew, chapter 6, in the Bible of Protestant origin, the Lord's Prayer ends with the appendix 'For Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever,' whereas it is omitted from the Douai Version. Why is this?"

Because it is regarded as an interpolation; that is, it was added later by other than the original writer. You will notice that the words do not appear in chapter 11, verse 4, of St. Luke's Gospel.

"F. B. W., New Athens, Ohio.—"Who is the author of 'Age can not wither him nor custom stale his infinite variety,' and about whom was it written?"

The correct rendering of the quotation is—

"Age can not wither her, nor custom stale Her infinite variety."

These lines are from Shakespeare's "Antony and Cleopatra," act ii, scene 2, and refer to Cleopatra.

"C. D. P., Stanton, Mich.—" (1) Should one say *washwoman* or *washerwoman*? (2) What is the correct pronunciation of 'La Valliere,' used as the name of a necklace? (3) What is the correct pronunciation of *portiere*?"

(1) *Washerwoman* is the correct form. (2) *Lavaliere* is pronounced *lav'a-lir*—a as in *fat*; a as in *final*; i as in *police*. (3) *Portiere* is pronounced *por'tyur*—o as in *go*; u as in *fare*.

"P. E. L., Omaha, Neb.—" (1) Can the word *medium* be correctly used with reference to a person, as in 'A salesman is an important medium in the selling of a jobber's goods?' (2) Is the word *entail* correctly used in the sentence, 'A sales letter entails no heavy traveling expenses?' If so, why?"

(1) Yes, according to the meaning: "Anything that acts or serves intermediately; a secondary or proximate agency by or through which a primary agent acts or moves; a channel; an intervening instrumentality; also, a surrounding or enveloping element or substance; hence, environment; condition of life; as, air is a respiratory medium; the morning paper is a news medium; a dispatch by the medium of the telegraph." (2) The word *entails* is used correctly in this sentence, as it means "involve, necessitate."

"H. Z., Groveport, Ohio.—The plural of *tailors' goose* is *tailors' geoses*.

"H. H. P., San Francisco, Cal.—"In the 'Oxford Book of English Verse,' I find the well-known epitaph on the 'Countess-Dowager, of Pembroke,' accredited to William Browne, of Tavistock (1558-1643). I have seen the same attributed innumerable times to Ben Jonson. Its metrical similarity to Jonson's epitaph on 'Elizabeth L. H.' is identical and is unlike anything else that William Browne wrote, yet I can not conceive of an Oxford publication making such an error. Kindly explain."

Hazlitt, in his edition of William Browne's works, says that the epitaph on the Countess-Dowager, of Pembroke, was "printed by Gifford in his edition of Jonson, 1816; but there can be slight doubt that they were from Browne's pen."



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